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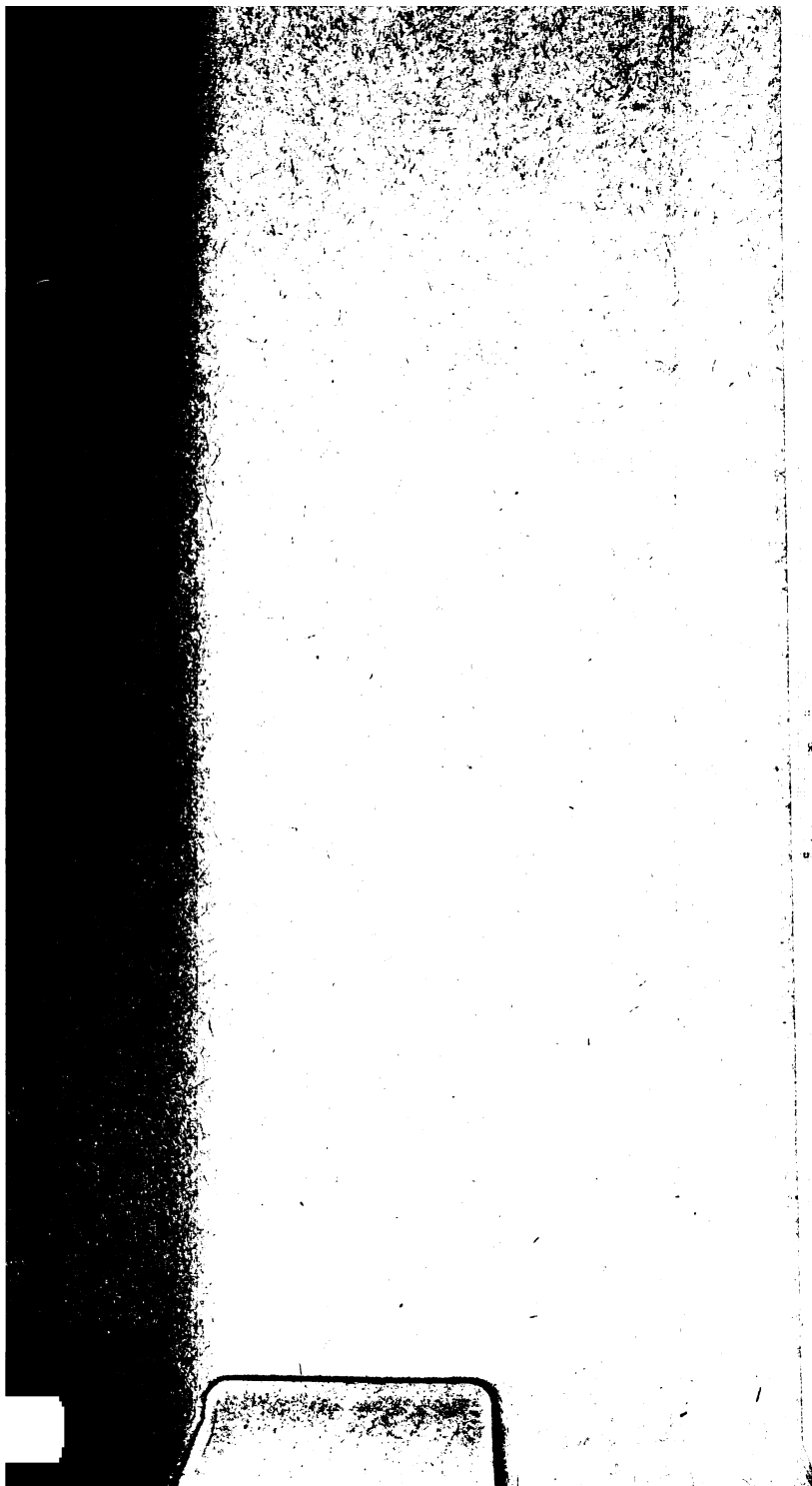
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THE
JACOBITE RELICS
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BEING
THE SONGS, AIRS, AND LEGENDS,
OF THE
Adherents to the House of Stuart.

COLLECTED AND ILLUSTRATED
BY
JAMES HOGG,
AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S WAKE," &c. &c.

SECOND SERIES.



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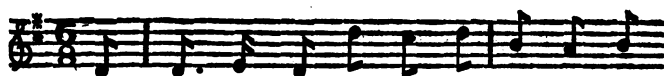
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PART II.—WHIG SONGS.

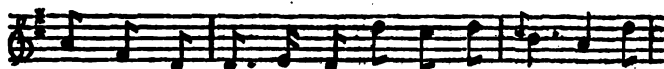
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SONG I.

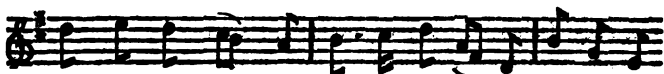
The Battle of Sheriffmuir.



THERE's some say that we wan, and some say that



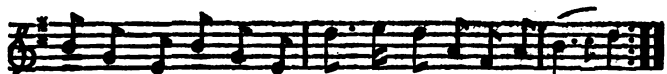
they wan, And some say that nane wan at a', man; But



one thing I'm sure, that at Sher-ra-muir A battle there



was, that I saw, man. And we ran, and they ran, and



they ran, and we ran, But Florence ran fastest of a', man.

Argyle and Belhaven, not frighted like Leven,
Which Rothes and Haddington saw, man;
For they all, with Wightman, advanc'd on the right, man,
While others took flight, being raw, man.
And we ran, &c.

VOL. II.

B

Lord Roxburgh was there, in order to share
With Douglas, who stood not in awe, man ;
Volunteerly to ramble with Lord Loudoun Campbell,
Brave Ilay did suffer for a', man.
And we ran, &c.

Sir John Schaw, that great knight, with broad sword most bright,
On horseback he briskly did charge, man ;
A hero that's bold, none could him withhold,
He stoutly encounter'd the targemen.
And we ran, &c.

For the cowardly Whittam, for fear they should cut him,
Seeing glittering broad swords with a pa', man,
And that in such thrang, made Baird edicang,
And from the brave clans ran awa, man.
And we ran, &c.

The great Colonel Dow gade foremost, I trow,
When Whittam's dragoons ran awa, man :
Except Sandy Baird, and Naughtan the laird,
Their horse shaw'd their heels to them a', man.
And we ran, &c.

Brave Mar and Panmure were firm, I am sure :
The latter was kidnapt awa, man ;
With brisk men about, brave Harry retook
His brother, and laugh'd at them a', man.
And we ran, &c.

Brave Marshall, and Lithgow, and Glengary's pith, too,
Assisted by brave Loggia, man,
And Gordons the bright, so boldly did fight,
That the redcoats took flight and awa, man.
And we ran, &c.

Strathmore and Clanronald cried still, "Advance, Donald,"

Till both of these heroes did fa', man ;

For there was such hashing, and broad swords a-clashing,

Brave Forfar himsel got a claw, man.

And we ran, &c.

Lord Perth stood the storm, Seaforth but lukewarm,

Kilayth, and Strathallan not slaw, man ;

And Hamilton pled the men were not bred,

For he had no fancy to fa', man.

And we ran, &c.

Brave gen'rous Southesk, Tullibardin was brisk,

Whose father indeed would not draw, man,

Into the same yoke, which serv'd for a cloak,

To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man.

And we ran, &c.

Lord Rollo not fear'd, Kintore and his beard,

Pitaligo and Ogilvie, a', man,

And brothers Balfours they stood the first show'rs,

Clackmannan and Burleigh did claw, man.

And we ran, &c.

But Cleppan fought pretty, and Strowan the witty,

A poet that pleases us a', man ;

For mine is but rhyme in respect of what's fine,

Or what he is able to draw, man.

And we ran, &c.

For Huntly and Sinclair, they both play'd the tinkler,

With consciences black as a' craw, man ;

Some Angus and Fife men, they ran for their life, man,

And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a', man.

And we ran, &c.

Then Laurie the traitor, who betray'd his master,
 His king, and his country, an' a', man,
 Pretending Mar might give orders to fight,
 To the right of the army awa, man.
 And we ran, &c.

Then Laurie, for fear of what he might hear,
 Took Drummond's best horse, and awa, man :
 'Stead of going to Perth, he crossed the Firth,
 Alongst Stirling bridge, and awa, man.
 And we ran, &c.

To London he press'd, and there he profess'd,
 That he behav'd best o' them a', man,
 And so, without strife, got settled for life,
 A hundred a-year to his fa', man.
 And we ran, &c.

In Borrowstounness he resides with disgrace,
 Till his neck stand in need of a thraw, man ;
 And then in a tether he'll swing from a ladder,
 And go off the stage with a pa', man.
 And we ran, &c.

Rob Roy there stood watch on a hill, for to catch
 The booty, for ought that I saw, man ;
 For he ne'er advanc'd from the place he was stanc'd,
 Till no more was to do there at a', man.
 And we ran, &c.

So we all took the flight, and Moubray the wright,
 And Lethem the smith was a braw man,
 For he took a fit of the gout, which was wit,
 By judging it time to withdraw, man.
 And we ran, &c.

And trumpet Maclean, whose breeks were not clean,
Through misfortune he happen'd to fa', man :
By saving his neck, his trumpet did break,
And came off without music at a', man.
And we ran, &c.

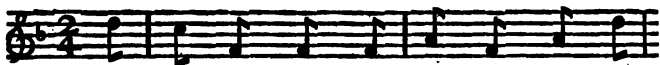
So there such a race was as ne'er in that place was,
And as little chace was at a', man ;
From each other they ran without toak of drum,
They did not make use of a paw, man.
And we ran, &c.

Whether we ran, or they ran, or we wan, or they wan,
Or if there was winning at a', man,
There no man can tell, save our brave Genarell,
Who first began running of a', man.
And we ran, &c.

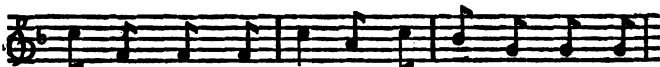
Wi' the gairl o' Seaforth, and the cock o' the north ;
But Florence ran fastest of a', man,
Saves the laird o' Phinaven, who sware to be even
W' any general or peer o' them a', man.
And we ran, &c.

SONG II.

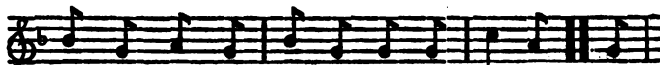
Dialogue between Will Licklable and Tom Cleancogue,
two Shepherds, who were feeding their Flocks on
the Ochil Hills on the Day the Battle
of Sheriffmuir was fought.



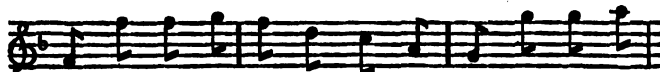
WILL. PRAY came you here the fight to shun, Or



keep the sheep wi' me, man? Or was you at the



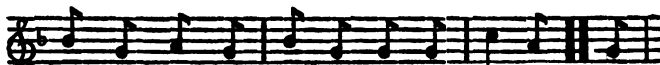
Sher-ra-muir, And did the bat-tle see, man? Pray



tell whilk o' the par-ties wan, For weel I wat I



saw them run Both south and north, when they be-gun To



pell, and mell, and kill, and fell, With muskets snell and



pis-tols knell, And some to hell did flee, man. Huh!



TAM. But, my dear Will, I kenna still
 Whilk o' the twa did lose, man;
 For weel I wat they had gude skill
 To set upo' their foes, man.
 The redcoats they are train'd, you sec,
 The clans always disdain to flee;
 Wha then should gain the victory?
 But the Highland race, all in a brace,
 With a swift pace, to the Whigs' disgrace,
 Did put to chace their foes, man.
 Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

WILL. Now, how deil, Tam, can this be true?
 I saw the chace gae north, man.

TAM. But weel I wat they did pursue
 Them even unto Forth, man.
 Frae Dumblane they ran, i' my own sight,
 And got o'er the bridge wi' a' their might,
 And those at Stirling took their flight:
 Gif only ye had been wi' me,
 You had seen them flee, of each degree,
 For fear to die wi' sloth, man.
 Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

WILL. My sister Kate came o'er the hill
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man;

She swore she saw them running still
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man.
 The left wing general had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae gude will
 That day their neighbours' blood to spill;
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose
 Their cogues o' brose, all crying woes—
 Yonder them goes, d'ye see, man?
 Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

TAM. I see but few like gentlemen
 Amang yon frightened crew, man:
 I fear my Lord Panmure be slain,
 Or that he's ta'en just now, man.
 For though his officers obey,
 His cow'rdly commons run away,
 For fear the redcoats them should slay.
 The sodgers' hail made their hearts fail;
 See how they skale, and turn their tail,
 And rin to flail and plough, man!
 Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

WILL. But now brave Angus comes again
 Into the second fight, man;
 They swear they'll either die or gain,
 No foes shall them affright, man:
 Argyle's best forces they'll withstand,
 And boldly fight them sword in hand,
 Give them a gen'ral to command,
 A man of might, that will but fight,
 And take delight to lead them right,
 And ne'er desire the flight, man.
 Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

But Flanderkins they have nae skill
 To lead a Scottish force, man;

Their motions do our courage spill,
 And put us to a loss, man.
 You'll hear of us far better news,
 When we attack wi' Highland trews,
 To haah, and smash, and slash, and bruise,
 Till the field, though braid, be all o'erspread,
 But coat or plaid, wi' corpses dead,
 In their cauld bed, that's moss, man.
 Huh ! hey dum dirrum, &c.

TAM. Twa gen'ra's frae the field did run,
 Lords Huntly and Seaforth, man ;
 They cried and run, grim death to shun,
 Those heroes of the north, man.
 They're fitter far for book or pen,
 Than under Mars to lead on men :
 Ere they came there they might weel ken
 That female hands could ne'er gain lands ;
 'Tis Highland brands that countermands
 Argathlean hands frae Forth, man.
 Huh ! hey dum dirrum, &c.

WILL. The Camerons scour'd as they were mad,
 Lifting their neighbours' cows, man ;
 M'Kensie and the Stewart fled
 But philabeg or trews, man.
 Had they behav'd like Donald's corps,
 And kill'd all those came them before,
 Their king had gone to France no more :
 Then each Whig saint wad soon repent,
 And straight recant his covenant,
 And rent it at the news, man.
 Huh ! hey dum dirrum, &c.

TAM. M'Gregors they far off did stand,
 Bad'noch and Athol too, man ;

I hear they wantit the command,
 For I believe them true, man;
 Perth, Fife, and Angus, wi' their horse,
 Stood motionless, and some did worse;
 For though the redcoats went them cross,
 They did conspire for to admire
 Clans run and fire, left wings retire,
 While rights entire pursue, man;
 Huh ! hey dum di-rum, &c.

WILL. But Scotland has not much to say
 For such a fight as this is;
 Where baith did fight; baith ran away;
 And devil take the miss is,
 That ev'ry officer was not slain,
 That ran that day, and was not ta'en;
 Either flying to or from Dumblane:
 When Whig and Tory, in their fury,
 Strove for glory, to our sorrow,
 This sad story hush, is.
 Huh ! hey dum di-rum, &c.

SONG III.

To the foregoing Air.

WILL. O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
 Or were ye at the Sherramuir,
 Or did the battle see, man?
 TAM. I saw the battle sair and tough,
 And reeking red ran mony a shough,
 My heart for fear ga'e sough for sough,

To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
 O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.
 Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

The redcoat lads, wi' black cockades,
 To meet them warms alaw, man;
 They rush'd, and push'd, and blood out gush'd,
 And mony a bonk did fa', man.
 The great Argyle led on his files,
 I wat they glane'd for twenty miles;
 They hough'd the clans like ninepin kyles,
 They hack'd and hash'd, while braid swords clash'd,
 And through they dash'd, and haw'd, and smash'd,
 Till fey men died awa, man.
 Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

But had ye seen the philabegs,
 And skyrin tartan trows, man,
 When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
 And covenant true blues, man;
 In lines extended lang and large,
 When baionets o'erpower'd the targe,
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge;
 Wi' Highland wrath, they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
 They fled like frightened dows, man.
 Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

WILL. O how deil, Tam, can that be true?
 The chace gade frae the north, man;
 I saw mysel, they did pursue
 The horsemen back to Forth, man,
 And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;

But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
And mony a huntit, poor redcoat,
For fear amaist did swarf, man.

Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

TAM. My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swoor she saw some rebels run
To Perth and to Dundee, man.
Their left hand gen'ral had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae gude will,
That day their neighbours' blude to spill;
For fear by foes that they should lose
Their cogues o' brose, they scar'd at blows,
And hameward fast did flee, man.

Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
Amang the Highland clans, man;
I fear my Lord Panmure is alain,
Or in his en'mies' hands, man.
Now wad ye sing this double flight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right,
And mony bade the warld gude-night,
Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell,
How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell
Flew aff in frighted bands, man.

Huh! hey dum dirrum, &c.

SONG IV.

From Bogie Side; or, The Marquis's Raft.

FROM Bo-gie side to Bog o' Gight, The Gordons did con-
veen, man, For bat-tle fight, wi' a' their might, Wi'
cou-rage stout and keen, man; To set their king up-
on the throne, And to pro-tect the church, man: But,
fie for shame! they soon turn'd hame, And left him in the
lurch, man. And wow as the mar-quis rade, And
wow as he ran, And hey as the marquis rade, A-
coming frae Dumblane!

The marquis' horse were first set on,
 Glen-Bucket's men to back them,
 Who swore that great feats they would do,
 If rebels durst attack them.

Wi' great huzzas to Huntly's praise
 They mov'd Dunfermline green, man;
 But fifty Grants, and deil ane mae,
 Turn'd a' their beets to sheen, man.
 And wow, &c.

Out cam the knight of Gordonston,
 Forth stepping on the green, man:
 He had a wisp in ilka hand,
 To dight the marquis clean, man;
 For the marquis he b—s—t himsel,
 The Enzie was na clean, man;
 And wow as the marquis rade,
 A-coming frae Dumblane, man!
 And wow, &c.

Their chief he is a man of fame,
 And doughty deeds has wrought, man,
 Which future ages still shall name,
 And tell how well he fought, man:
 For when the battle was begun,
 Immediately his grace, man,
 Put spurs to Florence, and so ran,
 By a' he wan the race, man.
 And wow, &c.

When they went into Sherramuir,
 Wi' courage stout and keen, man,
 Wha wad hae thought the Gordons gay
 That day wad quat the green, man?
 Auchluncart and Auchanochie,
 Wi' a' the Gordon tribe, man,

Like their great marquis, they could not
 The smell o' powder bide, man.
 And wow, &c.

Glen-Bucket cried, "Curse on you a'!"
 For Gordons do nae gude, man;
 The first o' them that ran awa
 Was o' the Seton blood, man.
 Glasstunam swore it wasna sae,
 And that he'd make appear, man;
 For he a Seton stood that day,
 When Gordons ran for fear, man.
 And wow, &c.

Sir James of Park he left his horse
 In the middle of a wall, man,
 And wadna stay to take him out,
 For fear a knight should fall, man.
 Magon he let the reird gae out,
 Which shows a panic fear, man;
 Till Craigiehead swore he was shot,
 And curs'd the chance o' weir, man.
 And wow, &c.

Chunie play'd a game at chess,
 As well as any thing, man,
 But, like the knavish Gordon race,
 Gave check unto the king, man.
 He plainly saw, without a queen
 The game would not recover,
 So therefore he withdrew his knight,
 And join'd the rock Hanover.
 And wow, &c.

The master, wi' the bully's face,
 And wi' the coward's heart, man,

Wha never fail'd, to his disgrace,
 To act a coward's part, man;
 He join'd Dunbog, the greatest rogue
 In a' the shire o' Fife, man,
 Wha was the first the cause to leave,
 By counsel o' his wife, man.
 And wow, &c.

A member o' the tricking tribe,
 An Ogilvie by name, man,
 Counsellor was to th' Grumbling Club,
 To his eternal shame, man.
 Wha wad hae thought, when he went out,
 That ever he wad fail, man?
 Or like that he wad eat the cow,
 And worry on the tail, man?
 And wow, &c.

At Poincle Boat great Frank Stewart,
 A valiant hero stood, man,
 In acting of a loyal part,
 'Cause of the loyal blood, man;
 But when he fand, at Sherramuir,
 That battling wadna do it,
 He, brother-like, did quit the ground,
 But ne'er came back unto-it.
 And wow, &c.

Brimestone swore it wadna fear
 That made him stay behin', man,
 But that he had resolv'd that day
 To sleep in a hale skin, man.
 The gout, he said, made him take bed,
 When first the fray began, man;
 But when he heard the marquis fled,
 He took to's heels and ran, man.
 And wow, &c.

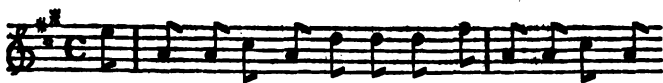
Methven Smith, at Sherramuir,
Made them believe he fought, man,
But weel I wat it wassna eae,
For a' he did was nought, man :
For towards aicht, when Mar drew off,
Smith was put in the rear, man ;
He cur'd, he swore, he bullied off,
And durstna stay for fear, man.
And wow, &c.

At the first he did appear
A man of good renown, man ;
But lang ere a' the play was play'd,
He prov'd an arrant loon, man.
For Mar against a loyal war,
A letter he did forge, man ;
Against his prince he wrote nonsense,
And swore by German George, man.
And wow, &c.

The Gordons they are kittle flaws,
They fight wi' courage keen, man,
When they meet in Strathbogie's ha's
On Thursday's afterneen, man :
But when the Grants came down Spey side,
The Ensie shook for fear, man,
And a' the lairds ga'e up themselves,
Their horse and riding gear, man.
And wow as the marquis rade,
And wow as he ran,
And hey as the marquis rade,
A-coming frae Dumblane !

SONG V.

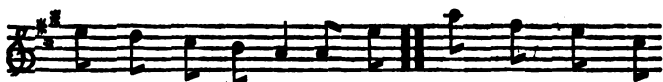
Up and waur them a', Willie.



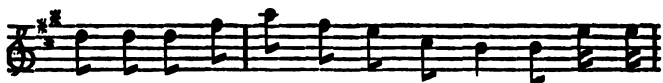
WHEN we went to the field o' war, And to the weapon-



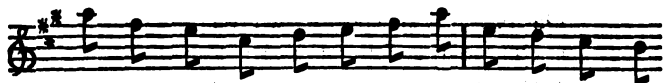
shaw, Willie, Wi' true design to serve our king, And



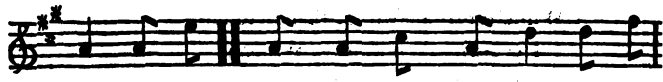
chace our faes a-wa, Wil-lie; Lairds and lords came



there bedeen, And wow gin they were sma', Willie, While



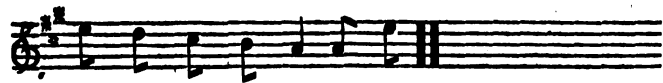
pipers play'd frae right to left, Fy, furich Whigs a-



wa, Wil-lie. Up and waur them a', Wil-lie,



Up and waur them a', Willie, Up and sell your sour milk, And



dance, and ding them a', Willie.

And when our army was drawn up,
The bravest e'er I saw, Willie,
We did not doubt to rax the rout,
And win the day and a', Willie.
Out-owre the brae it was nae play
To get sae hard a fa', Willie,
While pipers play'd frae right to left,
Fy, furich Whigs awa, Willie.
Up and waur, &c.

But when our standard was set up,
So fierce the wind did blaw, Willie,
The golden knop down from the top
Unto the ground did fa', Willie.
Then second-sighted Sandy said,
We'll do nae gude at a', Willie,
While pipers play'd frae right to left,
Fy, furich Whigs awa, Willie.
Up and waur, &c.

When brawly they attack'd our left,
Our front, and flank, and a', Willie,
Our bauld commander on the green,
Our faes their left did ca', Willie,
And there the greatest slaughter made
That e'er poor Tonald saw, Willie,
While pipers play'd frae right to left,
Fy, furich Whigs awa, Willie.
Up and waur, &c.

First when they saw our Highland mob,
They swore they'd slay us a', Willie;
And yet ane fyl'd his breeks for fear,
And so did rin awa, Willie.
We drave them back to Bonnybrigs,
Dragoons, and foot, and a', Willie,

While pipers play'd frae right to left,
 Fy, furich Whigs awa, Willie.
 Up and waur, &c.

But when their general view'd our lines,
 And them in order saw, Willie,
 He straight did march into the town,
 And back his left did draw, Willie.
 Thus we taught them the better gate
 To get a better fa', Willie,
 While pipers play'd frae right to left,
 Fy, furich Whigs awa, Willie.
 Up and waur, &c.

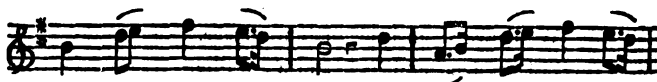
And then we rallied on the hilla,
 And bravely up did draw, Willie;
 But gin ye speer wha wan the day,
 I'll tell ye what I saw, Willie:
 We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
 And baith did rin awa, Willie.
 So there's my canty Highland sang,
 About the thing I saw, Willie.
 Up and waur, &c.

SONG VI.

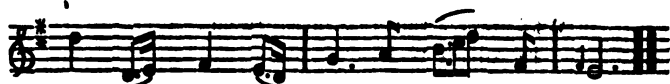
© my King.



HARD fate, that I should ba --- nish'd be, And



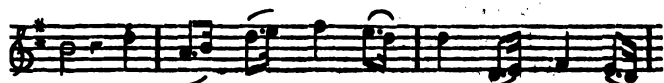
re --- bel call'd with scorn, For serv --- ing of the



kind-est prince That e--ver yet was born.



O my king, God save my king, What-e-ver me be-



fall! I would not be in Hunt-ly's case, For's



honours, lands, and all.

My target and my good claymore
Must now lie useless by;
My plaid and trews I heretofore
Did wear most cheerfully.
O my king, &c.

So cheerfully our king came o'er,
Sent Ecklin to the north;
But treach'rously he was betray'd
By Huntly and Seaforth.
O my king, &c.

O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of the Cowdenknoweal
I wish these lords had staid at hame,
And milked their minnies' ewes.
O my king, &c.

O wretched Huntly, hide thy head!
Thy king and country's gone,

And many a valiant Scot hast thou
By villany undone.

O my king, &c.

Farewell, old Albion, I must take

A long and last adieu ;

Or bring me back my king again,

Or farewell hope and you.

O my king, &c.

Set our true king upon the throne

Of his ancestors dear,

And send the German cuckold home

To starve with his small gear.

O my king, &c.

Then happy days in peace we'll see,

And joy in every face :

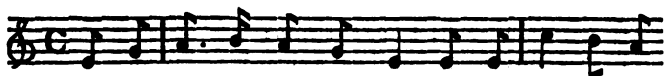
Confounded all the Whigs shall be,

And honest men in place.

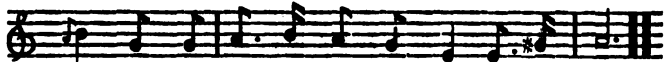
O my king, &c.

SONG VII.

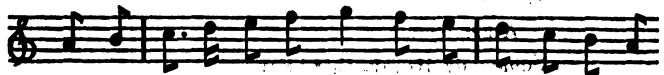
Aikendrum.



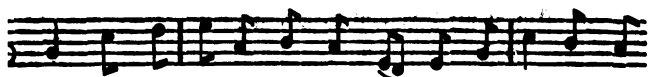
Ken you how a Whig can fight, Aikendrum, Aiken-



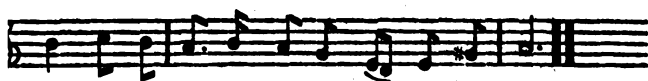
drum? Ken you how a Whig can fight, Aikendrum?



He can fight, the he-ro bright, With his heels and armour



light, And his wind of heav'nly might, Aikendrum, Aiken-



drum: Is not Row-ley in the right, Aikendrum?

Did you hear of Sunderland,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum?
 Did you hear of Sunderland,
 Aikendrum?
 That man of high command,
 Who had sworn to clear the land,
 He has vanish'd from our strand,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
 Or the eel has ta'en the sand,
 Aikendrum.

Donald's running round and round,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
 Donald's running round and round,
 Aikendrum;
 But the chief cannot be found,
 And the Dutchmen they are drown'd,
 And King Jamie he is crown'd,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum:
 But the dogs will get a stound,
 Aikendrum.

Did you hear of Robin Roe,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum?
 Did you hear of Robin Roe,
 Aikendrum?
 Some gallants say, that know,
 That he fights but so and so,

And his wallets hing but low,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum.
 O, alack, for Whiggam-bo,
 Aikendrum !

And the bonny laird of Grant,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
 And the bonny laird of Grant,
 Aikendrum,
 The godly laird of Grant,
 That Cameronian saint,
 For a' his Highland cant,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
 'Tis reef'd he has a want,
 Aikendrum.

Did you hear of Bailey Aire,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum ?
 Did you hear of Bailey Aire,
 Aikendrum ?
 We have sought him late and air,
 And his thousands buskit rare ;
 But wherever true men fare,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
 Oh ! the hero is not there,
 Aikendrum !

We have heard of Whigs galore,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
 We have heard of Whigs galore,
 Aikendrum ;
 But we've sought the country o'er,
 With cannon and claymore,
 And still they are before,
 Aikendrum, Aikendrum :
 We may seek for evermore,
 Aikendrum.

O pity Whiggam's plight,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum!

O pity Whiggam's plight,
Aikendrum!

You may see, without your sight,
All mankind wrang outright,
And the Whig is only right,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum;
Of the warld he's the light,
Aikendrum.

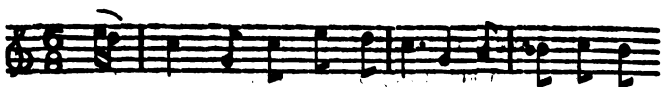
Ken you how to gain a Whig,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum?

Ken you how to gain a Whig,
Aikendrum?

Look jolly, blythe, and big,
Take his ain blest side, and prig,
And the poor worm-eaten Whig,
Aikendrum, Aikendrum,
For opposition's sake
You will win.

SONG VIII.

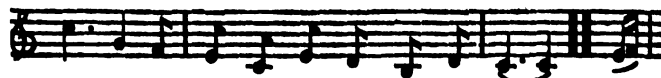
He winna be guidit by me.



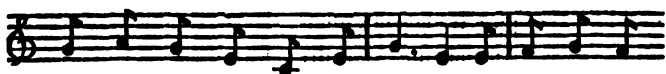
O HEAV'NS, he's ill to be guidit, His colleagues and



he are di--vid-it, Wi' the court of Ha-no-ver he's



sid-it, He win-na be guid-it by me. They
Vol. II. E



ca'd him their joy and their darling, Till he took their



pen-ny of arling; But he'll prove as false as Mac-



farlane: He winna be guidit by me.

He was brought south by a merling,
Got a hundred and fifty pounds sterling,
Which will make him bestow the auld carlin:

He winna be guidit by me.
He's anger'd his goodson and Fintry,
By selling his king and his country,
And put a deep stain on the gentry:
He'll never be guidit by me.

He's join'd the rebellious club, too,
That endeavours our peace to disturb, too;
He's cheated poor Mr John Grub, too,
And he's guilty of simony.
He broke his promise before, too,
To Fintry, Auchterhouse, and Strathmore, too:
God send him a heavy glengore, too,
For that is the death he will die.

SONG IX.

Kenmure's on and awa, Willie.



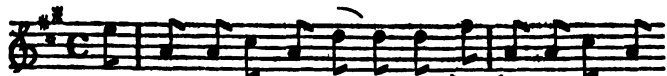
KENMURE's on and a-wa, Willie, Kenmure's on and a-



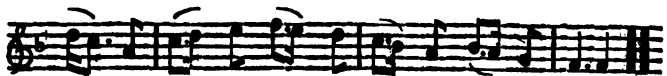
wa, And Kenmure's lord's the brav-est lord That



e - - ver Gal-lo-way saw. Suc-cess to Kenmure's



band, Willie, Suc-cess to Kenmure's band; There's no a



heart that fears a Whig, That rides by Kenmure's hand.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,
 There's a rose in Kenmure's cap;
 He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blude,
 Afore the battle drap.

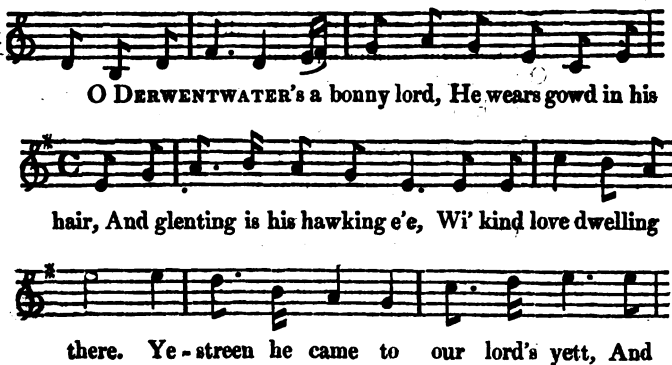
For Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
 For Kenmure's lads are men;
 Their hearts and swords are mettle true,
 And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live and die wi' fame, Willie,
 They'll live and die wi' fame;
 And soon wi' sound o' victorie
 May Kenmure's lads come hame.
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine:
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

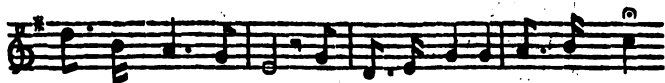
His lady's cheek was red, Willie,
 His lady's cheek was red,
 When she saw his steely jupes put on,
 Which smell'd o' deadlie feud.
 Here's him that's far awa, Willie,
 Here's him that's far awa,
 And here's the flow'r that I lo'e best,
 The rose that's like the snaw.

SONG X.

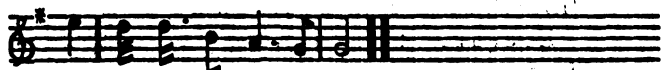
Derwentwater.



O DERWENTWATER's a bonny lord, He wears gowd in his
 hair, And glenting is his hawking e'e, Wi' kind love dwelling
 there. Ye-streen he came to our lord's yett, And



loud loud could he ca', "Rise up, rise up for good King James,



And buckle, and come awa."

Our ladie held by her gude lord,
 Wi' weel love-locket hands;
 But when young Derwentwater came,
 She loos'd the snawy bands.
 And when young Derwentwater kneel'd,
 "My gentle fair ladie,"
 The tears gave way to the glow o' luv
 In our gude ladie's e'e.

"I will think me on this bonny ring,
 "And on this snawy hand,
 "When on the helmy ridge o' weir
 "Comes down my burly brand.
 "And I will think on thae links o' gowd
 "Which ring thy bonny blue een,
 "When I wipe awa the gore o' weir,
 "And owre my braid sword lean."

O never a word our ladie spake,
 As he press'd her snawy hand,
 And never a word our ladie spake,
 As her jimpy waist he spann'd;
 But, "Oh, my Derwentwater!" she sigh'd,
 When his glowing lips she fand.

He has drapp'd frae his hand the tassel o' gowd
 Which knots his gude weir-glove,
 And he has drapp'd a spark frae his een,
 Which gars our ladie love.

"Come down, come down," our gude lord says,

"Come down, my fair ladie ;

"O dinna young Lord Derwent stop,

"The morning sun is hie."

And high high raise the morning sun,

Wi' front o' ruddie blude ;

"Thy harlot front frae thy white curtain

"Betokens naething gude."

Our ladie look'd frae the turret top

As lang as she could see,

And every sigh for her gude lord,

For Derwent there were three.

SONG XI.

Lord Derwentwater's Good-night.

To the foregoing Air.

FAREWELL to pleasant Ditson Hall,

My father's ancient seat ;

A stranger now must call thee his,

Which gars my heart to greet.

Farewell each friendly well-known face,

My heart has held so dear :

My tenants now must leave their lands,

Or hold their lives in fear.

No more along the banks of Tyne

I'll rove in autumn gray ;

No more I'll hear, at early dawn,

The lav'rocks wake the day.

Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,

And Forster ever true.

Dear Shaftabury and Errington,
Receive my last adieu.

And fare thee well, George Collingwood,
Since fate has put us down ;
If thou and I have lost our lives,
Our king has lost his crown.
Farewell, farewell, my lady dear ;
Ill, ill thou counsell'dst me :
I never more may see the babe
That smiles upon thy knee.

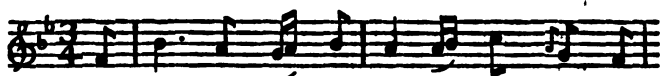
And fare thee well, my bonny gray steed,
That carried me aye so free ;
I wish I had been asleep in my bed,
The last time I mounted thee.
The warning bell now bids me cease ;
My trouble's nearly o'er ;
Yon sun that rises from the sea
Shall rise on me no more.

Albeit that here in London town
It is my fate to die,
O carry me to Northumberland,
In my father's grave to lie.
There chant my solemn requiem
In Hexham's holy towers,
And let six maids of fair Tynedale
Scatter my grave with flowers.

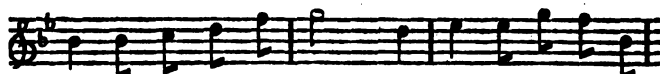
And when the head that wears the crown
Shall be laid low like mine,
Some honest hearts may then lament
For Radcliff's fallen line.
Farewell to pleasant Diteon Hall,
My father's ancient seat ;
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gave my heart to greet.

SONG XII.

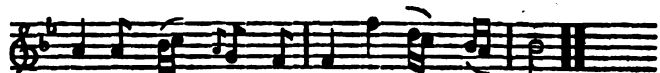
The Young Maxwell.



"O WHARE gang ye, thou sil--ly auld carle? And



what do ye car-ry there?" "I'm gaun to the hill side,



thou sod-ger man, To shift my sheep their lair."

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,

And a gude lang stride took he:

"I trow thou be a feck auld carle;

"Will ye shaw the way to me?"

And he has gane wi' the silly auld carle

Adown by the greenwood side;

"Light down and gang, thou sodger man,

"For here ye canna ride."

He drew the reins o' his bonny gray steed,

And lightly down he sprang:

Of the comeliest scarlet was his weir-coat,

Whare the gowden tassels hang.

He has thrawn aff his plaid, the silly auld carle,

And his bonnet frae 'boon his bree,

And wha was it but the young Maxwell!

And his gude brown sword drew he.

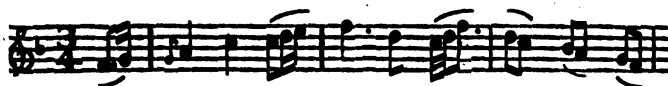
" Thou kill'd my father, thou vile Southron,
 " And thou kill'd my brethren three,
 " Whilk brak the heart o' my ae sister,
 " I lov'd as the light o' my e'e.

" Draw out your sword, thou vile Southron,
 " Red wat wi' blude o' my kin;
 " That sword it crappit the bonniest flower
 " E'er lifted its head to the sun.

" There's ae sad stroke for my dear auld father,
 " There's twa for my brethren three,
 " And there's ane to thy heart for my ae sister,
 " Wham I lov'd as the light o' my e'e."

SONG XIII.

Lament for the Lord Maxwell.



MAKE mane, my ain Nithsdale, thy leaf's i' the



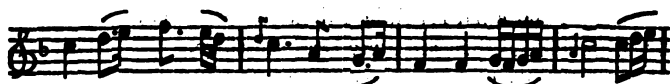
fa', The lealest o' thy bairns are drapping a--wa; The



rose i' thy bonnet, whilk flourish'd aye sae braw, Is



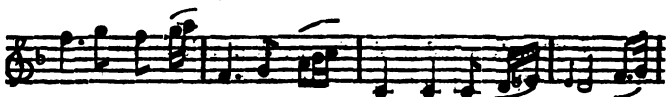
laigh wi' the mools, since Lord Maxwell's a--wa. O



wae be 'mang ye, Southrons, ye traitor loons a'! Ye



haud him aye down, whase back's at the wa': I' the



eerie field o' Preston your swords ye wad-na draw; He



lies i' could i-ron wha wad swappit ye a'.

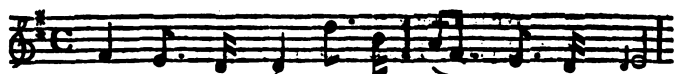
O wae be to the hand whilk drew nae the glaive,
 And cowed nae the rose frae the cap o' the brave!
 To hae thr'en 'mang the Southrons as Scotsmen aye thrave,
 Or ta'en a bloody nievefu' o' fame to the grave.
 The glaive for my country I doughtna then wield,
 Or I'd cock'd up my bonnet wi' the best o' the field;
 The crousest should been coupit owre i' death's gory fankt,
 Or the leal heart o' some i' the swaird should been cauld.

Fu' aughty simmer shoots o' the forest hae I seen,
 To the saddle-laps in blude i' the battle hae I been,
 But I never kend o' dule till I kend it yestreen.
 O that I were laid whare the sods are growing green!
 I tint half mysel when my gude lord I did tine:
 A heart half sae brave a braid belt will never bin',
 Nor the grassy sods e'er cover a bosom half sae kin';
 He's a drap o' dearest blude i' this auld heart o' mine.

O merry was the lilting amang our ladies a',
 They danc'd i' the parlour, and sang i' the ha',
 O Charlie he's come o'er, and he'll put the Whigs awa ;
 But they canna dight their tears now, *sae fast do they fa'.*
 Our ladie dow do nought now but wipe aye her een,
 Her heart's like to loup the gowd lace o' her gown ;
 She has busked on her gay cleedin', an's aff for London town,
 And has wi' her a' the hearts o' the countrie roun'.

By the bud o' the leaf, by the rising o' the flower,
 'Side the sang o' the birds, whare some burn tottles owre,
 I'll wander awa there, and big a wee bit bower,
 For to keep my gray head frae the drap o' the shower :
 And aye I'll sit and mane, till my blude stops wi' eild,
 For Nithsdale's bonny lord, wha was hauldest i' the field.
 O that I were wi' him i' death's gory fauld !
 O had I but the iron on whilk hands him *sae could !*

SONG XIV.

The Lusty Carlin.

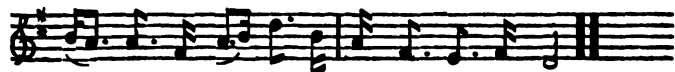
" WHAT news to me, car - lin? What news to me?"



" What news!" quo' carlin, " The best that God can gie." " Has



our true king come hame? Or the duke hang'd himsel? Or



ta'en frae his dad-die The hettest neuk o' hell?"

THE LUSTY CARLIN.

" The duke's hale and fier, carle,

" The duke's hale and fier,

" And our ain Lord Nithsdale

" Will soon be 'mang us here."

" Brush me my coat, carlin,

" Brush me my shoon ;

" I'll awa and meet Lord Nithsdale,

" When he comes to our town."

" Alake-a-day !" quo' the carlin,

" Alake-the-day !" quo' she,

" He's owre in France, at Charlie's hand,

" Wi' only ae pennie."

" We'll sell a' our corn, carlin,

" We'll sell a' our bear,

" And we'll send to Lord Nithsdale

" A' our settle gear.

" Make the piper blaw, carlin,

" Make the piper blaw,

" And make the lads and lasses baith

" Their souple legs shaw.

" We'll a' be glad, carlin,

" We'll a' be glad,

" And play ' The Stuarts back again,'

" To put the Whigs mad."

SONG XV.

~~What~~ ails thee, poor Shepherd.

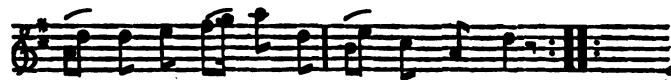
" WHAT ails thee, poor shepherd, why look'st thou so wan? So



ghast-ly thy vi-sage, so mea-gre thy mien? Has



a--ny dis-tem-per af--fect--ed thy sheep? Or



does lovely Phil-lis dis-turb thy sweet sleep?

" That thou should'st sit here by the shades and complain :

" What is't that perplexes or troubles thy brain?"

It was close by an elm where his pipe and crook lay,

But his heart was so griev'd, not one tune he could play.

" Alas!" quoth the shepherd, " the theme of my song

" Is, since our old landlord is o'er the seas gone,

" Hogan Mogan has seiz'd and kept all for his own,

" And from plenty to want our country is grown.

" Our rents they have rais'd, and our taxes increase,

" And all is because we have ta'en a new lease.

" So dull are my notes, on my pipe I can't play

" The tune I was wont, since our landlord's away.

"Heaven bless our great master, and send him again,
 "Ere famine and poverty kill the poor swain ;
 "For the Dutch and the Germans our lands they do keep,
 "They fleece this poor nation as I fleece my sheep."

"Cheer up, honest shepherd, and calm thy griev'd heart ;
 "Gird thy sword by thy side, act a true British part ;
 "Gird thy sword by thy side, throw thy sheephook away,
 "For our landlord is coming, we'll clear him the way.

"See the glass how it sparkles with true English corn :
 "Here's his health, honest shepherd, and speedy return ;
 "And when he comes o'er he shall have all his own,
 "And with disgrace Hanover must yield up the crown."

SONG XVI.

The Tenth of June.

AIR—"The King shall enjoy his own again." Vol. I. p. 1.

LET ev'ry honest British soul
 With cheerful loyalty be gay ;
 With James's health we'll crown the bowl,
 And celebrate this glorious day.
 Let no one care a fig
 For the d——'d rebellious Whig,
 That insect of usurpation ;
 Fill a bumper every one
 To the glorious tenth of June,
 And a speedy restoration.

What though the German renegades
 With foreign yokes oppress us ?
 Though George our property invades,
 And Stuart's throne possesses ?

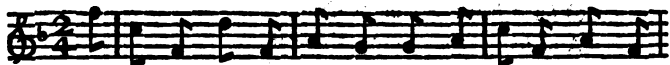
Yet remember Charles's fate,
Who roam'd from state to state,
Kept out by a fanatic nation,
Till at length came a day
Call'd the twenty-ninth of May,
Still renown'd for a true restoration.

Britons, be loyal once again,
Ye've a precedent before ye ;
This day, crown'd with a Stuart's reign,
Shall blaze in future story.
Be resolute and brave,
Your country ye may save,
If once ye dare to be loyal :
Then at honesty's call
Let us conquer or fall
In the cause of our old line royal.

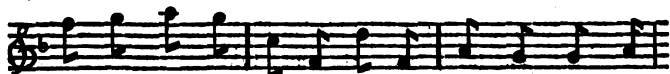
What though th' usurper's cause prevail ?
Renew your constitution,
Expel that race, the curst entail
Of Whiggish revolution,
Be bought and sold no more
By a sordid German power ;
Is it like our old proud-hearted nation ?
Let King James then be the toast,
May he bless our longing coast
With a speedy and a just restoration.

SONG XVII.

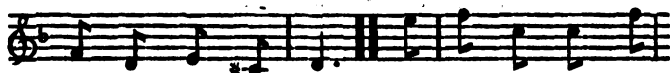
The Whigs of Fife.



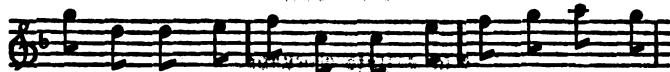
O WAE to a' the Whigs o' Fife, The brosy tykes, the



lou-sy tykes, O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife, That



e'er they came frae hell! There's gen-tle John, and



Jock the slorp, And skel-lied Jock, and bel-lied Jock, And



cur-ly Jock, and bur-ly Jock, And ly-ing Jock himsel. D. C.

Deil-claw the traitors wi' a flail,
That took the midden for their bail,
And kiss'd the cow ahint the tail,
That leav'd at kings themsel.

O wae, &c.

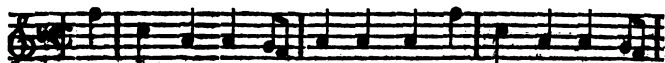
At sic a sty o' stinking crew,
The very fiends were like to spue;
They held their nose, and crook'd their mou',
And doughtna bide the smell.

O wae, &c.

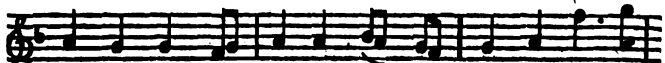
But gin I saw his face again,
 Thae hunds hae huntit owre the plain,
 Then ilka ane should get his ain,
 And ilka Whig the mell.
 O wae, &c.

O for a bauk as lang as Crail,
 And for a rape o' rapes the wale,
 To hing the tykes up by the tail,
 And hear the beggars yell!
 O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
 The brosy tykes, the lousy tykes,
 O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
 That e'er they came frae hell!

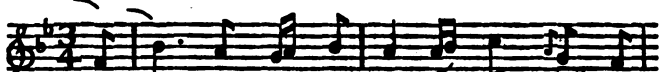
SONG XVIII.

The White Cockade.

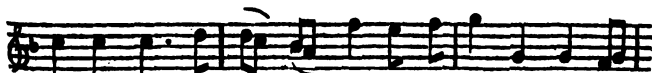
My love was born in A-ber-deen, The bonniest lad that



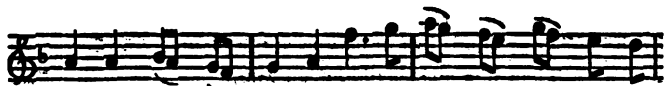
e'er was seen; But now he makes our hearts fu' sad, He's



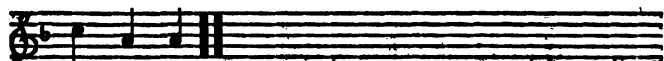
ta'en the field wi' his white cockade. O he's a ranting



roving blade! O he's a brisk and a bonny lad! Be-
 Vol. II. G



tid what may, my heart is glad To see my lad wi' his



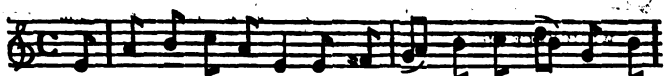
white cockade.

O leeze me on the philabeg,
The hairy hough, and garten'd leg !
But aye the thing that blinds my e'e
Is the white cockade aboon the bree.
O he's a ranting roving blade, &c,

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
My rippling-kame, and spinning-wheel,
To buy my lad a tartan plaid,
A braid sword, durk, and white cockade.
O he's a ranting roving blade, &c,

I'll sell my rokelay and my tow,
My good gray mare and hawkit cow,
That every loyal Buchan lad
May take the field wi' his white cockade,
O he's a ranting roving blade !
O he's a brisk and a bonny lad !
Betide what will, my heart is glad
To see my lad wi' his white cockade,

SONG XIX.

The Piper o' Dundee.

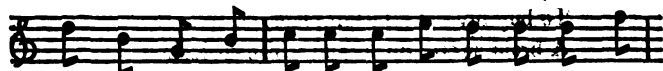
THE piper came to our town, To our town, to our town, The



pi - per came to our town, And he play'd bonnille. He



play'd a spring, the laird to please, A spring brent new frae



'yont the seas; And then he ga'e his bags a wheeze, And



play'd an - i - ther key.

And wasna he a roguy,

A roguy, a roguy?

And wasna he a roguy,

The piper o' Dundee?

He play'd "The Welcome owre the Main,"

And "Ye'ee be fou and I'ee be fain,"

And "Auld Stuarts back again,"

Wi' muckle mirth and glee.

And waana, &c.

He play'd "The Kirk," he play'd "The Queer,"

"The Mullin Dhu," and "Chevalier,"

44 HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE VALIANT SWEDE.

And "Lang away, but welcome here,"
Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.

And wasna, &c.
It's some gat swords, and some gat name,
And some were dancing mad their lane,
And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en
That night at Amulrie.

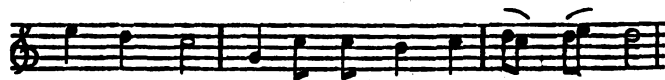
And wasna, &c.
There was Tullibardine, and Burleigh,
And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie,
And brave Carnegie, wha but he,
The piper o' Dundee?

SONG XX.

Here's a Health to the balliant Swede.



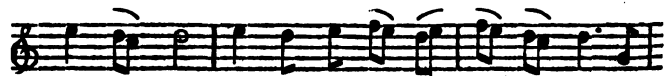
HERE's a health to the va-liant Swede, He's not a king that



man hath made; May no op-press-ors him in-vade:



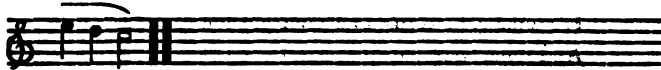
Then let this health go round. A running bumper



crown this toast; We'll take it off, what-e'er it cost. A



fig for those that rule the roast! We'll ne'er in li- quor



drown.

Here's a health to the royal seed,
And to the king that's king indeed;
If not ill ta'en, it's not ill said:
Then let this toast go round.
A running bumper, &c.

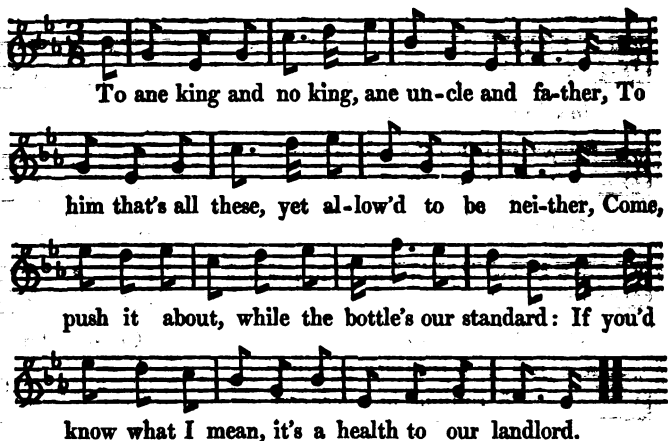
To all our injur'd friends in need,
On this side and beyond the Tweed;
May each man have his own with speed:
Then let this health go round.
A running bumper, &c.

Here's a health to the mysterious Czar;
I hope he'll send us help from far,
To end the work begun by Mar:
Then let this health go round.
A running bumper, &c.

May our affairs abroad succeed,
And may the king return in speed;
May each usurper shake for dread:
Let all these healths go round.
A running bumper, &c.

SONG XXI.

Three Healths.



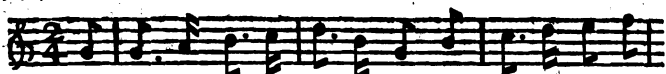
To ane king and no king, ane un-cle and fa-ther, To
 him that's all these, yet al-low'd to be nei-ther, Come,
 push it about, while the bottle's our standard: If you'd
 know what I mean, it's a health to our landlord.

To ane queen and no queen, ane aunt and no mother,
 Come, boys, let us cheerfully drink off another;
 And now to be honest we'll stick by our faith, sir,
 And stand by our landlord as long as we've breath, sir.

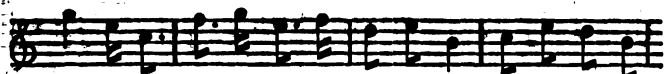
To ane prince and no prince, ane son and no bastard,
 Beshrew them that say it! a lie that is foster'd!
 God bless them all three: we'll conclude with this one, sir;
 It's a health to our landlord, his wife, and his son, sir.

To our monarch's return one more we'll advance, boys;
 We've one that's in Flanders, the other's in France, boys:
 Then about with the health, let him come, let him come then;
 Send the one into England, and both are at home then.

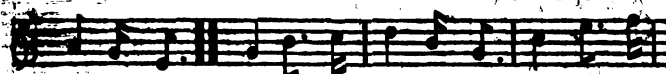
SONG XXII.

Somebody.

My heart is sair, I daurna tell, My heart is sair for



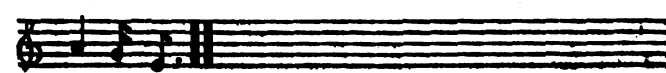
somebody; I wad walk a winter's night, For a sight o'



somebody. O hon for somebody! O hey for



somebody! I wad do—what wad I not, For the sake o'



somebody?

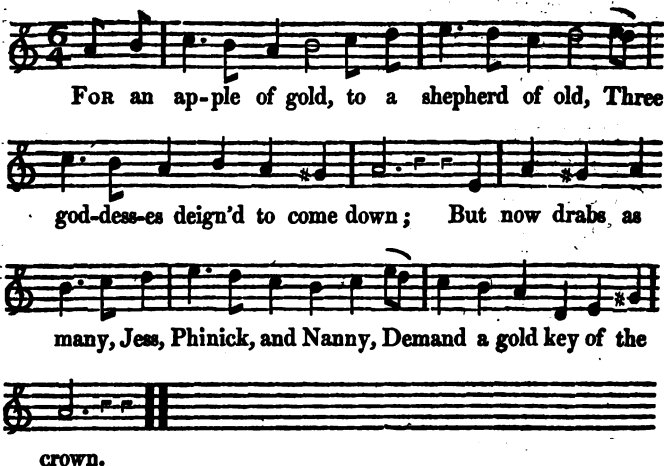
If somebody were come again,
Then somebody maun cross the main,
And ilka ane will get his ain,
And I will see my somebody.
O hon, &c.

What need I kame my tresses bright?
Or why should coal or candle-light
E'er shine in my bower day or night,
Since gane is my dear somebody?
O hon, &c.

Oh ! I hae grutten mony a day
 For ane that's banish'd far away :
 I canna sing, and maunna say,
 How sair I grieve for somebody.
 O hon for somebody !
 O hey for somebody !
 I wad do,—what wad I not,
 For the sake o' somebody ?

SONG XXIII.

For an Apple of Gold.



For an ap-ple of gold, to a shepherd of old, Three
 god-dess-es deign'd to come down ; But now drabs as
 many, Jess, Phinick, and Nanny, Demand a gold key of the
 crown.

In velvet so fine, the court dames to outshine,
 These gypsies, forsooth, were equipt ;
 Introduc'd by a star, though fitter by far
 To be carted to Bridewell and whipt.

Quoth the knight to the king, " Three ladies I bring,
 " Of honour and fame to your house :

"They've suffer'd with me, are fair, as you see,
 "And as chaste as your majesty's spouse."

Then, bowing so low, he forward did go,
 His German civility such is,
 He saluted them round, and, with judgment profound,
 Thought each saucy queen an archduchess.

But when, with a stride, and a congee beside,
 Tawny Jenny approach'd with her fellows,
 Like a man in disguise she allur'd the king's eyes,
 And made his two Mussulmen jealous.

Quoth the termagant, "Me you'll reward with the key,
 "If you rightly yourself understand;
 "For by Pallas I swear, if you baulk me take care,
 "I've your officers all at command.

"That they're all your own, or that you have none,
 "Is to Jenny's authority due.
 "We're call'd child and mother, though of kin to each other
 "No more than his highness to you."

Then Phinick holds forth on her clans in the north,
 Who were left by their king in the lurch.
 "They're yours, sir," quoth she, "if you'll gratify me,
 "And counterfeit zeal for the church.

"Be advis'd then to go to the chapel for show,
 "Though for understanding our psalter,
 "It matters not much for a monarch High Dutch,
 "Whose horns are not those of the altar."

"Excuse me," quoth Nan, although she began,
 "If I plead not so well, by this light:
 "Let me have the prize, and, a word to the wise,
 "You'll be welcome to Rochefort each night:

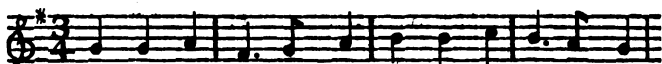
“ And there I'll present you with what will content you,
 “ At least if a female can do't ;
 “ With a bottle and more, and oysters good store,
 “ And I'll pay your two chairmen to boot.”

Ere the strumpets well ended the plea they intended,
 A courier from Holland came post,
 And George look'd so wan, you'd swear the poor man
 Had seen the Count Koningsmark's ghost.

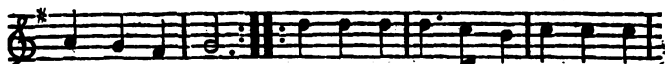
But at second hand, ere he had well scann'd
 Their speeches, explain'd by the duke,
 The tidings were told, how Stanhope the bold
 At Vienna had met a rebuke.

“ So,” then cries Jenny, “ let's leave the said manny
 “ To dispose as he will of his key,
 “ Whose price will be dear, by the space of a year,
 “ Of a dish of our coffee or tea.”

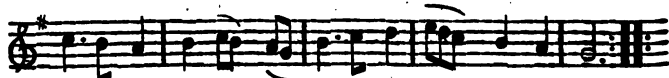
SONG XXIV.

The King's Anthem.

God bless our lord the king! God save our lord the king!



God save the king! Make him vic-to-ri-ous, Happy, and



glo-ri-ous, Long to reign o-ver us: God save the king!

God send a royal heir !
God bless the royal pair,
Both king and queen ;
That from them we may see
A royal progeny,
To all posterity
Ever to reign !

God bless the prince, I pray,
God bless the prince, I pray,
Charlie I mean ;
That Scotland we may see
Freed from vile Presby'try,
Both George and his Feckie.
Even so. Amen.

God bless the happy hour !
May the Almighty Power
Make all things well ;
That the whole progeny
Who are in Italy
May soon and suddenly
Come to Whitehall.

God bless the church, I pray,
God save the church, I pray,
Pure to remain,
Free from all Whiggery,
And Whigs' hypocrisy,
Who strive maliciously
Her to defame.

Here's to the subjects all,
God send them, great and small,
Firmly to stand,

BRITONS, WHO DARE TO CLAIM.

That would call home the king
 Whose is the right to reign :
 This is the only thing
 Can save the land.

SONG XXV.

Britons, who dare to claim.

To the foregoing Air.

BRITONS, who dare to claim
 That great and glorious name,
 Rouse at the call !
 See English honour fled,
 Corruption's influence spread,
 Slavery raise its head,
 And freedom fall !

Church, king, and liberty,
 Honour and property,
 All are betray'd :
 Foreigners rule the land,
 Our blood and wealth command,
 Obstruct, with lawless hand,
 Justice and trade.

Shall an usurper reign,
 And Britons hug the chain ?
 That we'll deny.
 Then let us all unite
 To retrieve James's right ;
 For church, king, and laws we'll fight,
 Conquer or die.

Join in the defence
Of James, our lawful prince
And native king:
Then shall true greatness shine,
Justice and mercy join,
Restor'd by Stuart's line,
Virtue's great spring.

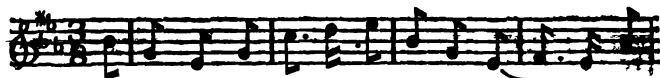
Down with Dutch politics,
Whigs, and all fanatics,
The old Rump's cause!
Recall your injur'd prince,
Drive Hanoverians hence,
Such as rule here against
All English laws.

Borne on the wings of fame,
Charles's heroic name
All his foes dread.
He'll from his father's throne
Pull the usurper down;
Glorious success shall crown
His sacred head.

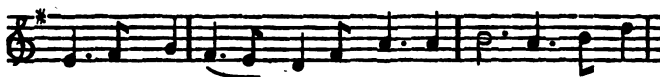
SONG XXVI.

There was a Cooper.

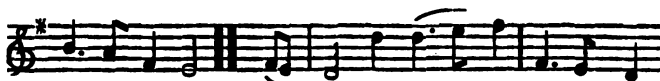
THERE was a cooper, they ca'd him Cud-die, He



was the best cooper that e-ver I saw; He coopit a



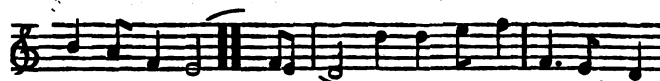
cog-gie for our gude-wi-fie, And, heigho! but he



coopit it braw! O was-na he a gallant young



cooper? And was-na he o' no-ble degree? But



gin our gude-man had kend o' Cuddie, He wad hae been



hangit out-owre a tree.

O wae be to thee, thou silly auld carle,
 And aye an ill dead met ye die !
 Thy house had never stood owre thy head,
 Gin it hadna been for the young Logie.
 But weel befa' our true gudewifie,
 That kend the right side frae the wrang !
 And mony a Drummond shall bless the wifie
 That cheatit her fause and fickle gudeman.

And hey the cooper, the cooper, the cooper !
 He was the best cooper that ever I saw ;
 He coopit a coggie for our gudewifie,
 And, heigho ! but he coopit it braw !
 Young Cuddie the cooper can dance and fiddle,
 Young Cuddie can fight for honour and law,
 Young Cuddie can kiss a sonsy young lassie,
 That our gudewifie lo'es best of a'.

SONG XXVII.

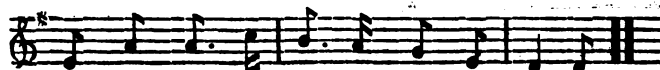
Though Geordie reigns in Jamie's Stead.



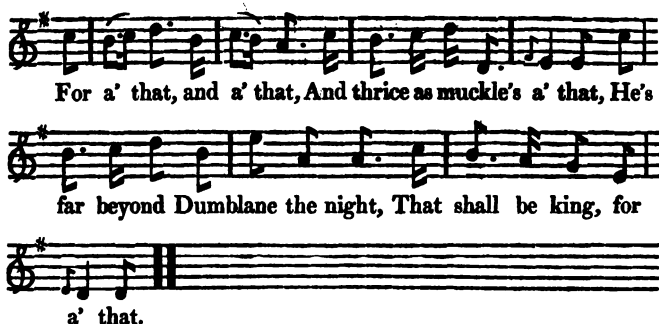
THOUGH Geor-die reigns in Ja-mie's stead, I'm



griev'd, yet scorn to shaw that ; I'll ne'er look down, nor



hang my head On re-bel Whig, for a' that.



He wears a broad sword by his side,
And weel he kens to draw that ;
The target, and the Highland plaid,
The shoulder-belt, and a' that ;
A bonnet bound with ribbons blue,
The white cockade, and a' that,
The tartan hose and philabeg,
Which makes us blythe, for a' that.

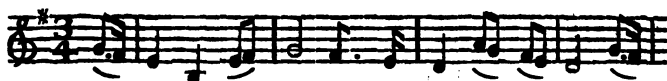
The Whigs think a' that weal is won,
But, faith, they maunna fa' that ;
They think our loyal hearts dung down,
But we'll be blythe, for a' that.
For still we trust that Providence
Will us relieve from a' that,
And send us hame our gallant prince ;
Then we'll be blythe, for a' that.

But O what will the Whigs say syne,
When they're mista'en in a' that ?
When Geordie maun fling by the crown,
And hat, and wig, and a' that ?
The flames will get baith hat and wig,
As often they've done a' that ;
Our Highland lad will get the crown,
And we'll be blythe, for a' that.

Then will our braw militia lads
 Rewarded be for a' that,
 When they fling by their black cockades;
 A hellish badge I ca' that.
 As night is banish'd by the day,
 The white shall wear awa that;
 The sun shall then his beams display,
 And we'll be blythe, for a' that.

SONG XXVIII.

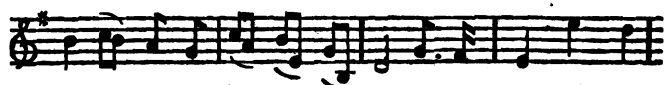
♫ O how shall I venture.



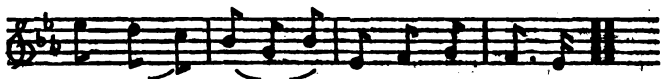
O how shall I ven - ture or dare to re - veal, Too



nice for expression, too good to conceal, The graces and



virtues that il - lus - trious - ly shine In the prince that's de -



scended from Stuart's great line?

O could I extol as I love the great name,
 Or sound my low strain to my prince's great fame,
 In verses immortal his glory should live,
 And to ages unborn his merit survive.

O thou great hero, true heir to the crown,
The world in amazement admires thy renown :
Thy princely deportment sets forth thy great praise,
In trophies more lasting than ages can raise.

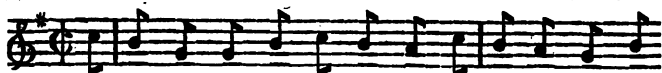
Thy valour in war, thy conduct in peace,
Shall be sung and admir'd when division shall cease ;
Thy foes in confusion shall yield to thy sway,
And those that now rule shall be glad to obey.

May the heavens protect him, and his person rescue
From the plots and the snares of the dangerous crew ;
May they prosper his arms with success in fight,
And restore him again to the crown that's his right.

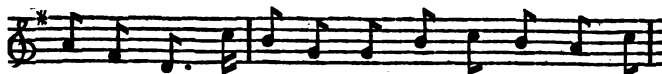
Then George and his breed shall be banish'd our land,
To his paltry Hanover and German command ;
Then freedom and peace shall return to our shore,
And Britons be bless'd with a Stuart once more.

SONG XXIX.

Merry may the Keel row.



As I came down the Cano'gate, The Cano'gate, the



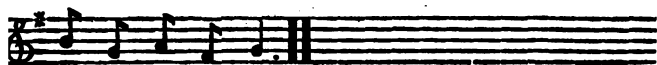
Ca - no' - gate, As I came down the Ca - no' - gate, I



heard a las-sie sing: " O merry may the keel row, The



keel row, the keel row, Mer-ry may the keel row, The



ship that my love's in.

" My love has breath o' roses,

" O' roses, o' roses,

" Wi' arms o' lily posies,

" To fauld a lassie in.

" O merry, &c.

" My love he wears a bonnet,

" A bonnet, a bonnet,

" A snawy rose upon it,

" A dimple on his chin.

" O merry may the keel row,

" The keel row, the keel row,

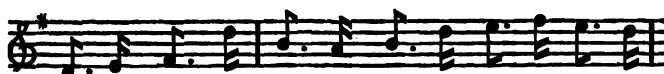
" Merry may the keel row,

" The ship that my love's in."

SONG XXX.

Highland Harry.

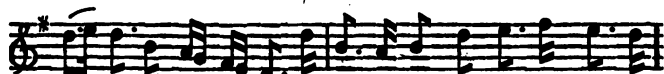
My Harry was a gallant gay, Fu' stately strade he



on the plain; But now he's banish'd far a-way, I'll



ne-ver see him back again. O for him back again!



O for him back again! I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land For



Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gang to their bed,

I wander dowie up the glen,

And sit me down and greet my fill

For Highland Harry back again.

O for him back again, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,

And ilka body had their ain,

Then I wad see the joyfu' sight

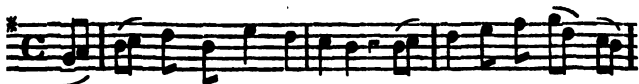
Of Highland Harry back again.

O for him back again, &c.

Sad was the day, and sad the hour,
 He left me in his native plain,
 And rush'd his injur'd prince to join;
 But, oh! he ne'er came back again!
 O for him back again, &c.

Strong was my Harry's arm in might,
 Unmatch'd on a' the Highland plain;
 But vengeance has put down the right,
 And, oh! he'll ne'er come back again!
 O for him back again!
 O for him back again!
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
 For Highland Harry back again.

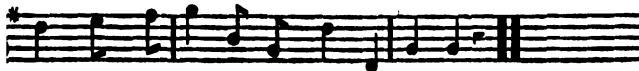
SONG XXXI.

The Man o' the Moon.

THE man o' the moon for ever! The man o' the moon for



e-ver! We'll drink to him still In a mer-ry cup of



ale: Here's the man o' the moon for e-ver!

The man o' the moon, here's to him;
 How few there be that know him!
 But we'll drink to him still
 In a merry cup of ale.
 The man o' the moon, here's to him.

Brave man o' the moon, we hail thee ;
The true heart ne'er shall fail thee :
 For the day that's gane,
 And the day that's our ain,
Brave man o' the moon, we hail thee.

We have seen the bear bestride thee,
And the clouds of winter hide thee ;
 But the moon is chang'd,
 And here we are rang'd :
Brave man o' the moon, we bide thee.

The man o' the moon for ever !
The man o' the moon for ever !
 We'll drink to him still
 In a merry cup of ale :
Here's the man o' the moon for ever !

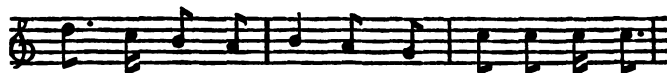
We have griev'd the land should shun thee,
And have never ceas'd to mourn thee ;
 But for all our grief
 There was no relief.
Now, man o' the moon, return thee.

There's Orion with his gowden belt,
And Mars, that burning mover ;
 But of all the lights
 That rule the night,
The man o' the moon for ever !

SONG XXXII.

~~Whurry Whigs~~ awa.

WHERE are the days that we hae seen, When



Phce-bus shone so bright, man? How blythe and mer-ry



we hae been, When ev'-ry ane gat right, man! But



gloomy clouds do o-ver-shade, And spread wide o-ver



a', man; Ill-bod-ing co-mets blaze o'er-head. O



whurry Whigs a-wa, man!

Now ill appears wi' face fu' bare,
 In high and low degree, man,
 And wild confusion everywhere,
 Which every ane may sec, man.
 The blind are chosen for our guides;
 I fear we'll get a fa', man.

There's nane need wonder though we slide.
O whurry Whigs awa, man !

Of primitive simplicity
Some in our church was left, man ;
But now of truth and verity,
Alas, we are bereft, man !
Rebellion's horns do loudly tout,
Wi' whining tone, and blaw, man ;
Yet deeds o' grace they leave without.
O whurry Whigs awa, man !

New upstarts only now succeed,
Our nation's misery, man ;
We're bound in slavery heel to head,
Yet deav'd wi' liberty, man.
But when did e'er the Whigs prevail
'Gainst loyalty and law, man ?
At a' but treachery they fail.
O whurry Whigs awa, man !

Montrose convened the gallant Graham,
The loyal clans arose, man,
To fight the Covenanter lambs,
Wha did the right oppose, man.
At Aldearn, Alford, and Kilsythe,
Their bouks gat mony a claw, man :
The loyal hearts like sheep did drive
The whurry Whigs awa then.

King Charlie being foully slain,
For which thank Whiggery, man,
Then Cromwell in his place did reign,
The Whigs' anointed he, man.
That mushroom monarch Presbyt'ry
Established by law, man,

And overturn'd old Prelacy.

O whurry Whigs awa, man!

King Charles the Second did resort

Unto our loving isles, man;

His father's head took frae the port,

And set up gley'd Argyle's, man.

Abolish'd was the Covenant,

He lik'd not it awa, man,

But rear'd true kingly government.

O whurry Whigs awa, man!

The restless Whigs, with their intrigues,

Themselves they did convene, man,

At Pentland Hills and Bothwell Brigs,

To fight against the king, man;

Till brave Dalzell came forth himsel,

With loyal troops in raws, man,

To try a match with powther and ball:

Then saints turn'd windlestraws, man.

The brave Dalzell stood i' the field,

And fought for king and crown, man;

Made rebel Whigs perforce to yield,

And dang the traitors down, man.

Then some ran here, and some ran there,

And some in field did fa', man,

And some to hang he didna spare,

Condemn'd by their ain law, man.

Yet that would not the carles please.

Did you not hear the news, man,

How, at Drumclog, behind the bog,

They ga'e the deil his dues, man?

With blessed word and rusty sword

They wrought a wondrous feat, man;

For ten to ane they wan the day,
And wow but they were great, man!

But, wae's my heart! it was nae sport,
Though they were set on ill, man,
To see them fa' like silly sheep,
That day on Bothwell Hill, man.
The royal duke his men forsook,
And o'er the field did ride, man,
And cried aloud to spare their blude,
Whatever might betide, man.

But Colonel Graham, of noble fame,
Had sworn to have his will, man,
No man to spare in armour there,
While man and horse could kill, man.
O then the Whigs from Bothwell Brigs
Were led like dogs to die, man:
In Heaven's might they couldna fight,
But rais'd a horrid cry, man.

By hill and dale they gart them skale,
It's there to bide a blink, man,
Till in sic case, to their disgrace,
They rai'd a dolefu' stink, man.
Their necks were cropt but fear or doubt,
Their malice prov'd their fa', man,
While every honest heart cried out,
"O whurry Whigs awa, man!"

Next we gat owre an Orange king,
That play'd wi' parties baith, man;
A hogan-mogan foreign thing,
That wrought a world o' skaith, man.
When he came owre our rights to see,
His father, friend, and a', man,

By his Dutch guards he drove to sea,
Then swore he ran awa, man.

The fifth day of November he
Did land upon our coast, man ;
But those who liv'd his reign to see,
Of it they did not boast, man.
Seven years of famine did prevail,
The people hopeless grew, man :
Baith dearth and death did us assail,
And thousands overthrew, man.

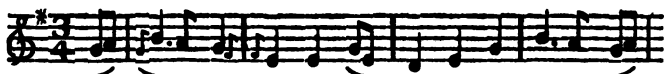
But Willie's latter end did come ;
He broke his collar-bone, man.
We chose another, dainty Anne,
And set her on the throne, man.
O then we had baith meal and malt,
And plenty over a', man ;
We had nae scant o' sin nor saint.
O whurrie Whigs awa, man !

We then sought out a German thing
Call'd George, and brought him here, man ;
And for this beggar cuckold king
Sore taxes we maun bear, man.
Our blood is shed without remead,
Our rights are scorn'd at a', man ;
For beggars boast, and rule the roast.
O whurrie Whigs awa, man !

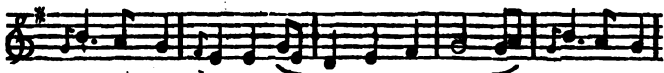
Our fathers griev'd are with this yoke,
The time it's drawing near, man,
That vengeance breeds for tyrants' heads,
The land no more can bear, man.
May God preserve our rightfu' king
From traitors' cursed claw, man ;
Or lang we may have cause to sing
" O whurrie Whigs awa, man !"

SONG XXXIII.

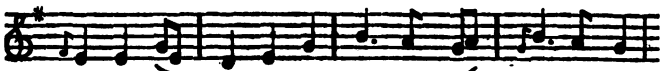
The Blackbird.



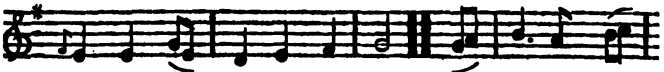
ONCE on a morning of sweet re-cre-a-tion, I



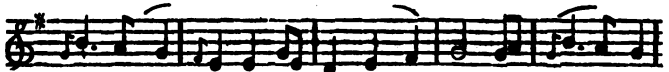
heard a fair la-dy a-ma-king her moan, With sighing and



sobbing, and sad la-men-ta-tion, Aye singing, "My



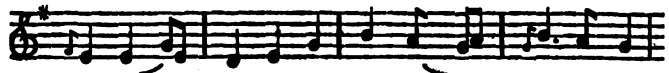
Blackbird for e--ver is flown! He's all my heart's



treasure, my joy, and my pleasure, So justly, my love, my



heart follows thee; And I am re-solved, in foul or fair



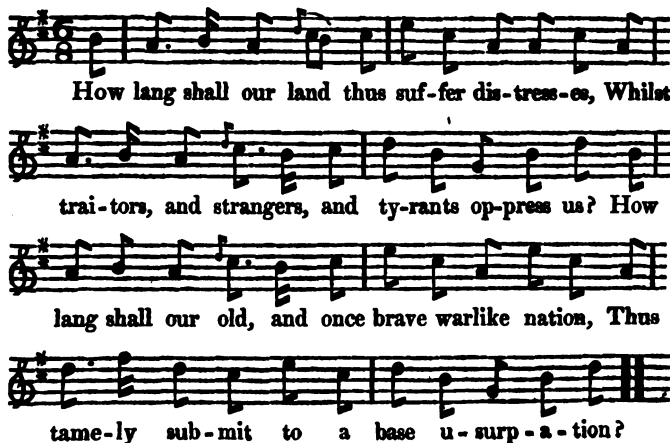
weather, To seek out my Blackbird, wher-e-ver he be.

" I will go, a stranger to peril and danger,
 " My heart is so loyal in every degree ;
 " For he's constant and kind, and courageous in mind.
 " Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be !
 " In Scotland he's loved and dearly approved,
 " In England a stranger he seemeth to be ;
 " But his name I'll advance in Britain or France.
 " Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be !

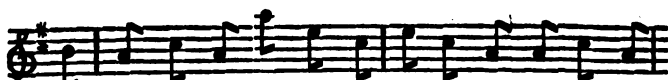
" The birds of the forest are all met together,
 " The turtle is chosen to dwell with the dove,
 " And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,
 " Once in the spring-time to seek out my love.
 " But since fickle Fortune, which still proves uncertain,
 " Hath caused this parting between him and me,
 " His right I'll proclaim, and who dares me blame ?
 " Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be !"

SONG XXXIV.

Our ain bonny Laddie.



How lang shall our land thus suf-fer dis-tress-es, Whilst
 trai-tors, and strangers, and ty-rants op-press us? How
 lang shall our old, and once brave warlike nation, Thus
 tame-ly sub-mit to a base u-surp-a-tion?



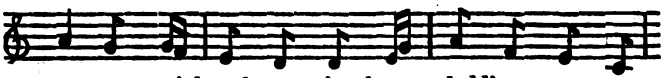
Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are vaudie, Till



we get a sight of our ain bon-ny lad-die. Thus



must we be sad, whilst the trai-tors are vau-die, Till



we get a sight of our ain bonny laddie.

How lang shall we lurk, how lang shall we languish,
 With faces dejected, and hearts full of anguish?
 How lang shall the Whigs, perverting all reason,
 Call honest men knaves, and loyalty treason?
 Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are vaudie,
 Till we get a sight of our ain bonny laddie.
 Thus must we be sad, &c.

O Heavens, have pity! with favour prevent us;
 Rescue us from strangers that sadly torment us,
 From Atheists, and Deists, and Whiggish opinions;
 Our king return back to his rightful dominions:
 Then rogues shall be sad, and honest men vaudie,
 When the throne is possess'd by our ain bonny laddie.
 Then rogues shall be sad, &c.

Our vales shall rejoice, our mountains shall flourish;
 Our church, that's oppressed, our monarch will nourish;
 Our land shall be glad, but the Whigs shall be sorry,
 When the king gets his own, and Jehovah the glory.
 The rogues shall be sad, but the honest men vaudie,
 When the throne is possess'd by our ain bonny laddie.
 The rogues shall be sad, &c.

SONG XXXV.

Come, let us be jovial.



COME, here's to the knights of the true roy-al
oak, Whose hearts still are loy-al, and firm as a
rock, Who will fight to the last for their coun-try and
king. Let the health of our heroes pass quick round the
ring. Come, let us be jo-vial, so-cial, and free; Come,
join hand in hand, in full cho-rus with me: God
bless Char-lie Stu-art, the pride of our land, And
send him safe o'er to his own na-tive strand!

My noble companions, be patient a while,
 And we'll soon see him back to our brave British isle:
 And he that for Stuart and right will not stand,
 May smart for the wrong by the Highlander's brand.
 Come, let us be jovial, &c.

Though Hanover now over Britain bears away,
 The day of his glory is wearing away.
 His minions of slavery may march at his tail;
 For, God with the righteous, and who shall prevail?
 Come, let us be jovial, &c.

And when James again shall be plac'd on the throne,
 All mem'ry of ills we have borne shall be gone.
 No tyrant again shall set foot on our shore,
 But all shall be happy and blest as before.

Then let us be jovial, social, and free;

Lay your hands on your hearts, and sing chorus with me:

God prosper King James, and the German confound,

And may none but true Britons e'er rule British ground.

SONG XXXVI.

The Clans are coming.



HERE's a health to all brave Eng-lish lads, Both



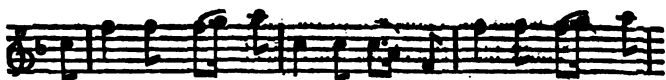
lords and squires of high renown, Who will put to a



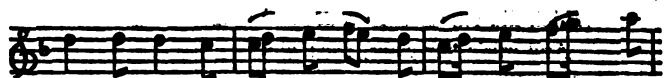
help-ing hand To pull the vile u-surp-er down.

THE CLANS ARE COMING.

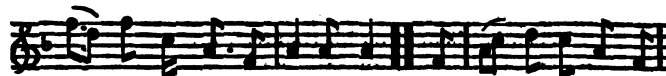
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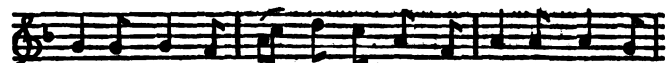
For our brave Scots are all on foot, Proclaiming loud, where-



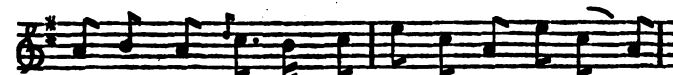
e'er they go, With sound of trumpet, pipe, and drum, " The



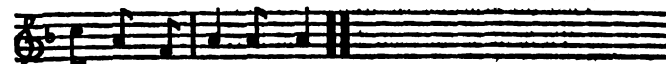
clans are coming, o - ho! o - ho! The clans are coming, o -



ho! o - ho! The clans are coming, o - ho! o - ho! The



clans are coming by bon-ny Loch-le-ven, The clans are



coming, o - ho! o - ho!"

To set our king upon the throne,

Not church nor state to overthrow,

As wicked preachers falsely tell,

The clans are coming, oho! oho!

Therefore forbear, ye canting crew;

Your bugbear tales are a' for show:

The want of stipend is your fear.

The clans are coming, oho! oho!

The clans are coming, &c.

We will protect both church and state,

Though we be held their mortal foe;

And when the clans are to the gate,
 You'll bless the clans, oh! oh!
 Corruption, bribery, breach of law,
 This was your cant some time ago,
 Which did expose both court and king,
 And rais'd our clans, oh! oh!
 The clans are coming, &c.

Rous'd like a lion from his den,
 When he thought on his country's wo,
 Our brave protector, Charles, did come,
 With all his clans, oh! oh!
 These lions, for their country's cause,
 And natural prince, were never slow:
 So now they come with their brave prince;
 The clans advance, oh! oh!
 The clans are coming, &c.

And now the clans have drawn their swords,
 And vow revenge against them a'
 That lift arms for th' usurper's cause,
 To fight against our king and law.
 Then God preserve our royal king,
 And his dear sons, the lovely twa,
 And set him on his father's throne,
 And bless his subjects great and sma'!
 The clans are coming, oh! oh!
 The clans are coming, oh! oh!
 The clans are coming by bonny Lochleven,
 The clans are coming, oh! oh!

SONG XXXVII.

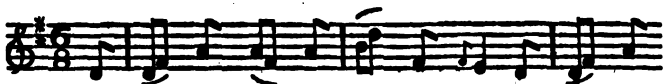
The Clans are all away.

To the foregoing Air.

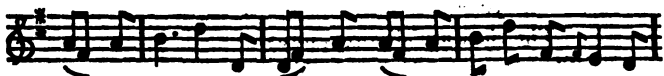
LET mournful Britons now deplore
The horrors of Drummossie's day;
Our hopes of freedom all are o'er,
The clans are all away, away.
The clemency of late enjoy'd
Is changed to tyrannic sway;
Our laws and friends at once destroy'd:
The clans are all away, away.

Has fate thus doom'd the Scottish race
To tyrants' lasting power a prey?
Shall all those troubles never cease?
Why went the clans away, away?
Brave sons of Mars, no longer mourn;
Your prince abroad will make no stay:
You'll bless the hour of his return,
And soon revenge Drummossie's day.

SONG XXXVIII.

O'er the Water to Charlie.

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er, Come boat me



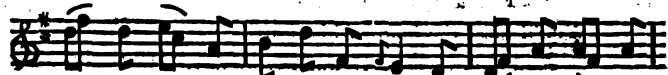
o'er to Charlie; I'll gie John Ross an an-i-ther hawbee To



fer-ry me o'er to Charlie. We'll o'er the water, we'll



o'er the sea, We'll o'er the water to Charlie; Come



weel, come wo, we'll gather and go, And live or die wi'



Charlie.

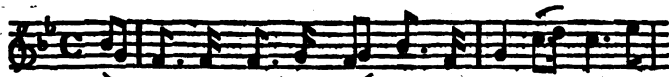
It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,
 Though some there be abhor him;
 But O to see Auld Nick gaun hame,
 And Charlie's faes before him!
 We'll o'er the water, &c.

I swear by moon and starns sae bright,
 And sun that glances early,
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd gie them a' for Charlie.
 We'll o'er the water, &c.

I ance had sons, but now hae nane;
 I bred them toiling sairly;
 And I wad bear them a' again,
 And lose them a' for Charlie.
 We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
 Come weel, come wo, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

SONG XXXIX.

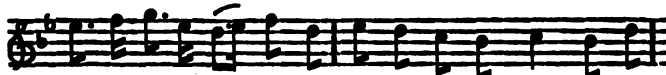
An yon be he.



My love's a bon-ny lad-die, an yon be he, My



love's a bon-ny lad-die, an yon be he; A



feather in his bonnet, a ribbon at his knee: He's a



bonny bonny laddie, an yon be he.

There grows a bonny brier bush in our kail-yard,
There grows a bonny brier bush in our kail-yard,
And on that bonny brier bush there's twa roses I lo'e dear,
And they're busy busy courting in our kail-yard.

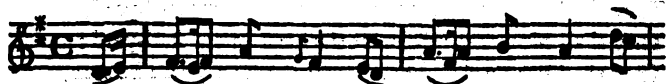
They shall hing nae mair upon the bush in our kail-yard,
They shall hing nae mair upon the bush in our kail-yard:
They shall bob on Athol green, and there they will be seen,
And the rocks and the trees shall be their safeguard.

O my bonny bonny flowers they shall bloom o'er them a',
When they gang to the dancing in Carlisle ha',
Where Donald and Sandy, I'm sure, will ding them a',
When they gang to the dancing in Carlisle ha'.

O what will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa?
O what will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa?
I will awa to Edinbrough, and win a penny fee,
And see gin ony bonny laddie will fancy me.

He's coming frae the north that's to marry me,
He's coming frae the north that's to carry me;
A feather in his bonnet, a rose aboon his bree:
He's a bonny bonny laddie, an yon be he.

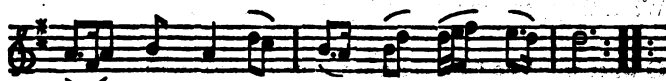
SONG XL.

Song of Expostulations.

UN-GRATE-FUL Bri-tons, rouse for shame, And



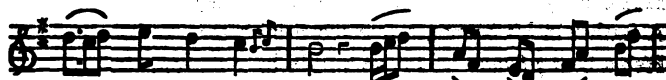
own the roy-al race, Who can a--lone your



fame re-store, Your suff'rings all re-dress.



To roy---al James, your na--tive king, Your



vows and ho-mage pay, That a--ges late may



see him reign, And his blest son o--bey.

Your hopes, illustrious prince, now raise

To all the charms of power ;

Propitious joys of love and peace

Already crown each hour.

Prophetic Hymen join'd his voice,

And gave a princely son,

SONG OF EXPOSTULATIONS.

Whose ripen'd age may fill, he cries,
His father's widow'd throne.

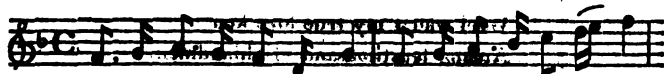
Aloud I heard the voice of Fame
Th' important news repeat,
Whilst Echo caught the pleasant theme,
And did the sound repeat.
Mute, when she spoke, was ev'ry wood,
The zephyrs ceas'd to blow,
The waves in silent rapture stood,
And Forth forgot to flow.

'Twas thus, in early bloom of time,
And in a reverend oak,
In sacred and inspired rhyme
An ancient Druid spoke:

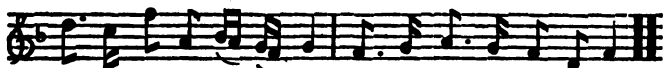
"An hero from fair Clementine
"Long ages hence shall spring,
"And all the Gods their powers combine
"To bless the future king.

"Venus shall give him all her charms,
"To win and conquer hearts;
"Rough Mars shall train the youth to arms;
"Minerva teach him arts;
"Great Jove shall all those bolts supply
"Which taught the rebel brood
"To know the ruler of the sky,
"And, trembling, own their God."

SONG XLI,

Lewie Gordon.

O SEND Lewie Gordon hame, And the lad I darena name!



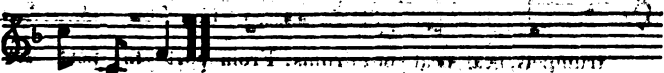
Tho' his back be at the wa', Here's to him that's far a - wa.



O - hon, my Highlandman! O my bon-ny Highlandman!



Weel wad I my true love ken Amang ten thousand



Highlandmen.

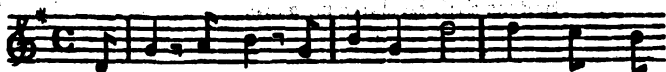
O to see his tartan trews,
 Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes;
 Philabeg aboon his knee!
 That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
 Ohon, my Highlandman, &c.

The princely youth that I do mean
 Is fitted for to be a king;
 On his breast he wears a star,
 You'd take him for the god of war.
 Ohon, my Highlandman, &c.

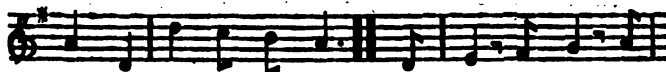
O to see this princely one
 Seated on his father's throne!
 Disasters a' wad disappear,
 Then begins the jubilee year.
 Ohon, my Highlandman!
 O my bonny Highlandman!
 Weel wad I my true love ken
 Among ten thousand Highlandmen.

SONG XLII.

He comes, he comes, the Hero comes.



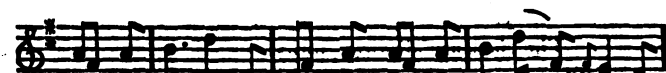
He comes, he comes, the he-ro comes! Sound, sound your



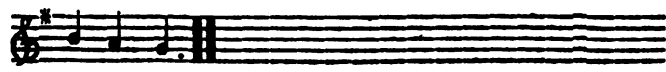
trumpets, beat, beat your drums: From port to port let



cannons roar, He's welcome to the Bri-tish shore;



Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, Welcome to the

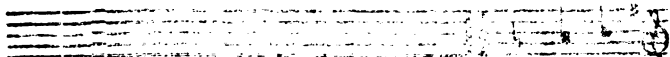
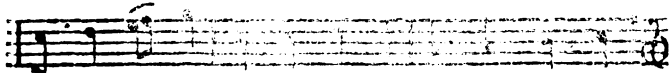
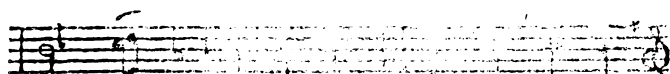
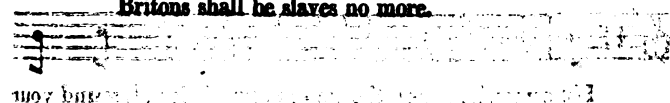


British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare,
 Loud, loudly rend the echoing air;
 From pole to pole his fame resound,
 For virtue is with glory crown'd,
 Virtue is with glory crown'd.

To arms, to arms, to arms repair!
 Brave, bravely now your wrongs declare:
 See godlike Charles, his bosom glows
 At Albion's fate and bleeding woes,
 At Albion's fate and bleeding woes.

Away, away, fly, haste away!
 Crush, crush the bold usurper's sway!
 Yonder king at last restore,
 And Britons shall be slaves no more,
 Britons shall be slaves no more.

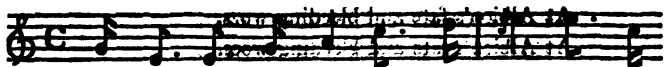


MACDONALD'S GATHERING.

SONG XLIII.

Macdonald's Gathering.

FROM THE GAELIC, LITERAL.



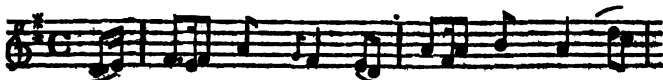
Come a-long, my brave clans, There's nae friends sae



staunch and true; Come a-long, my brave clans, There's



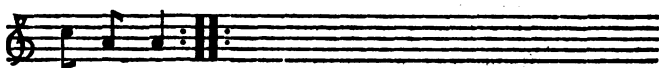
nae lads sae leal as you. Come a-long, Clan-



Do-nuil, Frae 'mang your birks and hea-ther braes;



Come with bold Mac-al--is--ter, Wild-er than his



mountain raes.

Gather, gather, gather,
From Loch Morer to Argyle;
Come from Castle Tuirim,
Come from Moidart and the Isles.

MACDONALD'S GATHERING.

Macallan is the hero
That will lead you to the field.
Gather, bold Siolallain,
Sons of them that never yield.

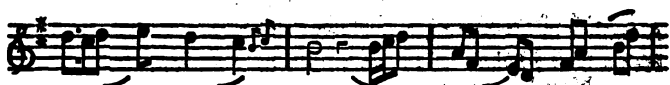
Gather, gather, gather,
Gather from Lochaber glens :
Mac-Hic-Rannail calls you ;
Come from Taroph, Roy, and Spean.
Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
Many sons of might you know ;
Lenochan's your brother,
Aucterechtan and Glencoe.

Gather, gather, gather,
'Tis your prince that needs your arm :
Though Macconnel leaves you,
Dread no danger or alarm.
Come from field and foray,
Come from sickle and from plough,
Come from cairn and corrie,
From deer-wake and driving too.

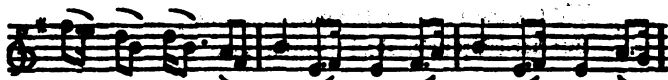
Gather, bold Clan-Donuil ;
Come with hayrack and eord ;
Come not late with meal or cake,
But come with durk, and gun, and sword.
Down into the Lowlands,
Plenty bides by dale and burn.
Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
Riches wait on your return.

SONG XLIV.

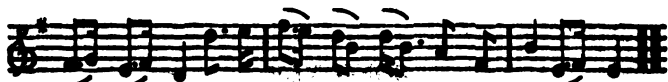
To daunt me.



To daun-ton me, and me sae young, And



gude King James's suldest son, O that's the thing that



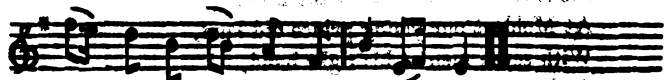
ne'er can be, For the man's unborn that will daunt me.



O set me ance on Scottish land, Gie me my braid sword



in my hand, My blue bonnet a - - boon my bree, And



shaw me the man that will daunt me.

It's nae the battle's deadly stour,
Nor friends prov'd false, that'll gar me cower;
But the reckless hand o' poverty,
O, that alane can daunt me.

High was I born to kingly gear,
But a coof came in my cap to wear;
But wi' my braid sword, I'll let him see,
He's nae the man that will daunton me.

My mither hecht me meikle might,
And bade me haud my royal right;
My father hecht me kingdoms three;
And bade that nought should daunton me.
Now I hae scarce to lay me on,
O' kingly fields were ance my ain,
Wi' the moorcock on the mountain bree;
But hardship ne'er shall daunton me.

SONG XLV.

Second Set.

To the foregoing Air.

Young Charlie is a gallant lad,
As e'er wore sword and belted plaid;
And lane and friendless though he be,
He is the lad that shall wanton me.
At Moidart our young prince did land,
With seven men at his right hand,
And a' to conquer nations three:
That is the lad that shall wanton me.

O wae be to the faithless crew
That frae our true king took his due,
And banish'd him across the sea:
Nae wonder that should daunton me.

But, Charlie lad, see it be lang,
 We'll shaw them a' the right free wrong;
 Argyle and a' our foes shall see
 That nane on earth can daunton thee.

Then raise the banner, raise it high;
 For Charles we'll conquer or we'll die
 The clans a' lead and true men be,
 And shaw me wha will daunton thee!
 Our gude King James shall soon come hame,
 And traitors a' be put to shame;
 Auld Scotland shall again be free:
 O that's the thing wad wanton me!

SONG XLVI.

Chorus Set.

To the foregoing Air.

To daunton me, to daunton me,
 D'ye ken the thing that wad daunton me?
 Eighty-eight and eighty-nine,
 And a' the dreary years sinesyne,
 With cess, and press, and Presbytry;
 Gude faith, this had tike to daunton me.
 With cess, &c.

But to wanton me, but to wanton me,
 D'ye ken the thing that wad wanton me?
 To see gude corn upon the rigs,
 And banishment to a' the Whigs,
 And right restor'd where right should be;
 O, these are the things that wad wanton me.
 And right restor'd, &c.

But to wanton me, but to wanton me,
 And ken ye what maist wad wanton me?
 To see King James at Edinburgh cross,
 Wi' fifty thousand foot and horse,
 And the usurper forc'd to flee;
 O, this is what maist wad wanton me.
 And the usurper, &c.

SONG XLVII.

Be valiant still.

To the foregoing Air.

WHILE thus I view fair Britain's isle,
 And see my sovereign in exile,
 A tyrant sitting on his throne,
 How can I but our fate bemoan?
 Be valiant still, be valiant still,
 Be stout, and be bold, and be valiant still:
 There's right in the cause, and might in the will,
 To the bonny bonny lad that is valiant still.

I hope we yet shall see the day,
 When Whigs shall dree the dule they ga'e,
 Shall yield their proud necks to the laws,
 And bow beneath the righteous cause.
 Be valiant, &c.

Here's to the lads who dare be free,
 The lads who true and constant be;
 A health to all the loyal few,
 And curses on the Whiggish crew.
 Be valiant, &c.

MACLEAN'S WELCOME.

May Neptune waft our prince soon o'er,
 To join our clans on Albion's shore!
 May England soon her error see,
 And aid the cause of heaven and me!
 Be valiant, &c.

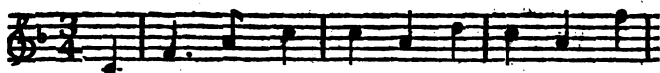
Let Charlie lead us owre the lea,
 To meet the Whigs as one to three,
 And soon we'll see, upon the field,
 What side shall be the first to yield.
 Be valiant, &c.

Then let us join with one consent,
 ('Tis better late than ne'er repent,)
 To drive th' usurper o'er the main,
 And welcome Charlie back again.
 Be valiant, &c.

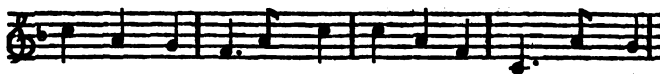
SONG XLVIII.

Maclean's Welcome.

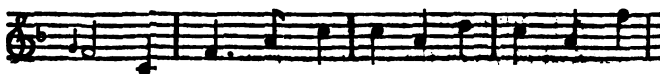
FROM THE GAELIC.



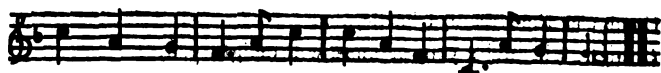
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave



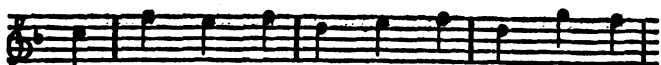
Charlie, Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with Mac-



lean; And though you be weary, we'll make your heart



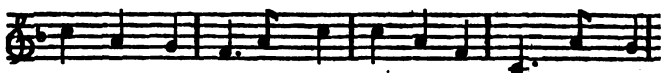
cheery, And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.



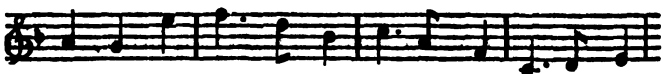
We'll bring down the track deer, we'll bring down the



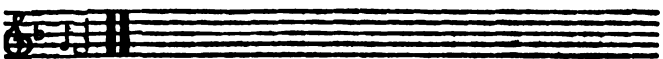
black steer, The lamb from the breckan, and doe from the



glen; The salt sea we'll harry, and bring to our



Charlie, The cream from the bo- thy, and curd from the



pen.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.

And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,

That stream in the star-light when kings do not ken;

And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,

To drink to your sire, and his friend the Maclean.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.

O'er heath-bells shall trace you the maids to embrace you,

And deck your blue bonnet with flowers of the brae;

And the loveliest Mari in all Glen-M'Quarry

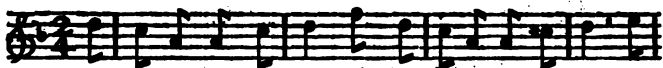
Shall lie in your bosom till break of the day.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.
 If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
 'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highlandmen
 Shall range on the heather with bonnet and feather,
 Strong arms and broad claymores three hundred and ten.

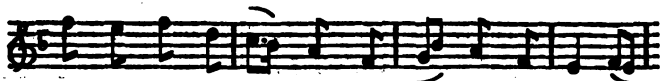
SONG XLIX.

Charlie is my Darling.

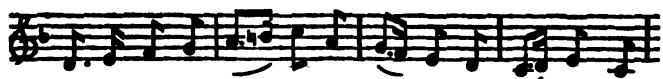
MODERN.



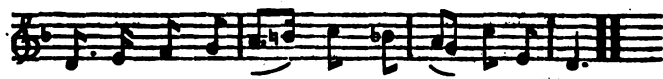
'Twas on a Monday morning, Right early in the year, That



Charlie came to our town, The young Che-va-lier. And



Charlie he's my darling, My darling, my darling, And



Charlie he's my dar-ling, The young Chevalier.

As Charlie he came up the gate,
 His face shone like the day :
 I gat to see the lad come back,
 That had been lang away.
 And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

And ilka bonny lassie sang,
 As to the door she ran,
 Our king shall hae his ain again,
 And Charlie is the man.
 And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

Out-owre yon moory mountain,
 And down yon craigy glen,
 Of naething else our lasses sing,
 But Charlie and his men.
 And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

Our Highland hearts are true and leal,
 And glow without a stain;
 Our Highland swords are metal keen,
 And Charlie he's our ain.
 And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

SONG L.

Charlie is my Darling.

ORIGINAL.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
 Right early in the year,
 That Charlie came to our town,
 The young Chevalier.
 And Charlie he's my darling,
 My darling, my darling,
 And Charlie he's my darling,
 The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
 The city for to view,

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

O there he spied a bonny lass,
The window looking through.
And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

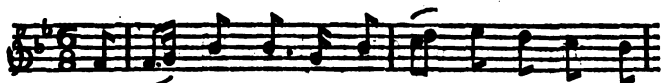
Sae light's he jumped up the stair,
And tirl'd at the pin ;
And wha sae ready as hersel
To let the laddie in !
And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

He set his Jenny on his knees,
All in his Highland dress ;
For brawly weel he kend the way
To please a bonny lass.
And Charlie's he's my darling, &c.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
And down yon scroggy glen,
We daurna gang a-milking
For Charlie and his men.
And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

SONG LI.

Turn the Blue Bonnet wha can.



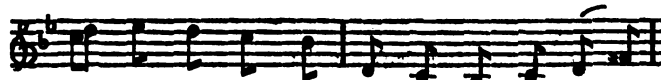
Now up wi' Donald, my ain brave Donald, It's



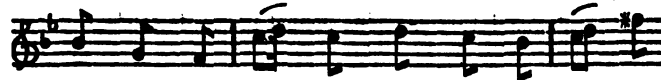
up wi' Donald and a' his clan; He's aff right early, a-



way wi' Char-lie, Now turn the blue bonnet wha



can, wha can. His arm is rea-dy, his heart is



stea-dy, And that they'll find when his claymore's



drawn; They'll flee frae its dint like the fire frae flint, Then



turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can.

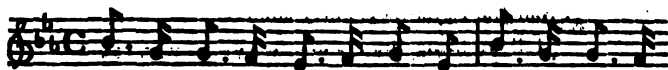
The tartan plaid it is waving wide,
 The pibroch's sounding up the glen,
 And I will tarry at Auchnacarry,
 To see my Donald and a' his men.
 And there I saw the king o' them a',
 Was marching bonnily in the van;
 And aye the spell o' the bagpipe's yell
 Was, Turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can.

There's some will fight for siller and gowd,
 And march to countries far awa;
 They'll pierce the wae fu' stranger's heart,
 And never dream of honour or law.
 Gie me the plaid and the tartan trews,
 A plea that's just, a chief in the van,
 To blink wi' his e'e, and cry "On wi' me!"
 Deils, turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can!

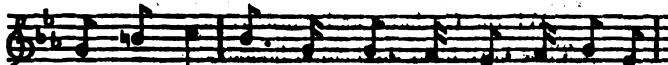
Hersel pe neiter slack nor slow,
 Nor fear te face of Southron loon;
 She ne'er pe stan' to fleech nor fawn,
 Nor parley at a' wi' hims plack trageon.
 She just pe traw her trusty plade,
 Like pettermost Highland shentleman;
 And as she platterin town te prae,
 Tamn! turn her plue ponnet fa can, fa can!

SONG LII.

The Athol Gathering.



WHA will ride wi' gallant Murray? Wha will ride wi'



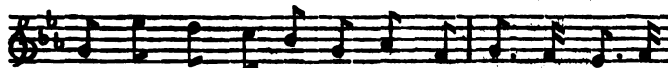
Geordie's sel? He's the flow'r o' a' Glen-is-la,



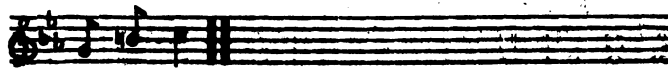
And the dar-ling o' Dunkel'. See the white rose



in his bon-net! See his ban-ner o'er the Tay!



His gude sword he now has drawn it, And has flung the



sheath away.

Every faithful Murray follows;

First of heroes! best of men!

Every true and trusty Stewart

Blythely leaves his native glen.

Athol lads are lads of honour,

Westland rogues are rebels a':

When we come within their border,

We may gar the Campbells claw.

THE GATHERING RANT.

Menzies he's our friend and brother ;
 Gask and Strowan are nae slack ;
 Noble Perth has ta'en the field,
 And a' the Drummonds at his back.
 Let us ride wi' gallant Murray,
 Let us fight for Charlie's crown ;
 From the right we'll never sinder,
 Till we bring the tyrants down.

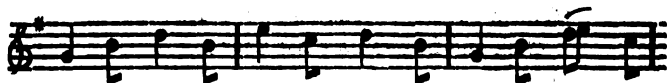
Mackintosh, the gallant soldier,
 Wi' the Grahams and Gordons gay,
 They have ta'en the field of honour,
 Spite of all their chiefs could say,
 Bend the musket, point the rapier,
 Shift the brog for Lowland shoe,
 Scour the durk, and face the danger ;
 Mackintosh has all to do.

SONG LIIL.

The Gathering Rant.



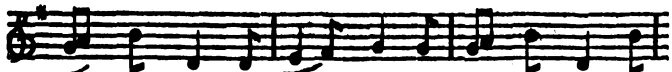
We a' maun mus - ter soon the morn, We
 a' maun march right ear - - ly O'er mis - ty mount and
 mos - sy muir, A - lang wi' roy - al Char - lie. Yon



German cuif that fills the throne, He clamb to't most un-



fair - ly ; Sae aff we'll set, and try to get His



birthright back to Char - - lie.

Yet, ere we leave this valley dear,
 Those hills o'erspread wi' heather,
 Send round the usquebaugh sae clear ;
 We'll tak a horn thegither.
 And listen, lads, to what I gie ;
 Ye'll pledge me roun' sincerely :
 To him that's come to set us free,
 Our rightful ruler, Charlie.

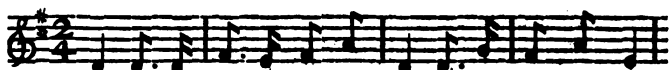
Oh ! better lov'd he canna be ;
 Yet when we see him wearing
 Our Highland garb sae gracefully,
 'Tis aye the mair endearing.
 Though a' that now adorns his brow
 Be but a simple bonnet,
 Ere lang we'll see of kingdoms three
 The royal crown upon it.

But ev'n should Fortune turn her heel
 Upon the righteous cause, boys,
 We'll shaw the warld we're firm and leal,
 And never will prove fause, boys.

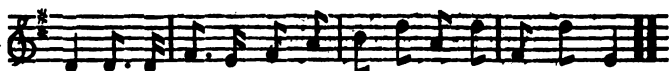
We'll fight while we hae breath to draw
 For him we love sae dearly,
 And ane and a' we'll stand or fa',
 Alang wi' royal Charlie.

SONG LIV.

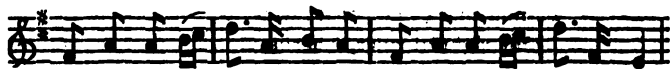
~~WHA~~ wadna fight for Charlie.



WHA wadna fight for Charlie? Wha wadna draw the sword?



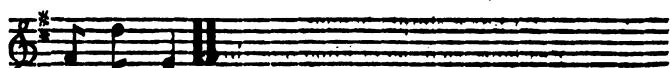
Wha wadna up and ral-ly, At their royal prince's word?



Think on Scotia's ancient heroes, Think on foreign foes repell'd,



Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace, Wha the proud u-



surpers quell'd.

Wha wadna, &c.

Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!

Rouse, ye heroes of the north!

Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,

'Tis your prince that leads you forth!

Wha wadna, &c.

Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?

Shall we own a foreign sway?

Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,

While a stranger rules the day?

Wha wadna, &c.

See the northern clans advancing!

See Glengary and Lochiel!

See the brandish'd broad swords glancing!

Highland hearts are true as steel.

Wha wadna, &c.

Now our prince has rear'd his banner;

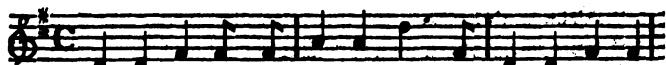
Now triumphant is our cause;

Now the Scottish lion rallies;

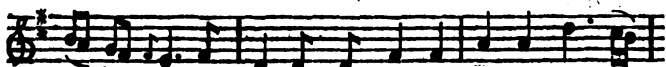
Let us strike for prince and laws.

SONG LV.

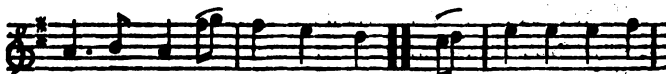
An Excellent New Song on the Rebellion.



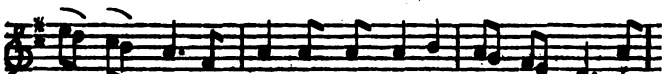
MACKINTOSH was a soldier brave, And did most gallant-



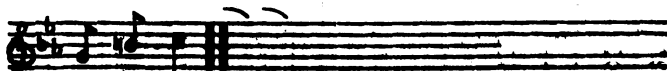
ly behave, When in - to Northumberland he came, With



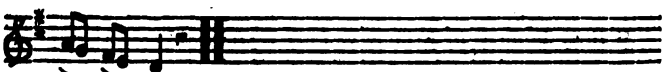
gal-lant men of his own name. Then Derwentwater



he did say, That five hundred guineas he would lay, To



beat the mi-li-tia man to man; But they prov'd cowards, and



off they ran.

Then the earl of Mar did vow and swear,
That English ground if he came near,
Ere the right should starve, and the wrong should stand,
He'd blow them all to some foreign land.
Lord Derwentwater he rode away,
Well mounted on his dapple gray;
But soon he wish'd him home with speed,
Fearing they were all betray'd indeed.

"Adzounds!" cried Foster, "never fear,
"For Brunswick's army is not near;
"And if they dare come, our valour we'll show,
"And give them a total overthrow."
But Derwentwater soon he found
That they were all enclos'd around.
"Alack!" he cried, "for this cowardly strife,
"How many brave men shall lose their life!"

Old Mackintosh he shook his head,
When he saw his Highland lads lie dead;
And he wept—not for the loss of these,
But for the success of their proud foes.
Then Mackintosh unto Will's he came,
Saying, "I have been a soldier in my time,
"And ere a Scot of mine shall yield,
"We'll all lie dead upon the field."

"Then go your ways," he made reply;
"Either surrender, or you shall die.
"Go back to your own men in the town:
"What can you do when left alone?"
Mackintosh is a gallant soldier,
With his musket over his shoulder.
"Every true man point his rapier;
"But, damn you, Foster, you are a traitor!"

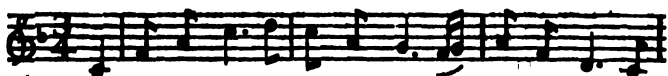
Lord Derwentwater to Foster said,
"Thou hast ruin'd the cause, and all betray'd;
"For thou didst vow to stand our friend,
"But hast prov'd traitor in the end.
"Thou brought us from our own country;
"We left our homes, and came with thee;
"But thou art a rogue and a traitor both,
"And hast broke thy honour and thy oath."

Lord Derwentwater to Litchfield did ride,
 With armed men on every side;
 But still he swore by the point of his sword,
 To drink a health to his rightful lord.
 Lord Derwentwater he was condemn'd,
 And led unto his latter end;
 And though his lady did plead full sore,
 They took his life, they could get no more.

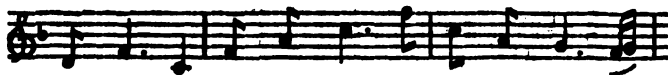
Brave Derwentwater he is dead;
 From his fair body they took the head;
 But Mackintosh and his friends are fled,
 And they'll set the hat on another head.
 And whether they are gone beyond the sea,
 Or if they abide in this country,
 Though our king would give ten thousand pound,
 Old Mackintosh will scorn to be found.

SONG LVI.

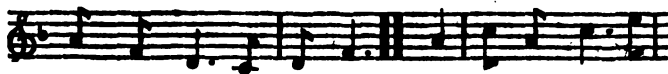
A Lamentable Ditty on the Death of Geordie.



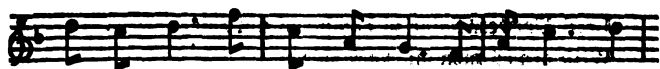
Come, all you lus-ty northern lads, That are so blythe and



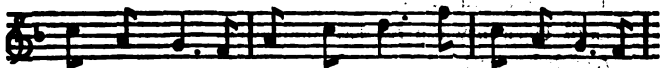
bon-nie, Pre-pare your hearts to be full sad, To



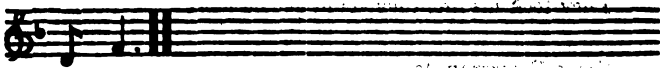
heare the end of Geordie. Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! my



bon-nie love! Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! my ho-ney! Heigh-



ho! heigh-ho! my owne deare love! And God be with my



Geordie!

When Geordie to his triall came,
A thousand hearts were sorry;
A thousand lasses wept full sore,
And all for love of Geordie.
Heigh-ho, &c.

Some did say he would escape,
Some at his fall did glory;
But these were clownes and fickle louns,
And none that loved Geordie.
Heigh-ho, &c.

Might friends have satisfied the law,
Then Geordie would find many;
Yet bravely did he plead for life,
If mercy might be any.
Heigh-ho, &c.

But when this doughty carle was cast,
He was full sad and sorry;
Yet boldly did he take his death,
So patiently dyde Geordie.
Heigh-ho, &c.

As Geordie he went up the gate,
 He tooke his leave of many ;
 He took his leave of his laird's wife,
 Whom he lov'd best of any.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

With thousand sighs and heavy looks,
 Away from her he parted;
 With whom he often blyth had beene,
 Though now so heavy-hearted.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

He writ a letter with his owne hand,
 He thought he writ it bravely ;
 He sent it to Newcastle towne,
 To his beloved lady.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

Wherein he did at large bewaile
 The occasion of his folly,
 Bequeathing life unto the law,
 His soule to heaven holy.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

" Why, lady, leave to weep for me ;
 " Let not my ending grieve ye :
 " Prove constant to the man you love,
 " For I cannot relieve ye.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

" Out upon thee, Withrington !
 " And fie upon thee, Phoenix !
 " Thou hast put down the doughty,
 " That led the men from Anix.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

" And fie on all such cruell carles,
" Whose crueltie's so fickle,
" To cast away a gentleman
" In hatred for so little !
Heigh-ho, &c.

" I would I were on yonder hill,
" Where I have beene full merry ;
" My sword and buckler by my side,
" To fight till I be weary.
Heigh-ho, &c.

" They well should know that took me first,
" Though hopes be now forsaken :
" Had I but freedome, arms, and health,
" I'd dye ere I'd be taken.
Heigh-ho, &c.

" But law condemns me to my grave ;
" They have me in their power :
" There's none but Christ that can me save,
" At this my dying houre."
Heigh-ho, &c.

He call'd his dearest love to him,
When as his heart was sorry ;
And speaking thus with manly heart,
" Deare sweeting, pray for Geordie."
Heigh-ho, &c.

He gave to her a piece of gold,
And bade her give 't her bairns ;
And oft he kiss'd her rosie lip,
And laid her in his armes.
Heigh-ho, &c.

And coming to the place of death,
 He never changed colour ;
 The more they thought he would look pale,
 The more his veins were fuller.
 Heigh-ho, &c.

And with a cheereful countenance,
 (Being at that time entreated
 For to confesse his former life,)
 These words he straight repeated :
 Heigh-ho, &c.

" I never lifted oxe nor cow,
 " Nor never murder'd any ;
 " But fifty horse I did receive
 " Of a merchant-man of Gary ;
 Heigh-ho, &c.

" For which I am condemn'd to die,
 " Though guiltlesse I stand dying.
 " Deare gracious God, my soule receive,
 " For now my life is flying !"
 Heigh-ho, &c.

The man of death a part did act,
 Grieves me to tell the story.
 God comfort all the comfortlesse,
 That did so well as Geordie !
 Heigh-ho ! heigh-ho ! my bonnie love !
 Heigh-ho ! heigh-ho ! my honey !
 Heigh-ho ! heigh-ho ! mine owne true love !
 Sweet Christ receive my Geordie !

SONG LVII.

Turnimspike.

For the Air, see Vol. I. Song X.

HERSEL pe Highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man,
And mony alteration seen
Amang te Lawland Whig, man.
First when her to te Lāwlands came,
Hersel was troving cows, man :
Tere was nae laws about himse, nerse,
About te preeks or trews, man.

Hersel did wear te philabeg,
Te plaid prickt on her shou'der ;
Te gude claymore hang pe her pelt,
Te pistol sharg'd wi' powder.
But for whereas tese cursed preeks,
Wherewith her nerse pe lockit,
Ochon ! tat e'er she saw te day !
For a' her houghs pe prokit.

Every ting in te Highlands now
Pe turn't to alteration ;
Te sodger dwell at our toor-sheek,
And tat's te great vexation.
Scotlan' pe turn't a Ninglan' now,
And laws pring on te cadger :
Hersel wad durk him for her teeds,
But, och ! she fears te sodger.

Anither law came after tat,
She never saw te like, man ;
Tey make a lang road on te crund,
And ca' him Turnimspike, man.
And wow ! she pe a ponny road,
Like Louden corn-rigs, man,
Where twa carts may gang on her,
And no preak ither's legs, man.

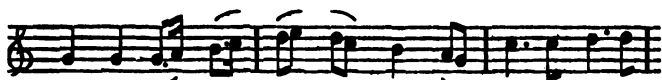
Tey sharge a penny for ilka horse,
In troth, she'll no pe sheaper,
For nought but gaen upon te crund,
And tey gie me a paper.
Tey tak te horse ten pe te head,
And tere tey mak him stand, man.
She tell tem her hae seen te day
Tey hadna sic command, man.

Nae doubts, hersel maun traw her purse,
And pay tem what hims like, man :
I'll see a shugement on his toor,
Tat filthy turnimspike, man !
Put she'll awa to te Highland hills,
Where teil a ane dare turn her,
And no come near her turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.

SONG LVIII.

Johnnie Cope.

SIR JOHN COPE trode the north right far, Yet



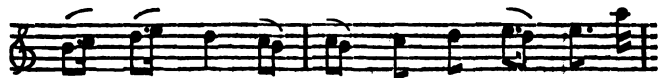
ne'er a re---bel he came naur, Un-til he landed



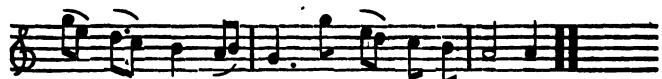
at Dunbar, Right ear-ly in a morning. Hey,



Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet? Or are ye sleeping,



I would wit? O haste ye, get up, for the



drums do beat! O fie, Cope, rise in the morning!

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
 "Come fight me, Charlie, an ye daur;
 "If it be not by the chance of war,
 "I'll give you a merry morning."
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from.
"So Heaven restore me to my own,
"I'll meet you, Cope, i' the morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

Cope swore with many a bloody word,
That he would fight them gun and sword;
But he fled frae his nest like an ill-scar'd bird,
And Johnnie he took wing in the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

It was upon an afternoon,
Sir Johnnie march'd to Preston town.
He says, "My lads, come lean you down,
"And we'll fight the boys in the morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

But when he saw the Highland lads,
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,
Wi' swords, and guns, and rungs, and gauds,
O Johnnie he took wing in the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

On the morrow, when he did rise,
He look'd between him and the skies;
He saw them wi' their naked thighs,
Which fear'd him in the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

O then he fled into Dunbar,
Crying for a man of war:
He thought to have pass'd for a rustic tar,
And gotten awa in the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

JOHNNIE COPE. SECOND SET.

343

Sir Johnnie into Berwick rode,
Just as the deil had been his guide:
Gi'en him the world, he wadna staid
T' have foughten the boys in the morning!
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

Says the Berwickers unto Sir John,
"O what's become of all your men?"
"In faith," says he, "I dinna ken;
"I left them a' this morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

Says Lord Mark Car, "Ye are na blate,
"To bring us the news o' your ain defeat."
"I think you deserve the back o' the gate;
"Get out o' my sight this morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet,
Or are ye sleeping, I would wit?
O haste ye, get up, for the drums do beat!
O fie, Cope, rise in the morning!

SONG LIX.

Second Set.

To the foregoing Air.

COPE sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
"Charlie, meet me an ye daur,
"And I'll learn you the art of war,
"If you'll meet me i' the morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were wauking I would wait,
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter open,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from:
 "Come, follow me, my merry merry men,
 "And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning."
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

"Now, Johnnie, be as gude's your word:
 "Come, let us try baith fire and sword,
 "And dinna rin like a frightened bird,
 "That's chas'd frae its nest i' the morning."
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope he heard o' this,
 He thought it wadna be amiss
 To have a horse in readiness
 To flee awa i' the morning.
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

"By, now, Johnnie, get up and rin;
 "The Highland bagpipes make a din.
 "It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
 "For 'twill be a bludie morning."
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
 They speer'd at him, "Where's a' your men?"
 "The deil confound me gin I ken,
 "For I left them a' this morning."
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

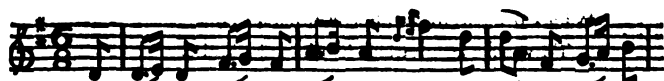
"Now, Johnnie, troth ye wasna blate,
 "To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
 "And leave your men in sic a strait,
 "So early in the morning."
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

"I'faith," quo' Johnnie, "I got a fleg
 "Wi' their claymores and philabags.
 "If I face them again, deil break my legs!
 "So I wish you a gude-morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
 Or are your drums a-beating yet?
 If ye were wauking I would wait,
 To gang to the coals i' the morning.

SONG LX.

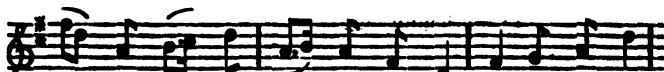
© my bonny Highland Laddie.



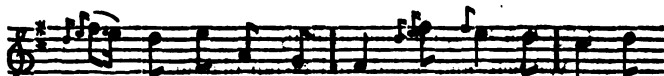
OUR gallant prince is now come hame To Scotland, to pro-



claim his daddie: May Heav'n pro-tect the roy-al name Of



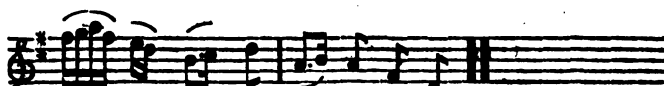
Stu-art, and the tar-tan plai-die! O my bon-ny



Highland lad-die, My handsome charming Highland



lad-die! May Heav'n still guard, and him re-ward, Wi's



bon-net blue, and tar-tan plaidie!

When first he landed on our strand,
 The gracefu' looks o' that brave laddie
 Made every Highland heart to warm;
 And lang to wear the tartan plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

When Geordie heard the news belyve,
 That he was come before his daddie,
 He thirty thousand pounds would give,
 To catch him in his tartan plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

But Geordie kend the better way,
 To stay at hame wi' his braw lady.
 Wha canna fight, he needs must pay,
 To ward the glent o' Highland plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

He sent John Cope unto the north,
 Wi' a' his men for battle ready;
 But Charlie bauldly sallied forth,
 Wi' bonnet blue and belted plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

Cope rade a race to Inverness,
 And fand the prince gane south already,
 Like lion bold, all uncontroll'd,
 Wi' belt, and brand, and tartan plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

Cope turn'd the chace, and left the place;
 The Lothians was the next land ready;
 And then he swore that at Gladesmuir
 He wad disgrace the Highland plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

Says he, " My lads, I tell you true,
 " I'm sorry that they're sae unready.
 " Small is the task we have to do,
 " To catch this rebel in his plaidie."
 O my bonny, &c.

The prince he rose by break of day,
 And blithely was he buskit ready.
 " Let's march," said he; " Cope langts to see
 " The bonnet blue and belted plaidie."
 O my bonny, &c.

They were nae slack, nae flinching back;
 In rank and file they marched steady;
 For they were bent, with one consent,
 To fight for him that wore the plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

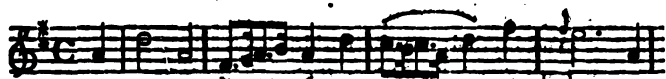
But soon John Cope cried to his men,
 " For gudesake turn, ye dogs, and speed ye;
 " And let each man 'scape as he can:
 " The deil confound the tartan plaidie!"
 O my bonny, &c.

Some rade on horse, some ran on foot;
 Their heels were light, their heads were giddy:
 But, late or air, they'll lang nae mair
 To meet the lad wi' the Highland plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

Now, where is Cope, wi' a' his brag?
 Say, is the craven gane already?
 O leeze me on my bonny lad,
 His bonnet blue and belted plaidie!
 O my bonny, &c.

SONG LXI.

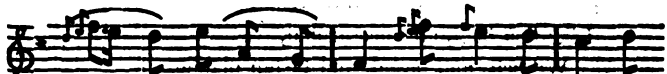
GLADSMIRE.



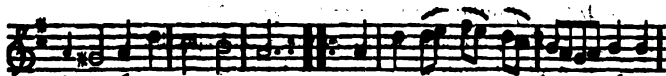
As o-ver Glad--mire's blood--stain'd field, Sco-



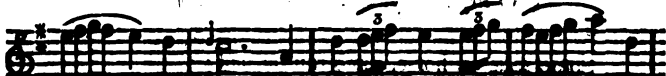
tia, im---pe---rial god--dess, flew, Her lift-ed



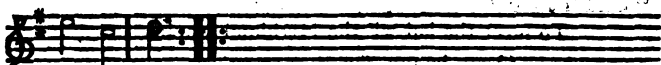
spear and ra---diant shield Con--spi--cuous



blaz-ing to the view; Her visage, lately cloud--ed



with de-spair, Now re-as-sur'd its first ma-



jes-tic air.

Such seen, as off in battle warm,
 She glow'd through many a martial age;
 Or mild to breathe the civil charm,
 In pious plans and counsel sage:
 For o'er the mingling glories of her face,
 A manly greatness heighten'd female grace.

Loud as the trumpet rolls its sound,
 Her voice the Power celestial rais'd,
 While her victorious sons around,
 In silent joy and wonder gas'd.
 The sacred Muses heard th' immortal lay,
 And thus to earth the notes of fame convey.

" 'Tis done, my sons! 'Tis nobly done!

" Victorious over tyrant power:

" How quick the race of fame was run!

" The work of ages in one hour!

" Slow creeps th' oppressive weight of slavish reigns,

" One glorious moment rose, and burst your chains.

" But late, forlorn, dejected, pale,

" A prey to each insulting foe,

" I sought the grove and gloomy vale,

" To vent in solitude my woe.

" Now to my hand the balance fair restor'd,

" Once more I wield on high th' imperial sword.

" What arm has this deliverance wrought?

" 'Tis he! The gallant youth appears!

" O warm to field, and cool in thought,

" Beyond the slow advance of years,

" Haste, let me, rescued now from future harms,

" Strain close thy filial virtue in my arms.

" Early I nurs'd this royal youth,

" Ah! ill detain'd on foreign shores;

" I form'd his mind with love of truth,

" With fortitude and wisdom's stores:

" For when a noble action is decreed,

" Heaven forms the hero for the destin'd deed.

" Nor could the soft seducing charms

" Of mild Hesperia's blooming soil

“ E’er quench his noble thirst for arms,
“ Of generous deeds, and honest toil.
“ Fir’d with the love a country’s love imparts,
“ He fled their weakness, but admir’d their arts.

“ With him I plough’d the stony main,
“ My breath inspir’d th’ auspicious gale;
“ Reserv’d for Gladsmuir’s glorious plain,
“ Through dangers wing’d his daring sail;
“ Where, firm’d with inborn worth, he durst oppose
“ His single valour to a host of foes.

“ He came, he spoke, and all around;
“ As swift as heaven’s quick-darted flame,
“ Shepherds turn’d warriors at the sound,
“ And every bosom beat for fame:
“ They caught heroic ardour from his eyes,
“ And at his side the willing heroes rise.

“ Rouse, England, rouse! Fame’s noblest son,
“ In all thy ancient splendour shine!
“ If I the glorious work begun,
“ O let the crowning palm be thine!
“ I bring a prince, for such is Heaven’s decree,
“ Who overcomes but to forgive and free.

“ So shall fierce wars and tumults cease,
“ While plenty crowns the smiling plain;
“ And industry, fair child of peace,
“ Shall in each crowded city reign.
“ So shall these happy realms for ever prove
“ The sweets of union, liberty, and love.”

SONG LXII.

The Battle of Prestonpans.

For the Air, see Vol. I. Song XVII.

THE Chevalier, being void of fear,

Did march up Birle brae, man,

And through Tranent, ere he did stant,

As fast as he could gae, man;

While General Cope did taunt and mock,

Wi' mony a loud huzza, man,

But ere next morn proclaim'd the cock,

We heard anither craw, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,

Led Camerons on in clouds, man;

The morning fair, and clear the air,

They loo'd with devilish thuds, man,

Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,

And soon did chase them aff, man;

On Seaton crafts they buft their chafts,

And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore blood and oens!

They'd make the rebels run, man;

And yet they flee when them they see,

And winna fire a gun, man.

They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,

Such terror seiz'd them a', man,

Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks,

And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
 And vow gin they were crouse, man!
 But when the bairns saw't turn to carw'st,
 They werena worth a leuse, man.
 Maist feck gade hame, O fie for shame!
 They'd better staid awa, man,
 Than wi' cockade to make parade,
 And do nae gude at a', man.

Menteith the great, when hersel shit,
 Un'wares did ding him owre, man;
 Yet wadna stand to bear a hand,
 But aff fu' fast did scour, man,
 O'er Soutra Hill, ere he stood still,
 Before he tasted meat, man.
 Troth, he may brag of his swift nag,
 That bore him aff sae fleet, man.

And Simpson, keen to clear the een
 Of rebels far in wrang, man,
 Did never strive wi' pistols five,
 But gallopp'd wif the thrang, man.
 He turn'd his back, and in a crack
 Was cleanly'out o' sight, man,
 And thought it best: it was nae jest,
 Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang, nane bade the bang
 But twa, and aye was ta'en, man;
 For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,
 And sair he paid the kane, man.
 Four skelps he got, was waur than shot,
 Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man;
 Frae mony a spout came running out
 His reeking het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner brave did still behave
 Like to a hero, bright, man;
 His courage true, like him were few
 That still despised flight, man.
 For king, and laws, and country's cause,
 In honour's bed he lay, man,
 His life, but not his courage, fled,
 While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bewie, that worthy soul,
 Was brought down to the ground, man;
 His horse being shot, it was his lot
 For to get mony a wound, man.
 Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
 Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
 But full of dread, lap o'er his head,
 And wadna be gaineaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurr'd his beast,
 'Twas little there he saw, man;
 To Berwick rade, and falsely said
 The Scots were rebels a', man.
 But let that end, for weel 'tis kend
 His use and wont's to lie, man.
 The Teague is naught; he never faught
 When he had room to flee, man.

And Cadell, drest, among the rest,
 With gun and gude claymore, man,
 On gelding gray he rode that day,
 With pistols set before, man.
 The cause was good, he'd spend his blood
 Before that he would yield, man;
 But the night before he left the core,
 And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a soger,
 Stood and bravely fought, man;
 I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
 And mae down wi' him brought, man.
 At point of death, wi' his last breath,
 Some standing round in ring, man,
 On 's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
 And cried, " God save the king!" man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
 Neglecting to pursue, man,
 About they fac'd, and, in great haste,
 Upon the booty flew, man.
 And they, as gain for all their pain,
 Are deck'd wi' spoils o' war, man;
 Fu' bauld can tell how her main self
 Was ne'er sae praw' pefore, man.

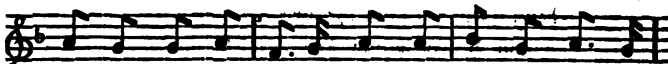
At the thorn tree, which you may see
 Bewest the meadow mill, man;
 There mony slain lay on the plain,
 The clans pursuing still, man.
 Sic unco hacks, and deadly whacks,
 I never saw the like, man;
 Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,
 That fell near Preston dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
 I gade to see the fray, man;
 But had I wist what after past,
 I'd better staid away, man:
 On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,
 They pick'd my pockets bare, man;
 But I wish ne'er to dreë sic fear,
 For a' the sum and mair, man.

SONG LXIII.

The Highland Laddie.

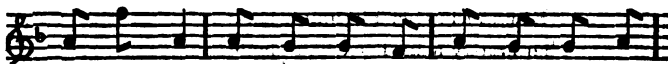
PRINCELY is my lov - er's weed, Bon - ny lad - die,



Highland lad - die, Fu' his veins o' princely blude, My



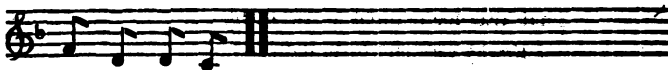
bon - ny lad - die, Highland lad - die. The gay bonnet



cir - cles roun', Bon - ny lad - die, Highland lad - die,



Brows wad bet - ter fa' a crown, My bon - ny lad - die,



Highland laddie.

There's a hand the sceptre bruiks,

Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,

Better fa's the butcher's creuks,

My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

There's a hand the braid sword draws,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
The gowden sceptre seemlier fa's,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

He's the best piper i' the north,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
And has dang a' ayont the Forth,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
Soon at the Tweed he mints to blaw,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

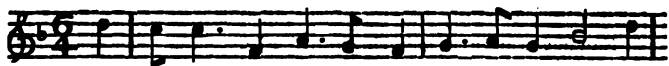
Here's the lad ance far awa,
The bonny laddie, Highland laddie!

There's nae a Southron fiddler's hum,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Can bide the war-pipe's deadly strum,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie:
And the targe and braid sword's twang,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
To hastier march will gar them gang,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

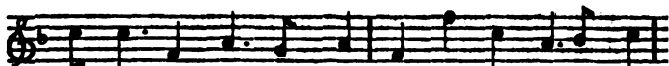
And he'll raise sic an eldritch drone,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
He'll wake the snorers round the throne,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie;
Till frae his daddie's chair he blaw,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
"To your ain, my true men a',"
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

SONG LXIV.

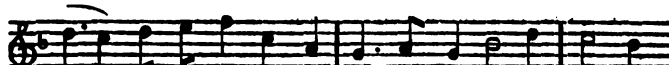
Cock up your Beaver.



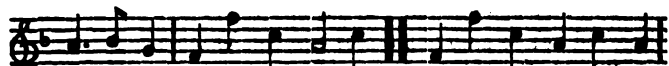
WHEN first my brave Johnnie lad came to this town, He



'had a blue bon-net that want-ed the crown; But



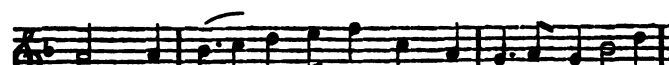
now he has gotten a hat and a feather. Hey, brave



Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver! Cock up your beaver, and



cock it fu' sprush; We'll o-ver the Border and gie them a



brush: There's some-bo-dy there we'll teach better behaviour.



Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver!

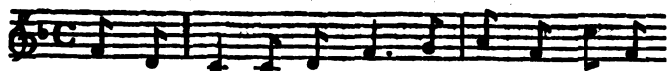
Cock it up right, and fauld it nae down,
And cock the white rose on the band o' the crown ;
Cock it o' the right side, no on the wrang,
And yese be at Carlisle or it be lang.
There's somebody there that likes slinking and slav'ry,
Somebody there that likes knapping and knav'ry ;
But somebody's coming will make them to waver.
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !

Sawney was bred wi' a broker o' wigs,
But now he's gaun southward to lather the Whigs,
And he's to set up as their shopman and shaver.
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !
Jockie was bred for a tanner, ye ken,
But now he's gaun southward to curry goodmen,
With Andrew Ferrara for barker and cleaver.
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !

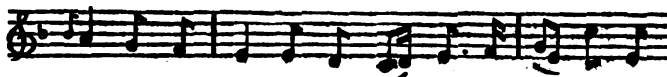
Donald was bred for a lifter o' kye,
A stealer o' deer, and a drover forbye,
But now he's gaun over the border a blink,
And he's to get red gowd to bundle and clink.
There's Donald the drover, and Duncan the caird,
And Sawney the shaver, and Logie the laird ;
These are the lads that will finch frae you never.
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !

SONG LXV.

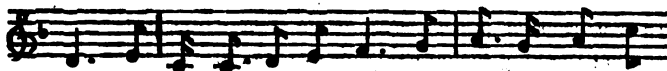
To your Arms, my Bonny Highland Lads.



To your arms, to your arms, my bon-ny Highland



lads! To your arms, to your arms, at the touk of the



drum! The bat-tle trumpet sounds, put on your white cock-



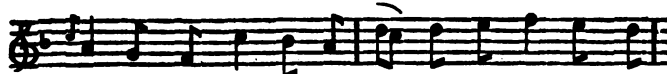
ades, For Char-lie, the great prince re-gent, is come.



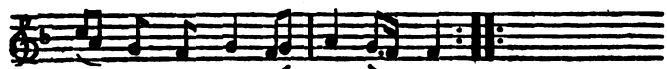
There is not the man in a' our clan, That would



nuckle to the lad that is five feet ten; And the



tune that we strike on the ta-bor and pipe Is "The



king shall en-joy his own a-gain."

180 TO YOUR ARMS, MY BONNY HIGHLAND LADS.

To your arms, to your arms! Charlie yet shall be our king!

To your arms, all ye lads that are loyal and true!

To your arms, to your arms! His valour nane can ding,

And he's on to the south wi' a jovial crew.

Good luck to the lads that wear the tartan plaids!

Success to Charlie and a' his train!

The right and the wrang they a' shall ken ere lang,

And the king shall enjoy his own again.

The battle of Gladsmuir it was a noble stour,

And weel do we ken that our young prince wan;

The gallant Lowland lads, when they saw the tartan plaids,

Wheel'd round to the right, and away they ran:

For Master Johnnie Cope, being destitute of hope,

Took horse for his life, and left his men;

In their arms he put no trust, for he knew it was just

That the king should enjoy his own again.

To your arms, to your arms, my bonny Highland lads!

We winna brook the rule o' a German thing.

To your arms, to your arms, wi' your bonnets and your plaids!

And hey for Charlie, and our ain true king!

Good luck shall be the fa' o' the lad that's awa,

The lad whose honour never yet knew stain:

The wrang shall gae down, the king get the crown,

And ilka honest man his own again.

SONG LXVI.

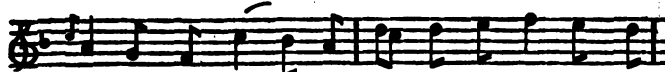
By the Side of a Country Kirk Wall.



By the side of a country kirk wall, A sullen Whig minister



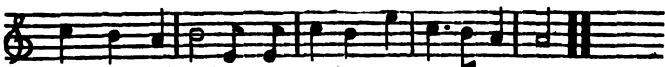
stood, Enclos'd in an old oak-en stall, A-part from the



rest of the crowd. His hat was hung high on a pin, With the



cocks so de-vout-ly display'd; And the cloak that con-



ceal'd ev'-ry sin On the pulpit was carefully spread.

In pews and in benches below
 The people were variously plac'd;
 Some attentively gaz'd at the show,
 Some loll'd like blythe friends at a feast.
 With a volley of coughs and of sighs,
 A harsh noisy murmur was made,
 While Pitney threw up both his eyes,
 And thus he began to his trade:

" My dearly beloved," quoth he,
 " Our religion is now at a stand ;
 " The Pretender's come over the sea,
 " And his troops are disturbing our land.
 " The Papiets will sing their old song,
 " And burn all our Bibles with fire,
 " And we shall be banish'd ere long ;
 " 'Tis all that the Tories desire.

" They'll tell you he's Protestant bred,
 " And he'll guard your religion and laws ;
 " But, believe me, whate'er may be said,
 " He's a foe to the Whigs and their cause.
 " May thick darkness, as black as the night,
 " Surround each rebellious pate !
 " And confusion to all that will fight
 " In defence of that bastardly brat !

" Our kirks, which we've long time enjoy'd,
 " Will be fill'd with dull rogues in their gowns,
 " And our stipends will then be employ'd
 " On fellows that treat us like clowns.
 " Their bishops, their deans, and the rest
 " Of the pope's antichristian crew
 " Will be then of our livings possest,
 " And they'll lord it o'er us and o'er you.

" Instead of a sleep in your pews,
 " You'll be vex'd with repeating the creed ;
 " You'll be dunn'd and demur'd with their news,
 " If this their damn'd project succeed.
 " Their mass and their set forms of prayer
 " Will then in our pulpits take place :
 " We must kneel till our breeches are bare,
 " And stand at the glore and the grace.

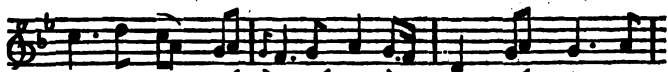
" Let us rise like true Whigs in a band,
 " As our fathers have oft done before,
 " And slay all the Tories off hand,
 " And we shall be quiet once more.
 " But before he accomplish his hopes,
 " May the thunder and lightning come down ;
 " And though Cope could not vanquish his troops,
 " May the clouds keep him back from the throne ! "

Thus when he had ended his task,
 With the sigh of a heavenly tone,
 The precentor got up in his desk,
 And sounded his musical drone.
 Now the hat is ta'en down from the pin,
 And the cloak o'er the shoulders is cast ;
 The people throng out with a din,
 The devil take him that is last !

SONG LXVII.

The Mayor of Carlisle.

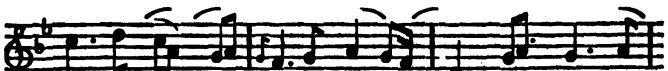
Ye war-like men, with tongue and pen, Who



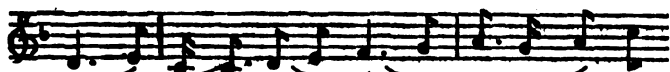
boast such loud bra--va--does, And swear you'll tame, with



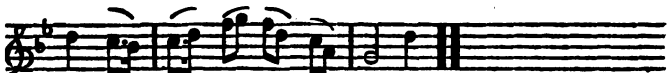
sword and flame, The Highland des--pe--ra--does,



At--tend my verse, while I rehearse Your modern



deeds of glo--ry, And tell how Cope, the na--tion's



hope, Did beat the re-bel To-ry.

With sword and targe, in dreadful rage,
The mountain lads descended ;
They cut and hack, alack ! alack !
The battle soon was ended,

And happy he who first could flee:
Both soldiers and commanders
Swore, in a fright, they'd rather fight
In Germany or Flanders.

Some lost their wits, some fell in fits,
Some stuck in bogs and ditches;
Sir John, aghast, like lightning past,
Degrading sore his breeches.
The blue-cap lads, with belted plaids,
Syne scamper'd o'er the Border,
And bold Carlisle, in noble style,
Obey'd their leader's order.

O Pattison! ohon! ohon!
Thou wonder of a mayor!
Thou blest thy lot thou wert no Scot,
And bluster'd like a player.
What hast thou done with sword or gun
To baffle the Pretender?
Of mouldy cheese and bacon grease,
Thou much more fit defender!

O front of brass and brain of ass
With heart of hare compounded!
How are thy boasts repaid with costs,
And all thy pride confounded!
Thou need'st not rave, lest Scotland crave
Thy kindred or thy favour;
Thy wretched race can give no grace,
No glory thy behaviour.

SONG LXVIII.

The Battle of Falkirk Muir.

For the Air, see Song V. of this Volume.

Up and rin awa, Hawley,
 Up and rin awa, Hawley ;
 The philabegs are coming down
 To gie your lugs a claw, Hawley.
 Young Charlie's face, at Dunipace,
 Has gien your mou' a thraw, Hawley ;
 A blasting sight for bastard wight,
 The warst that e'er he saw, Hawley.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

Gae dight your face, and turn the chace,
 For fierce the wind does blaw, Hawley,
 And Highland Geordie's at your tail,
 Wi' Drummond, Perth, and a', Hawley.
 Had ye but staid wi' lady's maid
 An hour, or maybe twa, Hawley,
 Your bacon bouk and bastard snout,
 Ye might hae sav'd them a', Hawley.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

Whene'er you saw the bonnets blue
 Down frae the Torwood draw, Hawley,
 A wisp in need did you bestead,
 Perhaps you needed twa, Hawley.
 And General Huak, that battle-busk,
 The prince o' warriors a', Hawley,
 With whip and spur he cross'd the furr,
 As fast as he could ca', Hawley.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

I hae but just ae word to say,
 And ye maun hear it a', Hawley;
 We came to charge wi' sword and targe,
 And nae to hunt ava, Hawley.
 When we camè down aboon the town,
 And saw nae faes at a', Hawley,
 We couldna, sooth! believe the truth,
 That ye had left us a', Hawley.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

Nae man bedeen believ'd his een,
 Till your brave back he saw, Hawley,
 That bastard brat o' foreign cat
 Had neither pluck nor paw, Hawley.
 We didna ken but ye were men
 Wha fight for foreign law, Hawley.
 Gae fill your wame wi' brose at hame,
 It fits you best o' a', Hawley.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

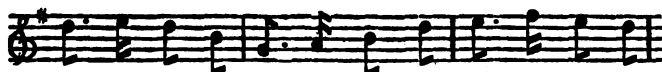
The very frown o' Highland loon,
 It gart you drap the jaw, Hawley,
 It happ'd the face o' a' di grace,
 And sicken'd Southron maw, Hawley.
 The very gleam o' Highland flame,
 It pat you in a thaw, Hawley.
 Gae back and kiss your daddie's miss;
 Ye're nought but cowards a', Hawley.
 Up and scour awa, Hawley,
 Up and scour awa, Hawley;
 The Highland dirk is at your doup,
 And that's the Highland law, Hawley.

SONG LXIX.

The Highlandmen came down the Hill.



THE High-land-men came down the hill, And



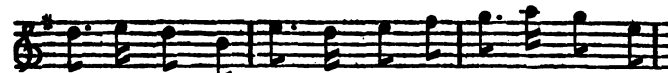
owre the knowe wi' right gude will; Now Geordie's men may



brag their fill, For wow but they were braw, man!



They had three gen'ral's o' the best, Wi' lairds, and lords, and



a' the rest, Chiels that were bred to stand the test, And



couldna rin a-wa, man.

The Highlandmen are savage loons,
Wi' barkit houghs and burly crowns;
They canna stand the thunder-stoun's
Of heroes bred wi' care, man—

Of men that are their country's stay,
These Whiggish braggarts of a day.
The Highlandmen came down the brae,
The heroes were not there, man.

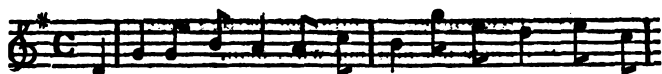
Says brave Lechiél, " Pray, have we won?
" I see no troop, I hear no gun."
Says Drummond, " Faith, the battle's done,
" I know not how nor why, man.
" But, my good lords, this thing I crave,
" Have we defeat these heroes brave?"
Says Murray, " I believe we have :
" If not, we're here to try, man."

But tried they up, or tried they down,
There was no foe in Falkirk town,
Nor yet in a' the country roun',
To break a sword at a', man.
They were sae bauld at break o' day,
When tow'rd the west they took their way;
But the Highlandmen came down the brae,
And made the dogs to blaw, man.

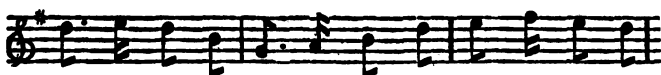
A tyke is but a tyke at best,
A coward ne'er will stand the test,
And Whigs at morn wha cock'd the crest,
Or e'en hae got a fa', man.
O wae befa' these northern lads,
Wi' their braid swords and white cockades!
They lend sic hard and heavy blads,
Our Whigs nae mair can crawl, man.

SONG LXX.

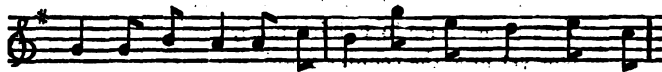
Arms and the Man.



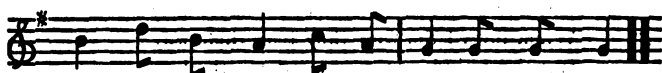
God prosper our king, and the king's no-ble sons! May their



praises resound from the mouths of their guns, Till re-



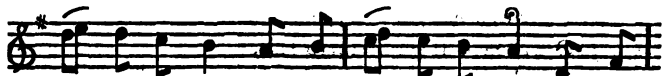
bel-lion and all ci-vil dis-cord shall cease, And these



realms be re-stor'd to a flou-rish-ing peace.



How this war first began, and the progress 't has made, Has



ne-ver been sung, tho' 't has of-ten been said; Yet great



deeds to record to great poets belongs, As Homer and



Vir-gil set forth in their songs.

The Scots, as the Swiss, making fighting a trade,
(For ever betraying, for ever betray'd,)
Like the frogs, sick of Log, choose a king of their own:
'Twill ne'er out of the flesh what is bred in the bone.
From Rome a young hero, well known, they invite
To accept of a crown which he claims as his right:
In city and town they their monarch proclaim,
And their old king and new king are one and the same.

When these tidings reach'd England, three chieftains they chose,
Rebellion to rout, and its progress oppose;
But first, second, and third, were all struck with dismay:
Thrice happy the man who could first run away.
Now great preparations proclaim their great fears;
The militia, the Dutch, the troops rais'd by the dears.
They associate, subscribe, fast, vote, and address,
For you know loyal subjects can do nothing less.

Horse, foot, and dragoons, from lost Flanders they call,
With Hessians and Danes, and the devil and all,
The hunters and rangers, led by Oglethorpe,
And the church, at the a—s of the bishop of York.
And, pray, who so fit to lead forth this parade,
As the babe of Tangier, my old grandmother Wade?
Whose cunning's so quick, but whose motion's so slow,
That the rebels march'd on, whilst he stuck in the snow.

Poor London, alas! is scar'd out of its wits
With arms and alarms, as sad soldiers as cits;
Sure of dying by inches, whatever cause thrives,
Since by parting with money they part with their lives.
But the genius of Britain appears in the duke,
Their courage to raise, and their fears to rebuke:
He march'd day and night till he got to the rear,
And then sent us word, he had nothing to fear.

All night, under arms, the brave duke kept his ground,
 But the devil a rebel was there to be found :
 Then the foot got on horseback, the news give account ;
 But that would not do, so the horsemen dismount.
 A fierce fight then ensu'd by a sort of owl-light,
 Where none got the day, because it was night,
 And so dark, that the truth on't we never shall get,
 Unless 'tis clear'd up by another gazette.

Ancore! Now let's have th' other touch of the song,
 For singing can ne'er put things in the wrong.
 See, ha! how the rebels run off from Carlisle!
 Our duke takes a snuff, and must stop for a while.
 Now, that England is free, let the deil take the Scots,
 Who hate great Hanover, and hatch those maim'd plots ;
 The dirty posteriors of this our realm,
 Who deserves to be rump'd by all those at the helm.

Great William posts back to his royal papa,
 And sends them down Hawley to hang them up a'.
 Brave Hawley advances to fight at Falkirk,
 But a Jacobite storm sends him back with a jirk.
 He lost but his cannon, his camp, and his men,
 All which the brave duke can soon get again.
 See, he comes in four days, he never will yield ;
 Should the living run off, yet the dead keep the field.

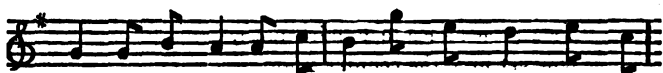
Now great Hawley led on, with great Husk at his tail,
 And the duke in the centre, this sure cannot fail :
 Horse, foot, and dragoons ; pell-mell, knock them down ;
 But, G-d-zoons, where are they? G-d damn them, they're gone.
 By a Harlequin trick the vile dogs run away,
 Fifty miles in a morning, to th' other side Tay ;
 Then in their strong holds they laugh us to scorn.
 Such scurvy damn'd usage is not to be borne.

'Tis true th' affair's over, the business is done,
 But we've miss'd all our hacking and hewing for fun,
 At least for this bout; for they'll soon be surrounded;
 Then how will the French and the pope be confounded?
 We must march then to Stirling, to Perth, Aberdeen,
 And God knows where next, ere these scoundrels be seen.
 Then pluck up your courage, brave Englishmen all;
 The Scots, as the weakest, must go to the wall.

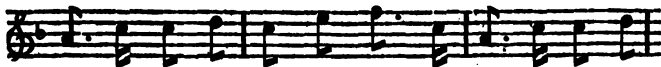
Claymores long adieu, now your edge is unsteel'd;
 Ye Camerons, no more you such weapons must wield.
 The duke says the word, and the clans are undone:
 When your mountains down tumble, ev'ry soul of you's gone.
 Then farewell M'Phersons, M'Flegs, and M'Phuns,
 M'Donalds, M'Drummonds, M'Devils, M'Duns,
 M'Dotards, M'Wades, and M'Marches, M'Runs,
 M'Geordies, M'Yeltochs, M'Rumps, and M'Punns.

SONG LXXI.

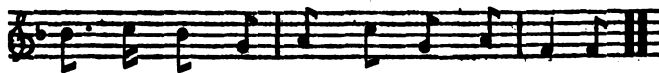
Welcome, Royal Charlie.



THE man that should our king hae been, He



wore the roy-al red and green; A brav-er lad ye

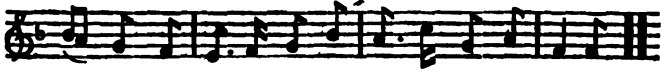


wad-na seen Than our young roy-al Char-lie.

WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE.



O ye've been lang o' coming, Lang, lang, lang o' coming,



O ye've been lang o' coming, Welcome, roy-al Charlie!

When Charlie in the Highland shiel
 Forgatherit wi' the great Lochiel,
 O sic kindness did prevail
 Atween the chief and Charlie!
 O ye've been lang o' coming, &c.

But at Falkirk and Prestonpans,
 Supported by our Highland clans,
 He brak the Hanoverian bands,
 Our brave young royal Charlie.
 O ye've been lang o' coming, &c.

We daurna brew a peck o' mant,
 But Geordie he maun ca't a fau't,
 And to our kail we scarce get saut,
 For want o' royal Charlie.
 O ye've been lang o' coming, &c.

Since our true king was turn'd awa,
 A doited German rules us a',
 And we are forc'd against the law,
 For the right belongs to Charlie.
 O ye've been lang o' coming, &c.

Since our true king abroad has gone,
 There's nought but Whelps sit on his throne;
 And Whelps, it is denied by none,
 Are beasts, compar'd wi' Charlie.
 O ye've been lang o' coming, &c.

O an Charlie he were back,
 We wadna heed the German's crack,
 Wi' a' his thievish hungry pack,
 For the right belongs to Charlie.
 O ye've been lang o' coming, &c.

Then, Charlie, come and lead the way,
 And Whelps nae mair shall bear the sway:
 Though every dog manna hae its day,
 The right belongs to Charlie.
 O ye've been lang o' coming,
 Lang, lang, lang o' coming,
 O ye've been lang o' coming,
 Welcome, royal Charlie!

SONG LXXII.

Second Set.

To the foregoing Air.

AROUSE, arouse, ilk kilted clan!
 Let Highland hearts lead on the van,
 Forward wi' her dirk in han',
 To fight for royal Charlie.
 Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main,
 Our Highland hills are a' your ain;
 Welcome to our isle again,
 Welcome, royal Charlie!

Auld Scotia's sons, 'mang heather hills,
 Can nobly brave the face o' ills;
 For kindred fire ilk bosom fills,
 At sight o' royal Charlie.

Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, &c.

Her ancient thistle wags her pow,
And proudly waves o'er dale and knowe,
To hear the oath and sacred vow,
 " We'll live or die wi' Charlie !"
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, &c.

Rejoic'd to think nae foreign weed
Shall trample on her hardy seed,
For weel she kens her sons will bleed,
Or fix his throne right fairly.
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, &c.

Amang the wilds o' Caledon,
Breathes there a base degenerate son,
Wha wadna to his standard run,
And rally round Prince Charlie?
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, &c.

Then let the flowing quech go round,
And boldly bid the pibroch sound,
Till every glen and rock resound
The name o' royal Charlie.
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main,
Our Highland hills are a' your ain ;
Welcome to our isle again,
Welcome, royal Charlie !

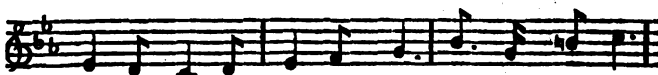
SONG LXXIII.

Kane to the King.

FROM THE GAELIC.



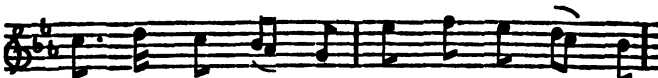
HARK the horn! Up i' the morn, Bonny lad, come to the



march to-mor-row. Down the glen, Grant and his men,



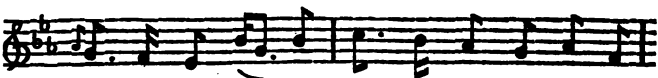
They shall pay kane to the king the morn.



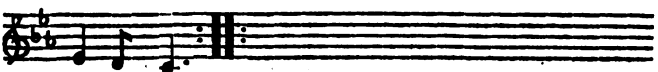
Down by Knock-has-pie, Down by Gil--les--pie,



Mo-ny a red runt nods the horn. Wa-ken not Callum,



Rou-ky, nor Al-lan; They shall pay kane to the



king the morn.

Round the rock,
 Down by the knock,
 Monnaughty, Tannachty, Moy, and Glentrive,
 Brodie, and Balloch,
 And Ballindalloch,
 They shall pay kane to the king belyve.
 Let bark and brevin
 Blaze o'er Strathaven,
 When the red bullock is over the bourn :
 Then shall the maiden dread,
 Low on her pillow laid,
 Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

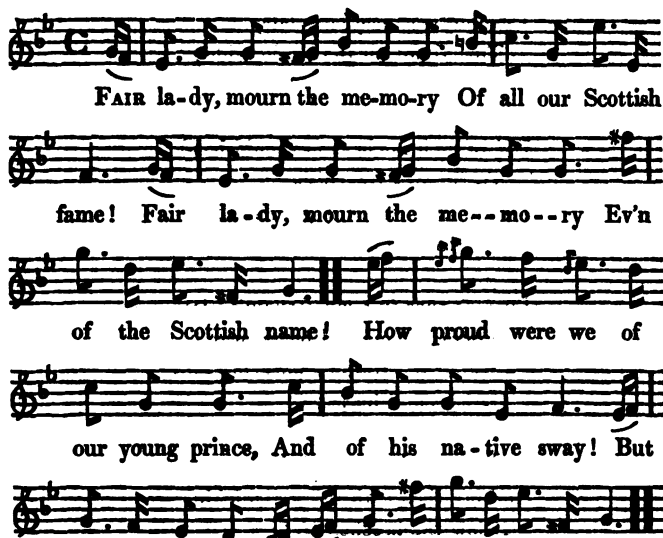
Down the glen,
 True Highlandmen,
 Ronald, and Donald, and ranting Roy,
 Gather and drive,
 Spare not Glentrive,
 But gently deal with the lady of Moy.
 Appin can carry through,
 So can Glengary too,
 And fairly they'll part to the hoof and the horn ;
 But Keppoch and Dunnain too,
 They must be look'd unto,
 Ere they pay kane to the king the morn.

Rouse the steer
 Out of his lair,
 Keep his red nose to the west away ;
 Mark for the seven,
 Or sword of heaven ;
 And loud is the midnight sough o' the Spey.
 When the brown cock crows day,
 Upon the mottled brae,
 Then shall our gallant prince hail the horn
 That tells both to wood and clouch,
 Over all Badenoch,
 Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

SONG LXXIV.

Culloden Bay.

FROM THE GAELIC.



FAIR la-dy, mourn the me-mo-ry Of all our Scottish
 fame! Fair la-dy, mourn the me--mo--ry Ev'n
 of the Scottish name! How proud were we of
 our young prince, And of his na-tive sway! But
 all our hopes are past and gone, Up-on Cul-lo-den day.

There was no lack of bravery there,
 No spare of blood or breath,
 For, one to two, our foes we dar'd,
 For freedom or for death.
 The bitterness of grief is past,
 Of terror and dismay:
 The die was risk'd, and foully cast,
 Upon Culloden day.

And must thou seek a foreign clime,
In poverty to pine,
No friend or clansman by thy side,
No vassal that is thine?
Leading thy young son by the hand,
And trembling for his life,
As at the name of Cumberland
He grasps his father's knife.

I cannot see thee, lady fair,
Turn'd out on the world wide;
I cannot see thee, lady fair,
Weep on the bleak hill side.
Before such noble stem should bend
To tyrant's treachery,
I'll lay thee with thy gallant sire,
Beneath the beechen tree.

I'll hide thee in Clan-Ronald's isles,
Where honour still bears sway;
I'll watch the traitor's hovering sails,
By islet and by bay:
And ere thy honour shall be stain'd,
This sword avenge shall thee,
And lay thee with thy gallant kin,
Below the beechen tree.

What is there now in thee, Scotland,
To us can pleasure give?
What is there now in thee, Scotland,
For which we ought to live?
Since we have stood, and stood in vain,
For all that we held dear,
Still have we left a sacrifice
To offer on our bier.

A foreign and fanatic sway
 Our Southron foes may gall;
 The cup is fill'd, they yet shall drink,
 And they deserve it all.
 But there is nought for us or ours,
 In which to hope or trust,
 But hide us in our fathers' graves,
 Amid our fathers' dust.

SONG LXXV.

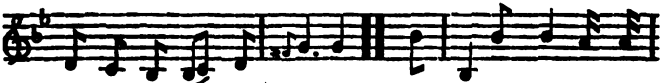
Young Airly.



"O KEN ye aught o' gude Lochiel, Or ken ye aught o'



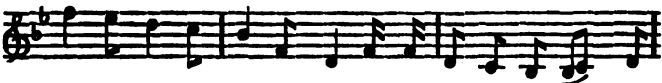
Air--ly?" "They've buckled on their har-ness-ing, And



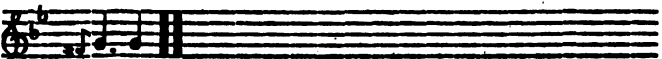
aff and a-way wi' Charlie." "Bring here to me," quo' the



hie Ar-gyle, "My bands i' the morning ear--ly: We'll



raise a lowe sall glent to heav'n I' the dwelling o' young Lord



Airly."

"What lowe is yon," quo' the gude Lochiel,
 "Whilk rises wi' the sun sae early?"
 "By the God o' my kin," quo' the young Ogilvie,
 "It's my ain bonny hame o' Airly!"
 "Put up your sword," quo' the gude Lochiel,
 "And 'Put it up,' quo' Charlie:
 "We'll raise sic a lowe round the fause Argyle,
 "And light it wi' a spunk frae Airly."

"It's nae my ha', nor my lands a' reft,
 "That reddens my cheeks sae sairly;
 "But mither and twa sweet babies I left,
 "To smoor i' the reek o' Airly."
 O dule to thee, thou fause Argyle!
 For this it rues me sairly:
 Thou'st been thy king and country's foe,
 From Lochy's day to Airly.

SONG LXXVI.

Another Set.

To the foregoing Air.

It was upon a day, and a bonny simmer day,
 When the flowers were blooming rarely,
 That there fell out a great dispute
 Between Argyle and Airly.
 Argyle has rais'd an hundred men,
 An hundred men and mairly,
 And he's away down by the back o' Dunkel,
 To plunder the bonny house o' Airly.

The lady look'd o'er her window,
 And O but she sigh'd sairly,

When she espied the great Argyle

Come to plunder the bonny house o' Airly !

" Come down, come down now, Lady Ogilvie,

" Come down and kiss me fairly."

" No, I winna kiss thee, fause Argyle,

" Though ye sudena leave a stannin stane o' Airly."

He took her by the middle sae sma',

" Lady, where is your dowry?"

" It's up and down by the bonny burn side,

" Amang the plantings o' Airly."

They sought it up, they sought it down,

They sought it late and early,

And they fand it under the bonny palm tree

That stands i' the bowling-green o' Airly.

" A favour I ask of thee, Argyle,

" If ye will grant it fairly ;

" O dinna turn me wi' my face

" To see the destruction o' Airly."

He has ta'en her by the shoulder-blade,

And thrust her down afore him,

Syne set her on a bonny knowe tap,

Bade her look at Airly fa'ing.

" Haste, bring to me a cup o' gude wine,

" As red as ony cherry :

" I'll tak the cup and sip it up ;

" Here's a health to bonny Prince Charlie !

" O I hae born me eleven braw sons,

" The youngest ne'er saw his daddie,

" And if I had to bear them again,

" They a' should gang wi' Charlie.

" But if my gude lord were here this night,

" As he's awa wi' Charlie,

" The great Argyle and a' his men
 " Durstna plunder the bonny house o' Airly;
 " Were my gude lord but here this day,
 " As he's awa wi' Charlie,
 " The dearest blude o' a' thy kin
 " Wad sloken the lowe o' Airly."

SONG LXXVII.

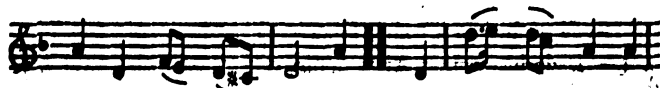
Bonny Charlie.



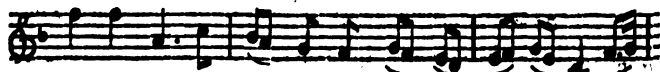
Tho' my fireside it be but sma', And bare and comfort-



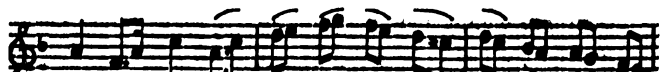
less with-a', I'll keep a seat, and may-be twa, To



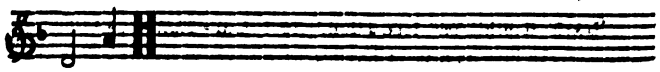
welcome bon - - ny Char-lie. Although my stumrie-



and my shiel Are toom as the glen of Earnanhyde, I'll



keep my hindmost hand-fu' meal, To gie to bon - ny



Charlie.

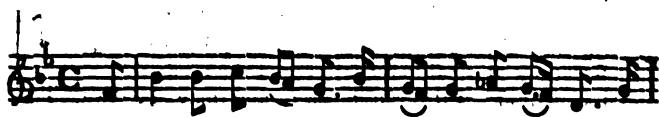
Although my lands are fair and wide,
It's there nae langer I maun bide;
Yet my last hoof, and horn, and hide,
I'll gie to bonny Charlie.

Although my heart is unco sair,
And lies fu' lowly in its lair,
Yet the last drap o' blude that's there
I'll gie for bonny Charlie.

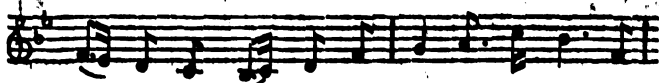
SONG LXXVIII.

Callum-a-Glen.

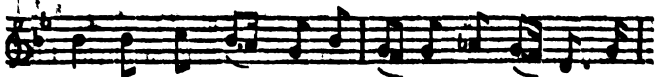
FROM THE GARLIC.



Was e-ver old warrior of suff'ring so weary? Was



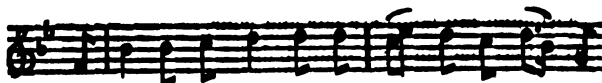
e--ver the wild beast so bay'd in his den? Tha-



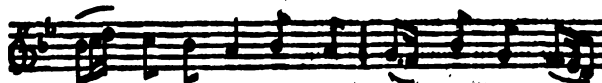
Southren bloodhounds lie in ken-nel so near me, That



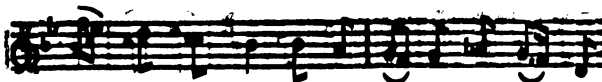
death would be free-dom to Cal-lum-a-Glen.



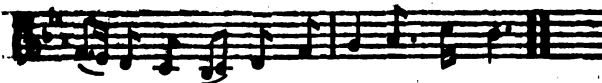
My sons are all slain, and my daughters have left me



child to pro-tect me, where once there were ten :



chief they have slain, and of stay have be-reft me,



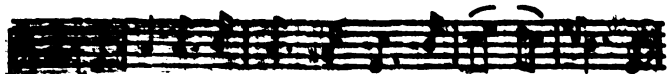
wo to the gray hairs of Cal-lum-a-Glen !

The homes of my kinsmen are blazing to heaven,
 The bright sun of morning has blush'd at the view ;
 The moon has stood still on the verge of the even,
 To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew :
 For the dew it lies red on the vales of Leckaber,
 It sprinkles the cot, and it flows in the pen.
 The pride of my country is fallen for ever !
 Death, hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-Glen ?

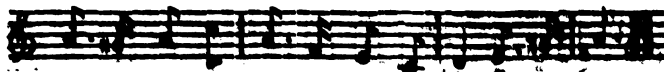
The sun in his glory has look'd on our sorrow,
 The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea :
 O, is there no day-spring for Scotland ? no morrow
 Of bright renovation for souls of the free ?
 Yes : one above all has beheld our devotion
 Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken.
 The day is abiding of stern retribution
 On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen.

SONG LXXIX.

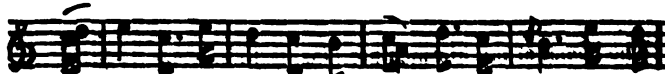
The Sun rises bright in France.



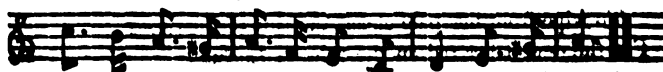
THE sun ri-ses bright in France, And fair sets, he; But



he has tint the blink he had In my ain countrie.



It's nae my ain ru-in That weets aye my e'e, But the



dear Ma-rie I left a-hin', Wi' sweet bairnies three.

Fa' beinly low'd my ain hearth,

And smil'd my ain Marie!

O I've left a' my heart behind,

In my ain countrie!

O I'm leal to high Heaven,

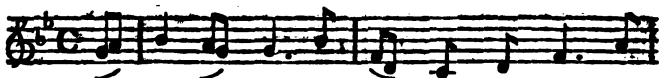
Which aye was leal to me;

And it's there I'll meet ye a' soon,

Frae my ain countrie.

SONG LXXX.

The Old Man's Lament.



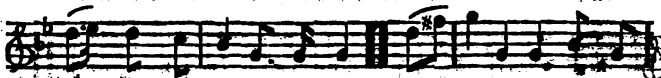
I HAD three sons, a' young, stout, and bauld, And



they lie at i - ther's sides bloo - dy and cauld; I



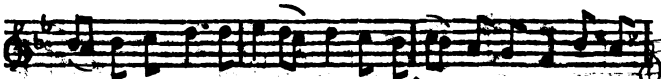
had a hame, wi' a sweet wi - fie there, And twa bonny



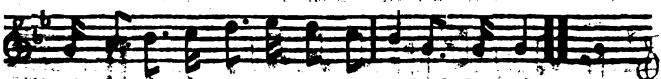
grandbairns my smiling to share; I had a steer o' gude



ow - sen to ca': But the bloody duke o' Cumberland has



ruin'd them a'. I had a steer o' gude ow-sen to ca': But the



bloody duke o' Cumberland has ru-in'd them a'.

Revenge and despair aye by turns weet my e'e;
 The fa' o' the spoiler I lang for to see.
 Friendless I lie, and friendless I gang,
 I've nane but kind Heaven to tell o' my wrang.
 "Thy auld arm," quo' Heaven, "canna strike down the proud:
 "I will keep to mysel the avenging thy blood."

SONG LXXXI.

Now Charles asserts his Father's Right.



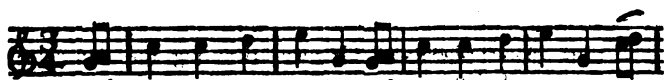
Now Charles as - serts his fa - ther's right, And
 thus e - sta - blish - es his own, Brav - ing the dan - gers
 of the fight, To cleave a pass - age to the throne.
 The Scots re - gain their an - cient fame, And
 well their faith and va - lour show, Sup - port - ing their young
 he - ro's claim Against a pow'ful re - bel foe.

The God of battle shakes his arm,
 And makes the doubtful victory shine;
 A panic dread their foes disarm:
 Who can oppose the will divine?
 The rebels shall at length confess
 Th' undoubted justice of the claim,
 When lisping babes shall learn to bless
 The long-forgotten Stuart's name.

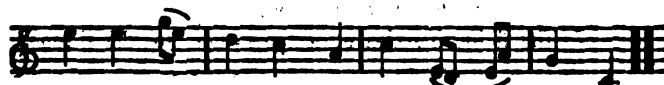
SONG LXXXII.

Farewell to Glen-Shalloch.

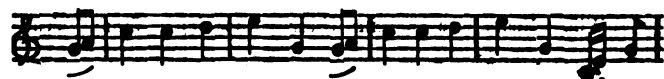
FROM THE GAELIC.



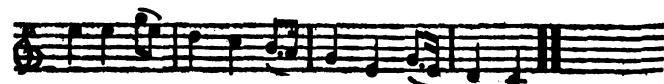
FAREWELL to Glen-Shalloch, A farewell for e-ver! Fare-



well to my wee cot, That stands by the ri--ver!



The fall is loud sounding In voices that va-ry, And the



echoes surrounding Lament with my Ma-ry.

I saw her last night,
 'Mid the rocks that enclose them,
 With a babe at her knee
 And a babe at her bosom :
 I heard her sweet voice
 In the depth of my slumber,
 And the song that she sung
 Was of sorrow and number.

" Sleep sound, my sweet babe,
 " There is nought to alarm thee ;
 " The sons of the valley
 " No power have to harm thee.
 " I'll sing thee to rest
 " In the halloch untrodden,
 " With a coronach sad
 " For the slain of Culloden.

" The brave were betray'd,
 " And the tyrant is daring
 " To trample and waste us,
 " Unpitying, unsparing.
 " Thy mother no voice has,
 " No feeling that changes,
 " No word, sign, or song,
 " But the lesson of vengeance.

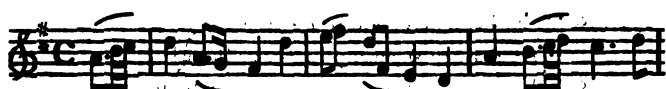
" I'll tell thee, my son,
 " How our laurels are withering ;
 " I'll gird on thy sword
 " When the clansmen are gathering ;
 " I'll bid thee go forth
 " In the cause of true honour,
 " And never return
 " Till thy country hath won her.

" Our tower of devotion
 " Is the home of the reaver ;
 " The pride of the ocean
 " Is fallen for ever ;
 " The pine of the forest,
 " That time could not weaken,
 " Is trode in the dust,
 " And its honours are shaken.

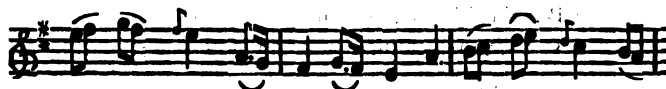
" Rise, spirits of yore,
 " Ever dauntless in danger !
 " For the land that was yours
 " Is the land of the stranger.
 " O come from your caverns,
 " All bloodless and hoary,
 " And these fiends of the valley
 " Shall tremble before ye !"

SONG LXXXIII.

The lovely Lass of Inverness.



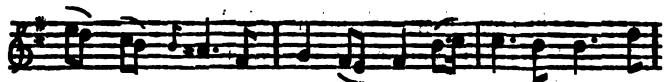
THERE liv'd a lass in Inverness, She was the pride of



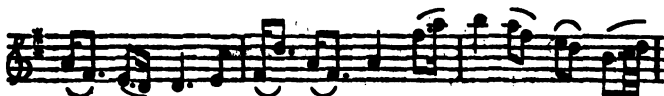
a' the town, Blythe as the lark on gew-an tap, When



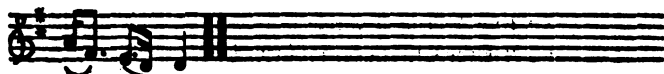
frae the nest it's newly flown. At kirk she wan the



auld folks' love, At dance she wan the lads's een; She



was the blythest o' the blythe, At wooster-trystes or



Hal-low-e'en.

As I came in by Inverness,
The simmer sun was sinking down;
O there I saw the weel-faur'd lass,
And she was greeting through the town.
The gray-hair'd men were a' i' the streets,
And auld dames crying, (sad to see!)
"The flower o' the lads o' Inverness
"Lie bluidy on Culloden lee!"

She tore her haffet links o' gowd,
And dighted aye her comely e'e:

"My father lies at bluidy Carlisle,

"At Preston sleep my brethren three!

"I thought my heart could haud nae mair,

"Mae tears could never blind my e'e;

"But the fa' o' ane has burst my heart,

"A deader ane there ne'er could be.

"He trysted me o' love yestreen,

"O' love-tokens he gave me three;

"But he's faulded i' the arms o' weir,

"O, ne'er again to think o' me!

" The forest flowers shall be my bed,
" My food shall be the wild berrie,
" The fa'ing leaves shall hap me owre,
" And wauken'd again I winna be.

" O weep, O weep, ye Scottish dames !
" Weep till ye blind a mither's e'e !
" Nae reeking ha' in fifty miles,
" But naked corpses, sad to see !
" O spring is blythesome to the year ;
" Trees sprout, flowers spring, and birds sing hie ;
" But O what spring can raise them up,
" Whose bluidy weir has seal'd the e'e ?

" The hand o' God hung heavy here,
" And lightly touch'd foul tyrannie ;
" It strack the righteous to the ground,
" And lifted the destroyer hie.
" ' But there's a day,' quo' my God in prayer,
" ' When righteousness shall bear the gree :
" ' I'll rake the wicked low i' the dust,
" ' And wauken, in bliss, the gude man's e'e.' "

SONG LXXXIV.

Modern Set.

To the foregoing Air.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,

Nae joy nor pleasure she can see ;

For e'en and morn she cries, " Alas ! "

And aye the saut tear blinds her e'e.

" Drummosie moor ! Drummosie day !

" A waefu' day it was to me ;

" For there I lost my father dear,

" My father dear, and brethren three.

" Their winding-sheet's the bluidy clay,

" Their graves are growing green to see ;

" And by them lies the dearest lad

" That ever blest a woman's e'e.

" Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord !

" A bluidy man I trow thou be ;

" For mony a heart thou hast made sair,

" That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee."

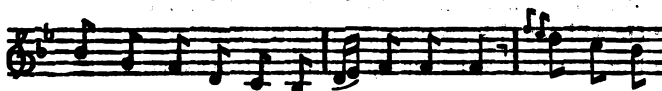
SONG LXXXV.

The Frasers in the Corrie.

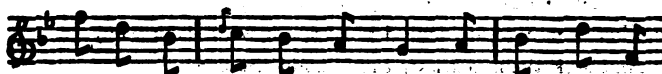
FROM THE GAELIC.



"WHERE is your dad-dy gane, my lit-tle May?



Where has our la-dy been a' the lang day? Saw you the



redcoats rank on the hall green? Or heard you the



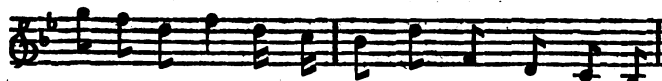
horn on the mountain yestreen?" "Auld carle graybeard, ye



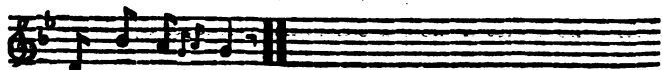
speer na at me; Gae speer at the maid-en that



sits by the sea. The red-coats were here, and it



was na for good, And the ra-ven's turn'd hoarse wi' the



waughting o' blood.

" O listen, auld carle, how roopit his note !
 " The blood of the Fraser's too hot for his throat.
 " I trow the black traitor's of Sassenach breed ;
 " They prey on the living, and he on the dead.
 " When I was a baby, we ca'd him, in joke,
 " The harper of Errick, the priest of the rock ;
 " But now he's our mountain companion no more,
 " The slave of the Saxon, the quaffer of gore."

" Sweet little maiden, why talk you of death ?
 " The raven's our friend, and he's croaking in wrath :
 " He will not pick up from a bonnetted head,
 " Nor mar the brave form by the tartan that's clad.
 " But point me the cliff where the Fraser abides,
 " Where Foyers, Culduthil, and Gorthaly hides.
 " There's danger at hand, I must speak with them soon,
 " And seek them alone by the light of the moon."

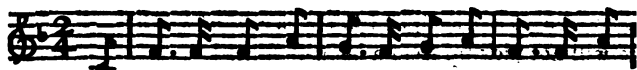
" Auld carle graybeard, a friend you should be,
 " For the truth's on your lip, and the tear in your e'e ;
 " Then seek in the correi that sounds on the brae,
 " And sings to the rock when the breeze is away.
 " I-sought them last night with the haunch of the deer,
 " And far in yon cave they were hiding in fear :
 " There, at the last crow of the brown heather-cock,
 " They pray'd for their prince, kneel'd, and slept on the rock.

" O tell me, auld carle, what will be the fate
 " Of those who are killing the gallant and great ?
 " Who force our brave chiefs to the correi to go,
 " And hunt their own prince like the deer or the roe ?"
 " My sweet little maiden, beyond yon red sun
 " Dwells one who beholds all the deeds that are done :
 " Their crimes on the tyrants one day he'll repay,
 " And the names of the brave shall not perish for aye."

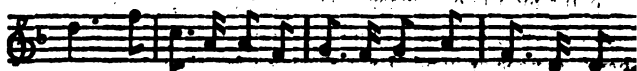
SONG LXXXVI.

A Balland for those whose Honour is sound,
Who cannot be nam'd, and must not be found.

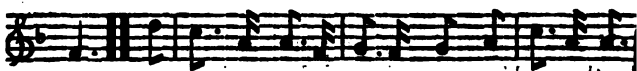
Written by a Sculpter in the Year 1746.



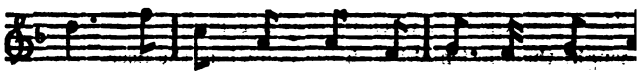
SHOULD old gay mirth and cheerfulness Be dash'd for e-ve



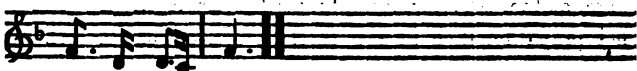
more, Since late success in wickedness Made Whigs insult a



roar? O no: their ex-e-crable pranks Oblige us to d



vine, We'll soon have grounds of joy and thanks, /



we had lang syne.

Though our dear native prince be toss'd
From this oppressive land,
And foreign tyrants rule the roast,
With high and barbarous hand;
Yet he who did proud Pharaoh crush,
To save old Jacob's line,
Our Charles will visit in the bush,
Like Moses lang syne.

Though God spares long the raging set
 Which on rebellion doat,
 Yet his perfection ne'er will let
 His justice be forgot.
 If we, with patient faith, our cause
 To 's providence resign,
 He'll sure restore our king and laws,
 As he did lang syne.

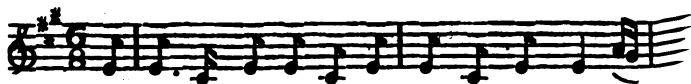
Our valiant prince will shortly land,
 With twenty thousand stout,
 And these, join'd by each loyal clan,
 Shall kick the German out.
 Then upright men, whom rogues attaint,
 Shall bruik their own again,
 And we'll have a free parliament,
 As we had lang syne.

Rejoice then ye, with all your might,
 Who will for justice stand,
 And would give Cæsar his true right,
 As Jesus did command;
 While terror must all those annoy
 Who horridly combine
 The vineyard's true heir to destroy,
 Like Judas lang syne.

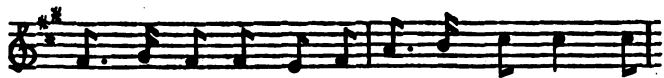
A health to those fam'd Gladsmuir gain'd,
 And circled Derby's cross;
 Who won Falkirk, and boldly strain'd
 To win Culloden moss.
 Health to all those who'll do't again,
 And no just cause decline.
 May Charles soon vanquish, and James reign,
 As they did lang syne.

SONG LXXXVII.

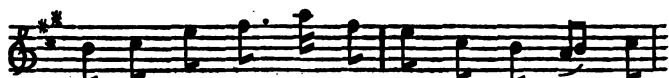
The Highlander's Lament.



A SOLDIER, for gal-lant achievements renown'd, Re-



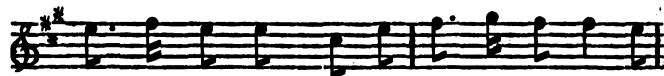
volv'd in de-spair the campaigns of his youth; Then



beat - ing his bo - som, and sigh - ing profound, That



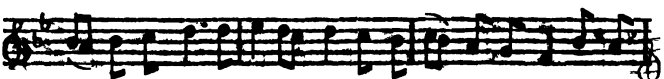
ma-lice it-self might have melt-ed to ruth, "Are



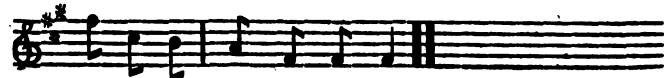
these," he exclaim'd, "the re-sults of my toil, In



want and ob-scu-ri-ty thus to re-tire? For this did com-



pas-sion restrain me from spoil, When earth was all



carnage, and heav'n was on fire?

" My country is ravag'd, my kinsmen are slain,
" My prince is in exile, and treated with scorn,
" My chief is no more—he hath suffer'd in vain—
" And why should I live on the mountain forlorn?
" O wo to Macconal, the selfish, the proud,
" Di grace of a name for its loyalty fam'd!
" The curses of heaven shall fall on the head
" Of Callum and Torquil, no more to be nam'd.

" For had they but join'd with the just and the brave,
" The Campbell had fallen, and Scotland been free;
" That traitor, of vile usurpation the slave,
" The foe of the Highlands, of mine, and of me.
" The great they are gone, the destroyer is come,
" The smoke of Lochaber has reddened the sky:
" The war-note of freedom for ever is dumb;
" For that have I stood, and with that I will die.

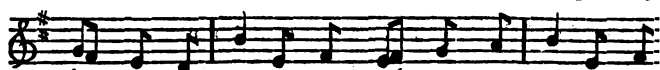
" The sun's bright effulgence, the fragrance of air,
" The varied horizon, henceforth I abhor.
" Give me death, the sole boon of a wretch in despair,
" Which fortune can offer, or nature implore."

To madness impell'd by his griefs as he spoke,
And darting around him a look of disdain,
Down headlong he leapt from a heaven-towering rock,
And sleeps where the wretched forbear to complain.

SONG LXXXVIII.

Prince Charles and Flora Macdonald's Welcome to Skye

SAID TO BE FROM THE GAELIC.

TERE are two pon-ny may-tens, And tree pon-ny

maytens, Come o-ver te Minch, And come o-ver te



main, Wit te wind for teir way, And te cor-rei for teir



hame: Let us welcome tem pravely Un- to Skhee akain.



Come along, come along, Wit your poatie and your song, You



two pon-ny maytens, And tree pon-ny maytens; For te



night it is tark, And te red-coat is gane, And you're



pravely welcome To Skhee akain.

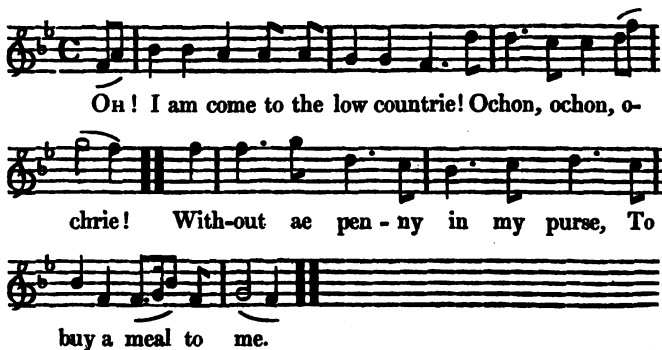
Tere is Flora, my honey,
So tear and so ponny,
And one tat is tall,
And comely witall ;
Put te one as my khing,
And te oter as my quhain,
Tey're welcome unto
Te Isle of Skhee akain.
Come along, come along,
Wit your poatie and your song,
You two ponny maytens,
And tree ponny maytens ;
For te lady of Macoulain
She lieth her lane,
And you're pravely welcome
To Skhee akain.

Her arm it is strang,
And her petticoat is lang,
My one ponny maytens,
And two ponny maytens ;
Put teir ped shall pe clain,
On te heather most crain ;
And tey're welcome unto
Te Isle of Skhee akain.
Come along, come along,
Wit your poatie and your song,
You one ponny mayten,
And two ponny mayten.
Py te sea-moullit's nest
I will watch o'er te mhain ;
And you're tearly welcome
To Skhee akain.

Tere's a wind on te tree,
And a ship on te sea,

My two ponny maytens,
 And tree ponny maytens:
 On te lee of te rock
 Shall you^t cradle pe rock;
 And you're welcome unto
 Te Isle of Skhee akain.
 Come along, come along,
 Wit your poatie and your song,
 My two ponny maytens,
 And tree ponny maytens:
 More sound shall you sleep,
 When you rock on te deep;
 And you's aye pe welcome
 To Skhee akain.

SONG LXXXIX.

The Highland Widow's Lament.


Oh! I am come to the low countrie! Ochon, ochon, o-
 chrie! With-out ae pen - ny in my purse, To
 buy a meal to me.

It wasna sae in the Highland hills,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 Nae woman in the country wide
 Sae happy was as me:

For then I had a score of kye,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Feeding on yon hill sae high,
And giving milk to me:

And there I had three score o' yowes,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Skipping on yon bonny knowes,
And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan:
Sair, sair may I repine;
For Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie he came o'er at last,
Sae far, to set us free:
My Donald's arm it wanted was
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell?
Right to the wrang did yield;
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden field.

I hae nocht left me ava,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
But bonny orphan lad-weans twa,
To seek their bread wi' me.

I hae yet a tocher-band,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
My winsome Donald's durk and brand,
Into their hands to gie.

There's only ae blink o' hope left,
To lighten my auld e'e;

To see my bairns gie bluidy crowns
To them gart Donald die.

Ochon, ochon! oh, Donald, oh!
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Nae woman in the warld wide
Sae wretched now as me!

SONG XC.

Here's his Health in Water.

ALTHO' his back be at the wa', An-o-ther was the
fau't-or; Al-tho' his back be at the wa', Yet
here's his health in water. He gat the skaith, he
gat the scorn, I lo'e him yet the better; Tho' in the muir I
hide forlorn, I'll drink his health in water. Altho' his back be
at the wa', Yet here's his health in water.

I'll maybe live to see the day
 That hands shall get the halter,
 And drink his health in usquebae,
 As I do now in water.
 I yet may stand as I hae stood,
 Wi' him through rout and slaughter,
 And bathe my hands in scoundrel blood,
 As I do now in water.
 Although his back be at the wa',
 Yet here's his health in water.

SONG XCI.

Up and rin awa, Willie.

For the Air, see Song V. of this Volume.

Up and rin awa, Willie,
 Up and rin awa, Willie;
 The Highland clans will rise again,
 And chase you far awa, Willie.
 Prince Charlie he'll be down again,
 With clans both great and sma', Willie,
 To play your king a bonny spring,
 And make you pay for a', Willie.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

Therefore give o'er to burn and slay,
 And ruin send on a', Willie,
 Or you may get your butcher horns
 Your own dirge for to blaw, Willie.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

For had the clans been in your way,
 As they were far awa, Willie,

They'd chas'd you faster aff the field
Than ever wind did blaw, Willie.
Up and rin awa, &c.

You may thank God for evermore,
That deil a clan you saw, Willie;
Wi' pistol, durk, or edge claymore,
Your loggerhead to claw, Willie.
Up and rin awa, &c.

Then take my last and best advice;
Pack bag and baggage a', Willie,
To Hanover, if you be wise,
Take Feck and George and a', Willie.
Up and rin awa, &c.

There's one thing I'd almost forgot,
Perhaps there may be twa, Willie:
Be sure to write us back again,
How they receiv'd you a', Willie.
Up and rin awa, Willie,
Up and rin awa, Willie;
The Highland clans will rise again,
And chase you far awa, Willie.

SONG XCII.

The Lament of Flora Macdonald.

FROM THE GAELIC.

The musical score is written on ten staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 6/8. The melody is simple and plaintive, with many eighth and sixteenth notes. There are several double bar lines with repeat dots, indicating where the melody returns. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes.

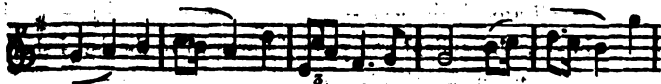
FAR o-ver yon hills of the hea-ther so green, And
 down by the cor-rei that sings to the sea, The bonny young
 Flo-ra sat sighing her lane, The dew on her plaid, and the,
 tear in her e'e. She look'd at a boat with the
 breezes that swung A-way on the wave, like a bird' of the
 main; And aye as it lessen'd, she sigh'd and she sung, "Fare-
 weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a-gain! Fareweel to my
 he-ro, the gallant and young! Fareweel to the lad I shall
 ne'er see again!

- " The moorcock that craws on the brow of Ben-Connal,
 " He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
 " The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs o' Clan-Ronald,
 " Unaw'd and unhunted, his ciry can claim;
 " The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore;
 " The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea:
 " But, oh! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore;
 " Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he,
 " The conflict is past, and our name is no more:
 " There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me.
 " The target is torn from the arms of the just,
 " The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
 " The claymores for ever in darkness must rust,
 " But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;
 " The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
 " Have trode o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue.
 " Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
 " When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?
 " Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good!
 " The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow."

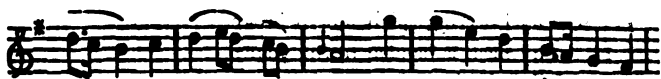
SONG XCIII.

The Tears of Scotland.

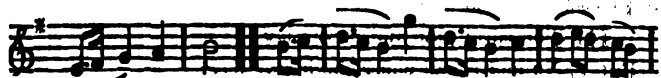
MOURN, hap-less Ca-le-de-ni-a, mourn Thy



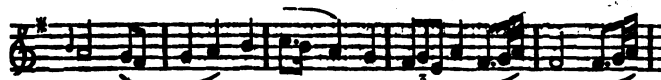
ba-nish'd peace, thy lau-rels torn! Thy sons, for



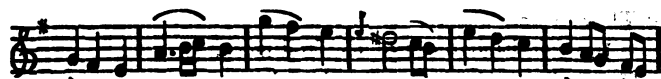
va--lour long renown'd, Lie slaughter'd on their



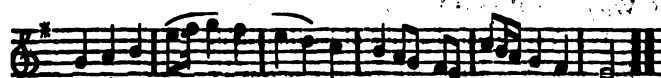
na--tive ground. Thy hos-pi--ta-ble roofs no



more In--vite the stran-ger to the door; In



smoky ru--ins sunk they lie, The mo-nu-ments of



cru-el--ty, The mo-nu-ments of cru-el--ty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all becomes the prey of war,
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?

Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
And nought is heard but sounds of wo,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh, baneful cause! oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood:
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel.

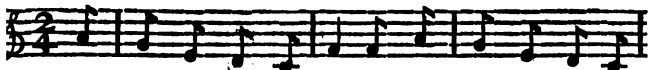
The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread.
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;

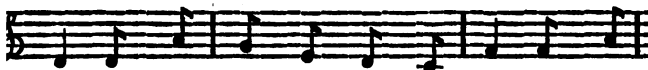
And, spite of her insulting foe,
 My sympathizing verse shall flow.
 Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!

SONG XCIV.

You're welcome, Charlie Stuart.



You're welcome, Charlie Stuart, You're welcome, Charlie



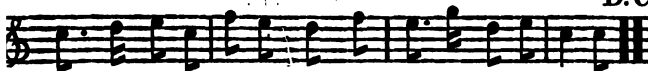
Stu-art, You're wel-come, Char-lie Stu-art, There's



none so right as thou art. Had I the pow-er



to my will, Thy foes to scat-ter, take, and kill, I'd



make thee famous by my quill, From Billingsgate to Duart.

Thy sympathizing complaisance
 Made thee believe intriguing France;
 But wo is me for thy mischance,
 That saddens every true heart!
 You're welcome, &c.

Hadst thou Culloden's battle won,
Poor Scotland had not been undone,
Nor butcher'd been with sword and gun,
By Lockhart and such cowards.
You're welcome, &c.

Kind Providence to thee a friend,
A lovely maid, did timely send,
To save thee from a fearful end,
Thou royal Charlie Stuart.
You're welcome, &c.

Illustrious prince, we firmly pray
That she and we may see the day
When Britons with one voice shall say,
"You're welcome, Charlie Stuart."
You're welcome, &c.

Whene'er I take a glass of wine,
I drink confusion to the swine,
But health to him that will combine
To fight for Charlie Stuart.
You're welcome, &c.

Though Cumberland, the tyrant proud,
Doth thirst and hunger for thy blood,
Just Heaven will preserve the good,
The gallant Charlie Stuart.
You're welcome, &c.

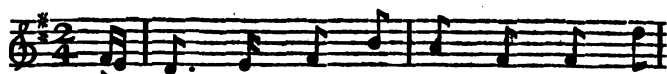
The ministry may Scotland man,
But our brave hearts they'll ne'er enthrall.
We'll fight like Britons, one and all,
For liberty and Stuart.
You're welcome, &c.

Then haste, ye Britons, to set on
 Your lawful king upon his throne,
 And to Hanover drive each one
 Who will not fight for Stuart.
 You're welcome, &c.

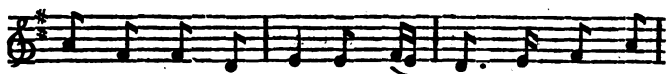
SONG XCV.

The Highlander's Farewell.

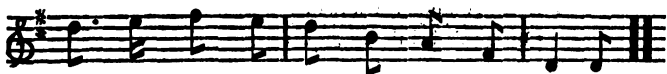
FROM THE GAELIC.



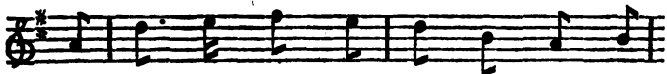
O WHERE shall I gae seek my bread? Or



where shall I gae wan-der? O where shall I gae



hide my head? For here I'll bide nae lang-er.



The seas may row, the winds may blow, And



swathe me round in dan-ger; My na-tive land I



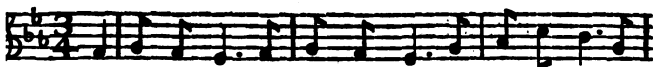
must forego, And roam a lone-ly stranger.

The glen that was my father's own
Must be by his forsaken ;
The house that was my father's home
Is levell'd with the bracken.
Ochon ! ochon ! our glory's o'er,
Stole by a mean deceiver !
Our hands are on the broad claymore,
But the might is broke for ever.

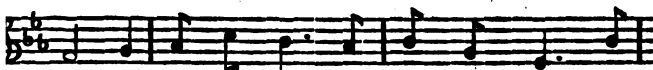
And thou, my prince, my injur'd prince,
Thy people have disown'd thee,
Have hunted and have driven thee hence,
With ruin'd chiefs around thee.
Though hard beset, when I forget
Thy fate, young helpless rover,
This broken heart shall cease to beat,
And all its griefs be over.

Farewell, farewell, dear Caledon,
Land of the Gael no longer !
A stranger fills thy ancient throne,
In guile and treachery stronger.
Thy brave and just fall in the dust ;
On ruin's brink they quiver ;
Heaven's pitying e'e is clos'd on thee,
Adieu ! adieu for ever !

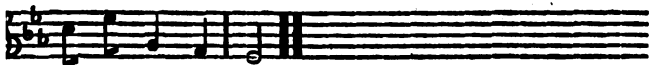
SONG XCVI.

Towly's Ghost.

WHEN Sol in shades of night was lost, And all was fast a-



sleep, In gli-ded mur-der'd Tow-ly's ghost, And



stood at William's feet.

"Awake, infernal wretch!" he cried,

"And view this mangled shade,

"That in thy perjurd faith relied,

"And basely was betray'd.

"Imbrued in bliss, imbath'd in ease,

"Though now thou seem'st to lie,

"My injur'd form shall gall thy peace,

"And make thee wish to die.

"Fancy no more in pleasant dreams

"Shall frisk before thy sight,

"But horrid thoughts and dismal screams

"Attend thee all the night.

" Think on the hellish acts thou'st done,

" The thousands thou'st betray'd :

" Nero himself would blush to own

" The slaughter thou hast made.

" Nor infants' cries nor parents' tears

" Could stay thy bloody hand,

" Nor could the ravish'd virgin's fears

" Appease thy dire command.

" But, ah ! what pangs are set apart

" In hell thou'lt quickly see,

" Where ev'n the damn'd themselves shall start

" To view a fiend like thee."

In heart affrighted, Willie rose,

And trembling stood and pale ;

Then to his cruel sire he goes,

And tells the dreadful tale.

" Cheer up, my dear, my darling son,"

The bold usurper said,

" And ne'er repent of what thou'st done,

" Nor be at all afraid.

" If we in Scotland's throne can dwell,

" And reign securely here,

" Your uncle Satan's king in hell,

" And he'll secure us there."

SONG XCVII.

Lenachan's Farewell.

FROM THE GALLIC.



FARE thee weel, my na-tive cot, Bo- thy o' the



birk-en tree! Sair the heart and hard the lot



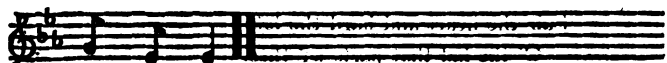
O' the lad that parts wi' thee. My good grandsire's



hand thee rear'd, Then thy wick-er-work was full:



Mo-ny a Campbell's glen he clear'd, Hit the buck and



hough'd the bull.

In thy green and grassy crook
 Mair lies hid than crusted stanes;
 In thy bien and weirdly nook
 Lie some stout Clan-Gillian banes.

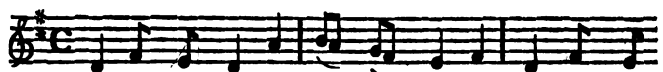
Thou wert aye the kinsman's hame,
Routh and welcome was his fare ;
But if ærf or Saxon came,
He cross'd Murich's hirst nae mair.

Never hand in thee yet bred
Kendna how the sword to wield ;
Never heart of thine had dread
Of the foray or the field :
Ne'er on straw, mat, bulk, or bed,
Son of thine lay down to die ;
Every lad within thee bred
Died beneath heaven's open e'e.

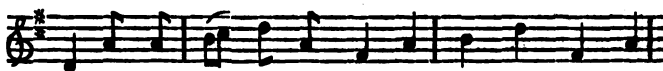
Charlie Stuart he came here,
For our king, as right became :
Wha could shun the Bruce's heir ?
Wha could tine our royal name ?
Firm to stand, and free to fa',
Forth we march'd right valiantly.
Gane is Scotland's king and law !
Wo to the Highlands and to me !

Freeman yet, I'll scorn to fret.
Here nae langer I maun stay ;
But when I my hame forget,
May my heart forget to play !
Fare thee weel, my father's cot,
Bothy o' the birken tree !
Sair the heart and hard the lot
O' the lad that parts wi' thee.

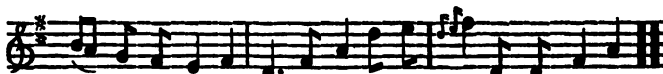
SONG XCVIII.

Bessy's Haggies.

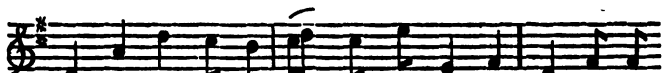
KEN ye wha sup-ped Bes-sy's haggies? Ken ye wha



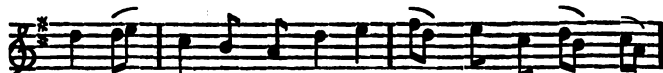
dinner'd on our Bes-sy's haggies? Four good lords, and



three bonny ladies, A' to dinner on our Bessy's haggies.



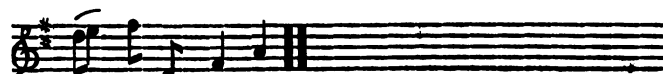
Ae gude chief wi' his gear and his glaumrie, Lords on the



bed, and dukes in the aumrie; There was a king's son



ki-ver'd o'er wi' rag-gies, A' for to din-ner on



our Bessy's haggies.

The horn it is short, gudewife, can ye mend it?

'Tis nearer the lift, kind sir, gin ye kend it.

In and out, out and in, hey for the baggies!

Fient a crumb is o' Bessy's haggies.

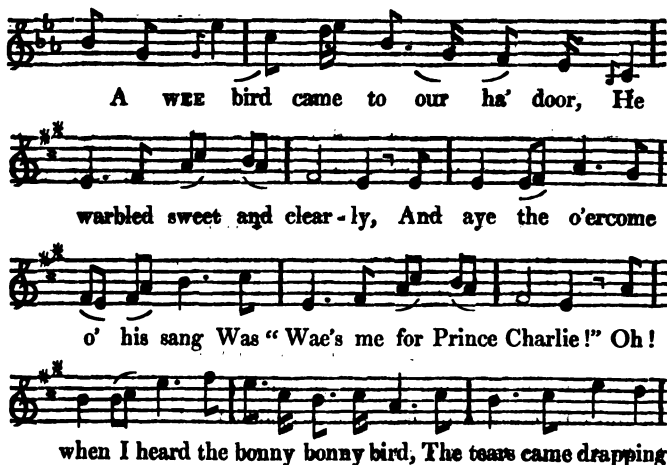
Gudewife, gin ye laugh, ye may laugh right fairly;
 Gudewife, gin ye greet, ye may greet for Charlie;
 He'll lie nae mair 'mang your woods and your craggies,
 You'll never mair see him nor your haggies.

Leeze me on him that can thole alteration,
 A' for his friends and the rights o' the nation!
 Leeze me on his bare houghs, his broad sword, and plaidie!
 He shall be king in the right o' his daddie.
 Foul fa' the feiroch that hings by his bonnet!
 The rump-rotten rebald, fih! fie upon it!
 He may grunch in his swine-trough up to the laggies,
 Never to be blest wi' a gudewife's haggies.

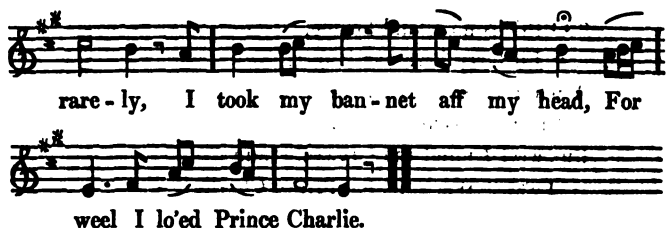
SONG XCIX.

Wae's me for Prince Charlie.

MODERN.



A wee bird came to our ha' door, He
 warbled sweet and clear-ly, And aye the o'ercome
 o' his sang Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!" Oh!
 when I heard the bonny bonny bird, The tears came drapping



Quo' I, " My bird, my bonny bonny bird,

" Is that a tale ye borrow ?

" Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote,

" Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow ?"

" Oh ! no, no, no !" the wee bird sang,

" I've flown sin' morning early ;

" But sic a day o' wind and rain !

" Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !

" On hills that are by right his ain,

" He roams a lonely stranger ;

" On ilka hand he's press'd by want,

" On ilka side by danger.

" Yestreen I met him in a glen,

" My heart near bursted fairly,

" For sadly chang'd indeed was he.

" Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !

" Dark night came on, the tempest howl'd

" Out-owre the hills and valleys ;

" And whare was't that your prince lay down,

" Whase hame should been a palace ?

" He row'd him in a Highland plaid,

" Which cover'd him but sparely,

" And slept beneath a bush o' broom.

" Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie !"

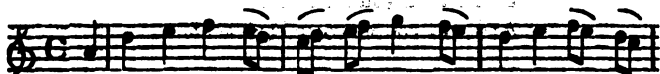
But now the bird saw some redcoats,

And he shook his wings wi' anger :

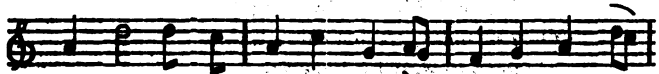
"O this is no a land for me,
 "I'll tarry here nae langer."
 A while he hover'd on the wing,
 Ere he departed fairly:
 But weel I mind the fareweel strair;
 'Twas "Was's me for Prince Charlie!"

SONG C.

Charlie Stuart.



O DREARY lane-li-ness is now 'Mang ruin'd ham-lets



smoking! Yet the new-made wi-dow sits and sings, While



her sweet babe she's rocking:

"On Darien think, on dowie Glencoe,
 "On Murray, traitor! coward!
 "On Cumberland's blood-blushing hands,
 "And think on Charlie Stuart."

SONG CL.

Will he no come back again.

For the Air, see Song XXXI. of this Volume.

ROYAL Charlie's now awa,
Safely owre the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.
Will you no come back again?
Will you no come back again?
Better lo'ed you'll never be,
And will you no come back again?

Mony a traitor 'mang the iales
Brak the band o' nature's law;
Mony a traitor, wi' his wiles,
Sought to wear his life awa.
Will he no come back again?
Will he no come back again?
Better lo'ed he'll never be,
And will he no come back again?

The hills he trode were a' his ain,
And bed beneath the birken tree;
The bush that hid him on the plain,
There's none on earth can claim but he.
Will he no come back again, &c.

Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing,
Unto the e'ening sinking down,
Or merl that makes the woods to ring,
To me they hae nae ither soun',
Than, Will he no come back again, &c.

Mony a gallant sodger fought,
 Mony a gallant chief did fa' ;
 Death itself were dearly bought,
 A' for Scotland's king and law.
 Will he no come back again, &c.

Sweet the lav'rock's note and lang,
 Lilting wildy up the glen ;
 And aye the o'erword o' the sang
 Is " Will he no come back again ?"
 Will he no come back again, &c.

SONG CII.

The Battle of Val.

For the Air, see Song V. of this Volume.

UP and rin awa, Willie,
 Up and rin awa, Willie ;
 Culloden's laurels you have lost,
 Your puff'd-up looks, and a', Willie.
 This check o' conscience for your sins,
 It stings you to the saul, Willie,
 And breaks your measures this campaign,
 As much as Lowendahl, Willie.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

Whene'er great Saxe your troops attack'd,
 About the village Val, Willie,
 To scour awa you was not slack,
 For fear you got a ball, Willie.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

In just reward for their misdeeds,
Your butchers gat a fa', Willie;
And a' that liv'd ran aff wi' speed
To Maestricht's strang wa', Willie.
Up and rin awa, &c.

Baith Scott and Lockhart's sent to hell,
For to acquaint mamma, Willie,
That shortly you'll be there yoursel,
To toast ayont them a', Willie.
Up and rin awa, &c.

The Maese you cross'd just like a thief,
To feed on turnips raw, Willie,
In place of our good Highland beef,
With which you gorg'd your maw, Willie.
Up and rin awa, &c.

To Hanover I pray begone,
Your daddie's dirty sta', Willie,
And look on that as your ain hame,
And come na here at a', Willie.
It's best to bide awa, Willie,
It's best to bide awa, Willie;
For our brave prince will soon be back,
Your loggerhead to claw, Willie.

SONG CIII.

Carlisle Yetts.

For the Air, see Vol. I. Song XXVII.

WHITE was the rose in his gay bonnet,
 As he faulded me in his broached plaidie;
 His hand, whilk clasped the truth o' luve,
 O it was aye in battle readie!
 His lang lang hair, in yellow hanks,
 Wav'd o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddie;
 But now they wave o'er Carlisle yetts,
 In dripping ringlets clotting bloodie.

My father's blood's in that flower tap,
 My brother's in that harebell's blossom;
 This white rose was steeped in my luve's blood,
 And I'll aye wear it in my bosom.

* * * * *

When I came first by merrie Carlisle,
 Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming;
 The white rose flaunted owre the wall,
 The thristled banners far were streaming.
 When I came next by merrie Carlisle,
 O sad sad seem'd the town, and eerie!
 The auld auld men came out and wept:
 "O maiden, come ye to seek your dearie?"

* * * * *

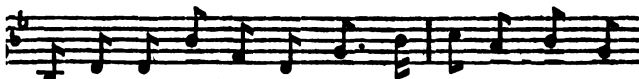
There's ae drap o' blood atween my breasts,
 And twa in my links o' hair sae yellow;
 The tane I'll ne'er wash, and the tither ne'er kame,
 But I'll sit and pray aneath the willow.
 Wae, wae, upon that cruel heart,
 Wae, wae, upon that hand sae bloodie,
 Which feasts on our richest Scottish blood,
 And makes sas mony a dolefu' widow!

SONG CIV.

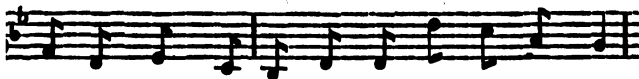
Cumberland and Murray's Descent into Hell.



KEN ye whare Clee-kie Mur-ray's gane? He's



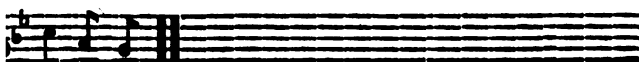
gane to dwell in his lang hame. The bed-dle clapt him



on the doup, "O hard I've earn-ed my gray groat.



Lie thou there, and sleep thou soun'; God win-na wauken



sic a loon."

Whare's his gowd, and whare's his gain,
 He rakit out 'neath Satan's wame?

He hasna what'll pay his shot,
 Nor caulk the keel o' Charon's boat.
 Be there gowd whare he's to beek,
 He'll rake it out o' brunstane smeek.

He's in a' Satan's frything-pans,
 Scouth'ring the blude frae aff his han's;
 He's washing them in brunstane lowe;
 His kintra's blude it winna thow:
 The hettest soap-suds o' perdition
 Canna out thae stains be washing.

Ae devil roar'd, till hearse and roopit,
 "He's pyking the gowd frae Satan's pu'pit!"
 Another roar'd, wi' eldritch yell,
 "He's howking the keystone out o' hell,
 "To damn us mair wi' God's day-light!"
 And he doukit i' the caudrons out o' sight.

He stole auld Satan's brunstane leister,
 Till his waukit loofs were in a blister;
 He stole his Whig spunks, tipt wi' brunstane,
 And stole his scalping-whittle's whunstane;
 And out o' its red-hot kist he stole
 The very charter-rights o' hell.

Satan, tent weel the pilfering villain;
 He'll scrimp your revenue by stealing.
 Th' infernal boots in which you stand in,
 With which your worship tramps the damn'd in,
 He'll wile them aff your cloven cloots,
 And wade through hell fire in your boots.

Auld Satan cleekit him by the spaul,
 And stappit him i' the dub o' hell.
 The foulest fiend there doughtna bide him,
 The damn'd they wadna fry beside him,

Till the bluidy duke came trysting hither,
And the ae fat butcher tried the tither.

Ae deevil sat splitting brunstane matches ;
Ane roasting the Whigs like bakers' batches ;
Ane wi' fat a Whig was basting,
Spent wi' frequent prayer and fasting.
A' ceas'd when thae twin butchers roar'd,
And hell's grim hangman stopt and glowr'd.

"Fy, gar bake a pie in haste,
"Knead it of infernal paste,"
Quo' Satan ; and in his mitten'd hand
He hynt up bluidy Cumberland,
And whittled him down like bow-kail castock,
And in his hettest furnace roasted.

Now hell's black tableclaith was spread,
Th' infernal grace was reverend said ;
Yap stood the hungry fiends a' owre it,
Their grim jaws gaping to devour it,
When Satan cried out, fit to scunner,
"Owre rank a judgment's sic a dinner !"

Hell's black bitch mastiff lapt the broo,
And slipt her collar and gat gae,
And, maddening wi' perdition's porridge,
Gamph'd to and fro for wholesome forage.
Unguarded was the hallan gate,
And Whigs pour'd in like Nith in spate.

The worm of hell, which never dies,
In wintled coil writhes up and fries.
Whilst the porter bitch the broo did lap,
Her blind whalps bursted at the pap.
Even hell's grim sultan, red wud glowrin',
Dreaded that Whigs would usurp o'er him.

SONG CV.

Geordie sits in Charlie's Chair.

For the Air, see Song LXIII. of this Volume.

GEORDIE sits in Charlie's chair,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
 Deil cock him gin he sit there,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie !
 Charlie yet shall mount the throne,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
 Weel ye ken it is his own,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Weary fa' the Lawland loon,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Wha took frae him the British crown,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
 But weel's me on the kilted clans,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 That fought for him at Prestonpans,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Ken ye the news I hae to tell,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?
 Cumberland's awa to hell,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
 When he came to the Stygian shore,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 The deil himsel wi' fright did roar,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Then Charon grim came out to him,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
“ Ye’re welcome here, ye devil’s limb !”
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
They pat on him a philabeg,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
And in his doup they ca’d a peg,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

How he did skip and he did roar,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie !
The deils ne’er saw sic sport before,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
They took him neist to Satan’s ha’,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
To lilt it wi’ his grandpapa,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

The deil sat girnin in the neuk,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Riving sticks to roast the duke,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
They pat him neist upon a spit,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
And roasted him baith head and feet,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Wi’ scalding brunstane and wi’ fat,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
They flamm’d his carcass weel wi’ that,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
They ate him up baith stoop and roop,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
And that’s the gate they serv’d the duke,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

SONG CVI.

Lawland Lassie.

To the foregoing Air.

- HE. THE pipers play, the trumpets sound,
Bonny lassie, Lawland lassie,
And a' the hills a name resound,
My bonny lassie, Lawland lassie,
That maun every heart invite,
Bonny lassie, Lawland lassie,
For freedom and our prince to fight,
My bonny lassie, Lawland lassie.
- SHE. In vain you strive to sooth my pain,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
With that much-lov'd and glorious name,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
I, too fond maid, gave you a heart,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
With which you now so freely part,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
- HE. No passion could with me prevail,
Bonny lassie, Lawland lassie,
When king and country's in the scale,
My bonny lassie, Lawland lassie.
Yet a conflict in my soul,
Bonny lassie, Lawland lassie,
Tells me love will not control,
My bonny lassie, Lawland lassie.

- SHE. A high pretext! I'll sooner die,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Than see you thus inconstant fly,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
And leave me to th' insulting crew,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Of Whigs to mock for trusting you,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
- HE. Dear Jenny, I my leave maun take,
Bonny lassie, Lawland lassie,
Yet never will my love forsake,
My bonny lassie, Lawland lassie.
Then why should my dear lass repine,
Bonny lassie, Lawland lassie?
For Charles shall reign, and she's be mine,
My bonny lassie, Lawland lassie.
- SHE. My fondness never shall control,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
The gen'rous ardour of your soul,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
Then let the sun turn east away,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught your manly courage stay,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
- HE. Your charms, your sense, your noble mind,
Bonny lassie, Lawland lassie,
Wad make the heart o' savage kind,
My bonny lassie, Lawland lassie.
For me, my sole delight shall be,
Bonny lassie, Lawland lassie,
My prince's right, and love of thee,
My bonny lassie, Lawland lassie.

SHE. Go, for yourself procure renown,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 And for your lawful king his crown,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie:
 And only then hope you to find,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Your Jenny constant to your mind,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

SONG CVII.

~~Highland~~ Laddie.

MODERN.

To the foregoing Air.

“ WERE ye at Drummosie muir,
 “ Bonny laddie, Highland laddie?
 “ Saw ye the duke the clans o’erpower,
 “ My bonny laddie, Highland laddie?”
 “ My heart bleeds, as well it may,
 “ Bonny laddie, Highland laddie:
 “ Lang may Scotland rue the day,
 “ My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

“ Many a lord of high degree,
 “ Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 “ Shall never more his mountains see,
 “ My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

“ Many a chief of birth and fame,
 “ Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 “ Is hunted down like savage game,
 “ My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

" Few, but brave, the clansmen were,
 " Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;
 " But heavenly mercy was not there;
 " My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
 " Posterity will ne'er us blame,
 " Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 " But brand with blood the Brunswick name,
 " My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

" Can it prove for Scotland's good,
 " Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 " Thus to drench our glens with blood,
 " My bonny laddie, Highland laddie?
 " Duke William nam'd, or yonder muir,
 " Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 " Will fire our blood for evermore,
 " My bonny laddie, Highland laddie."

SONG CVIII.

On the Restoration of the Forfeited Estates, 1784.

For the Air, see Song LXIX. of this Volume.

As o'er the Highland hills I hied,
 The Camerons in array I spied,
 Lochiel's proud standard waving wide,
 In all its ancient glory.
 The martial pipe loud pierc'd the sky,
 The song arose, resounding high
 Their valour, faith, and loyalty,
 That shine in Scottish story.

No more the trumpet calls to arms,
 Awaking battle's fierce alarms,
 But every hero's bosom warms
 With songs of exultation ;
 While brave Lochiel at length regains,
 Through toils of war, his native plains,
 And, won by glorious wounds, attains
 His high paternal station.

Let now the voice of joy prevail,
 And echo wide from hill to vale.
 Ye warlike clans, arise, and hail
 Your laurell'd chiefs returning.
 O'er every mountain, every isle,
 Let peace in all her lustre smile,
 And discord ne'er her day defile
 With sullen shades of mourning.

Macleod, Macdonald, join the strain ;
 Macpherson, Fraser, and Maclean ;
 Through all your bounds let gladness reign,
 Both prince and patriot praising,
 Whose generous bounty richly pours
 The streams of plenty round your shores,
 To Scotia's hills their pride restores,
 Her faded honours raising.

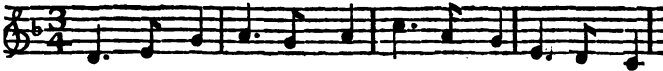
Let all the joyous banquet share,
 Nor e'er let Gothic grandeur dare
 With scowling brow to overbear,
 A vassal's rights invading.
 Let Freedom's conscious sons disdain
 To crowd his fawning timid train,
 Nor even own his haughty reign,
 Their dignity degrading.

Ye northern chiefs, whose rage, unbroke,
 Has still repell'd the tyrant's shock;
 Who ne'er have bow'd beneath her yoke
 With servile base prostration;
 Let each now train his trusty band
 'Gainst foreign foes alone to stand
 With undivided heart and hand,
 For freedom, king, and nation.

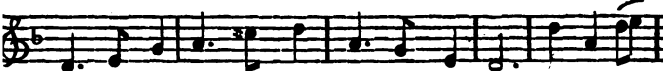
SONG CIX.

The Hill of Lochiel.

FROM THE GAELIC.



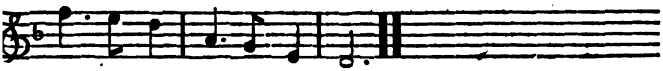
LONG have I pin'd for thee, Land of my in-fan-cy;



Now will I kneel on thee, Hill of Lochiel. Hill of the



stur-dy steer, Hill of the roe and deer, Hill of the



streamlet clear, I love thee well.

When in my youthful prime,
 Correi and crag to climb,
 Or towering cliff sublime,
 Was my delight;

THE HILL OF LOCHIEL.

Scaling the eagle's nest,
Wounding the raven's breast,
Skimming the mountain's crest,
Gladsome and light.

When, at the break of morn,
Proud o'er thy temples borne,
Kythed the red-deer's horn,
How my heart beat!
Then, when with stunned leap
Roll'd he adown the steep,
Never did hero reap
Conquest so great.

Then rose a bolder game.
Young Charlie Stuart came ;
Cameron, that loyal name,
Foremost must be.
Hard then our warrior meed,
Glorious our warrior deed,
Till we were doom'd to bleed
By treachery.

Then did the red blood stream ;
Then was the broad sword's gleam
Quench'd, in fair freedom's beam
No more to shine ;
Then was the morning's brow
Red with the fiery glow ;
Fell hall and hamlet low,
All that were mine.

Then was our maiden young,
First aye in battle strong,
Fir'd at her prince's wrong,
Forc'd to give way ;

Broke was the golden cup,
Gone Caledonia's hope ;
Faithful and true men drop
Fast in the clay.

Far in a hostile land,
Stretch'd on a foreign strand,
Oft has the tear-drop bland
Scorch'd as it fell.
Once was I spurn'd from thee,
Long have I mourn'd for thee,
Now I'm return'd to thee,
Hill of Lochiel.

SONG CX.

Lassie, lie near me.



LANG hae we part-ed been, Las-sie, my dear-ie;



Now we are met a-gain, Las-sie, lie near me.



Near me, near me, Lassie, lie near me; Lang hast thou



lain thy lane, Lassie, lie near me.

Frae dread Culloden's field,
Bloody and dreary,
Mourning my country's fate,
Lanely and weary ;
Weary, weary,
Lanely and weary ;
Become a sad banish'd wight,
Far frae my dearie.

Loud loud the wind did roar,
Stormy and eerie,
Far frae my native shore,
Far frae my dearie.
Near me, near me,
Dangers stood near me :
Now I've escap'd them a' ;
Lassie, lie near me.

A' that I hae endur'd,
Lassie, my dearie,
Here in thine arms is cur'd :
Lassie, lie near me.
Near me, near me,
Lassie, lie near me ;
Lang hast thou lain thy lane,
Lassie, lie near me.

NOTES.

BEFORE entering on the illustration of all the quaint allusions contained in this second part of the Jacobite Relics of our country, it will be necessary not only to take a short retrospective view of the events that led to the two last risings in Scotland in behalf of the house of Stuart, but also to give a connected detail of the circumstances, as they led to and followed on each other during the time of these two intrepid but ruinous campaigns. The songs are in themselves so diffuse, and so badly got up with regard to time and place, that the particular notes on each passage must necessarily be the same; therefore, be they amusing as they will, they can only form a chaos of party anecdote, and one may wade through them without knowing to what period they refer, or what characters they either asperse or applaud. To remedy this, I propose carrying on a connected sketch of the proceedings of the adherents to the house of Stuart, and always, between hands, to illustrate the allusions contained in the songs, in treating of the times at which they were composed, and the persons in whose praise or of whose obloquy the bards of former days have sung.

The Revolution was brought about so suddenly, that men had not leisure, and scarcely power, as it would have seemed, to judge for themselves. It was effected by a coalition of parties, united from a sense of common danger; but the stormy cloud that threatened to burst and overwhelm the land was no sooner blown over, than the uncongenial mass again flew asunder, and each resumed its original bias. Their mutual jealousies and rancour revived, and were heated, by continued disputes, into intemperate zeal and enthusiasm. The settlement had been finished with much precipitation, and palpably before the plan had been properly digested and matured; and even those who surveyed the new state of affairs with most calmness were obliged to admit, that the monarch was left with the old regal power in his hand, even in its fullest extent, and remained master of all the instruments of corruption and violence, without any other restraint than his own moderation, of which many had no very high opinion. These reflections tended instantly to sour the minds of a

large proportion of the community, who saw that the fairest opportunity that ever occurred to retrench those prerogatives of the crown, to which they imputed all the late and former calamities of the kingdom, had been neglected in the parliament's zeal for the establishment of this popular monarch. And the consequence of all this was, that king William soon found himself no more in Britain than the head of a faction.

In Scotland this faction was more particularly hard pressed. The meeting of the convention of the estates had been previously fixed for the 14th of March, and both parties employed all their interest to influence the election of members. The duke of Hamilton and all the Presbyterians declared for William; but, on the other hand, the duke of Gordon declared for his old master, and maintained the castle of Edinburgh for him. This was a strong preponderance in the city; but unfortunately he had neglected to lay in a store of provisions, with the usual improvidence of all the adherents of James, in whose counsels a fatality seemed to preside; and by these means solely were Gordon's intentions in behalf of his master frustrated. Dundee and Balcarras were exerting themselves in the country, on the same side; but the superior policy of the duke of Hamilton preponderated, and he got himself elected president. From that time forth the power of the Whigs predominated in the counsels of Scotland, and ultimately in the field, though the spirit of chivalry has been wholly displayed on the other side.

The progress of the campaign headed by Dundee and his successors has been minutely detailed in the preceding part of this work; and it is only meant here to mention the various movements of the Jacobite party toward a restoration of the exiled family, of which they never seem for a moment to have lost view.

After the death of queen Mary, in 1695, the friends of king James made another premature attempt toward his restoration, judging, that by the death of Mary Stuart, in whose right William held the government of the realm, his interest in the affections of his subjects was materially weakened. But the event showed that the zeal of James's friends had overshot their discretion. The design was in itself futile, and the plot managed without subordination. It was no less than to seize the person of king William, and convey him to France, or put him to death in case of resistance; and they sent commissaries to the court of St Germain's to demand a commission for this purpose, which was refused. The earl of Aylesbury, lord Montgomery, Sir John Fenwick, Sir John Friend, captain Charnock, captain Porter, and one Mr Goodman, were the first contrivers of this project. Charnock was detached with a proposal to James, that he should procure a body of horse and foot from France to make a descent in Britain, and they would engage not only to join him at his

landing, but even to replace him on the throne of the kingdom. These offers being declined by James, on several pretences, the earl of Aylesbury went over in person, and was admitted to a conference with the king of France, in which the scheme of a powerful invasion was actually concerted. In the beginning of February the duke of Berwick repaired privately to England, where he conferred with the English Jacobites, assured them that king James was ready to make a descent with a considerable number of French forces, distributed commissions, and gave directions for providing men, arms, and horses, to join him at his arrival. When he returned to France, he found every thing in readiness for the expedition. The troops were drawn down to the sea side; a great number of transports were assembled at Dunkirk. Monsieur Gabaret had advanced as far as Calais with a squadron of ships, which, when joined by those at Dunkirk, was judged a sufficient convoy; and James had come as far as Calais, on his way to embark. Meanwhile the English Jacobites were assiduously employed in pushing a general revolt. Sir John Friend had very nearly completed a regiment of horse. Considerable progress was made in levying another by Sir William Perkins. Sir John Fenwick had enlisted four troops. Colonel Tempest had undertaken for one regiment of dragoons. Colonel Parker was preferred to the command of another. Mr Curzon was commissioned for a third; and the malcontents intended to raise a fourth in Suffolk, where their interest chiefly prevailed.

When matters were at this pitch, one Sir George Barclay, a Scotsman, came to the English court, to put in practice a desperate attempt of assassination against king William. He had served as an officer in the army of James, was a man of undaunted courage, a furious bigot in the religion of Rome, yet close, circumspect, and determined. He was landed, with other officers, in Romney-marsh, by one captain Gill, about the beginning of January, and is said to have undertaken the task of seizing or assassinating king William. He imparted his design to several of the conspirators, by whom it was approved; and after various consultations, they resolved to attack the king on his return from Richmond, where he commonly hunted on Saturdays. When all had been settled, and the party made up, the design was frustrated by three of the party, all unknown to one another; going and lodging information of the plot, two to the earl of Portland, and a third to brigadier Levison. It had been settled, that the attack was to be made on Saturday, the 15th day of February. On Tuesday, one Fisher mentioned the scheme to the earl of Portland; but that was the age of plots and counterplots, real or pretended. The man's account was confused and imperfect, and created no alarm. But the next day the earl was accosted by an Irishman named Pendergrass, who came up and informed him

bluntly, that he had just come down from Hampshire, to assist in killing the king. The earl, as well may be supposed, was astonished at this confession; and, though rather disposed to laugh at the man, stopped to question him with regard to some particulars. He confessed that he had, along with others, taken the thing in hand; but now that he had got leisure to think of it, he found that he detested it in his heart, and took this first opportunity of revealing the secret, which might prove of such consequence to the country. He moreover owned himself to be a Roman Catholic, but declared that he did not think any religion could justify such a treacherous purpose. At the same time he refused to tell the names of the conspirators, as he lay under deep obligations to some of them; but assured the earl of the truth of his statement, and advised that the king should take care of himself.

The king still disbelieved it entirely, till at length, on the very same day, a third conspirator, a Frenchman, communicated the same particulars; and by these means the whole plot was blown up, and the projected invasion rendered abortive. William examined Pendergrass the Irishman himself, commended him highly for his probity and candour, and afterwards rewarded him. Sir George Barclay escaped, though great diligence was used to apprehend him; and every one of his associates began without delay to provide for his own safety. King James, after having tarried some weeks at Calais, returned to St Germain. The forces were sent back to the garrisons from which they had been drafted; and the people of France exclaimed, that the malignant star which ruled the destiny of James had blasted this and every other project formed for his restoration.

From the time of James's final discomfiture in Ireland, this seems to have been the only personal movement he made toward the recovery of his rights; and the effort having been so feeble, it had the effect of preventing any general rising in his favour at home. Therefore, during the remainder of this reign, and the next, the attempts of the Stuart party were exerted in plots and cabals, and in struggling for the mastery with the Whigs, their opponents in all matters of national import.

It was during this period that a great part of the songs contained in the preceding volume had been written and sung, apparently with the view of influencing the popular feeling; and in England these lampoons were innumerable, as well as the violence of opposition to the reigning dynasties. Nevertheless it was mostly all in words, as the great threats of Englishmen generally are. When matters came to the test, it was again and again proved whose promises were most to be relied on.

Patten, in his history of the transactions of 1715, says, "The High-church party are never right hearty for the cause till they are mellow over a bottle; and then they do not care for venturing

their carcasses further than the tavern. There, indeed, with High-church and Ormond, they would make men believe, who do not know them, that they would encounter the greatest opposition in the world; but after having consulted their pillows, and the fume a little evaporated, it is to be observed of them, that they generally become mighty tame, and, like the snail, if you touch their houses, they hide their heads, shrink back, and pull in their horns. Upon the whole, it may be said of English Jacobites, no people in the universe know better the difference between drinking and fighting: it is true, the latter they know not practically; and I believe they are so well satisfied of the truth of what they have by relation, that they never will.—Would toasting healths, “Down with the Rump,” &c. reduce kingdoms, mighty feats, would have been performed by the power of the bottle and the glass; and if the French monarch had a large body of these men in his service, he would bid fair, if blustering would do it, of succeeding in his favourite scheme of universal monarchy.”

In 1703, a plot was set on foot in Scotland for the restoration of the Chevalier de St George, the son of the late abdicated monarch, and now recognised as king of Great Britain by the court of France. But the plot being conducted by Fraser of Lovat, a selfish and interested person, on whose probity no perfect reliance could be upheld, either by the friends of the Stuarts abroad or at home, it came to nothing, terminating merely in the condemnation of two insignificant individuals, Mr James Bouchard and Mr William Greg.

All the true friends of the chevalier in Scotland were grieved at these futile and feeble attempts in his favour. They said not much, save among themselves, but they were all in readiness to rise and risk fortune and life for the line of Stuart; and from all that has yet appeared, their sentiments of loyalty to that house seem to have been founded on the principle of justice and right. In the year 1708, Smollett says 1707, the chevalier set out himself with a fleet from Dunkirk, to join his friends in Scotland. He sailed on the 17th of March, but, owing to contrary winds, was obliged to put back and lie at anchor in the Downs of Newport for two days, which gave the British fleet, under the command of Sir George Byng, the start of them; so that, on the arrival of the French fleet in the Frith of Forth, they found the English squadron there before them; on which they turned and bore away out to sea. The English admiral gave chase, and the Salisbury, one of the French ships, was boarded and taken. James wished but to be set down on Scottish ground, as judging himself then to be among friends, and rejoiced when the French admiral was prevailed on to land him at Inverness. This he

attempted ; but the wind turning against them, they returned to Dunkirk, after a month's cruise to no manner of purpose.

One cannot read over the shortest sketch of these transactions, without marvelling at the misfortunes of that royal but hapless house. Not only the counsels of men, but the elements, seemed to combine in opposition to them, so that the song of the prophets of old might well be applied to them, that "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." Never was an overruling providence exerting itself over the affairs of men more apparent than in the fatality attending all the acts and counsels of the Stuarts and their adherents; thus giving good ground for the opinion still cherished by the Covenanters, that the curse of heaven hung over them, and that the anathemas of the sufferers in the cause of religion, and their prayers to heaven in bitterness of soul, were not spent on the desert air.

Surely there is one that ruleth over the hearts of the children of men, and as the rivers of water turneth them whithersoever he pleaseth, or certainly it would never have been the prudent measures adopted by government that saved the nation at that time. Had the chevalier's fleet arrived in the Road of Leith but twenty-four hours sooner, which it might and would have done, had they not been detained for two days and two nights at the Pits of Newport by contrary winds, they might have landed their men without opposition ; and the state of the kingdom was at that time so defenceless, that it must have inevitably been lost. It appeared by the papers laid before the house of peers relating to that invasion, that the number of men then in Scotland was less by 3500 than were allowed and provided for by the establishment : that the castle of Edinburgh was in no posture of defence, either for repairs of the work, provisions, or ammunition ; and the rest of the forts of the kingdom were still in a worse state. The earl of Leven, in a letter to the earl of Mar, laid before the house, acquainted him, that he had not money for the subsistence of the troops, and that he should be obliged to return southward, at least as far as Berwick, with all her majesty's forces, if the French landed. That the privy-council had not one shilling to defray the ordinary contingencies of the state ; nor had they so much as received the necessary commissions to put the kingdom in a posture of defence. It is therefore but too evident, that if the French had effected their landing in any part on the eastern coast of Scotland, or had they been but enabled to have set James Stuart down in that kingdom, imbecile as he was, the kingdom would infallibly have revolted from the reigning dynasty, so obnoxious were the measures of the new-established form of government to all ranks in the nation.

It so happened, however, that matters were not put to the test : and though the duke of Athol in the north, and the duke of

Hamilton in the south, and a great part of the nobility and gentry of the realm, were then warmly engaged in the cause of the exiled family, and though several of them were jealous of one another, yet so closely did they keep their measures among themselves, that no one suffered either in his life or estate on account of the measures taken for furthering that invasion.

Parties still continued to run very high, and some of them united with very different views. The majority of the country party were friends to the Revolution principles, but they wanted redress of the grievances which the nation had of late sustained. The Antirevolutioners considered the accession and government of king William as an extraordinary event which they were willing to forget, believing that all parties were safe under the general amnesty of her majesty. The Jacobites submitted to the queen as tutrix or regent of her brother, whom they firmly believed she intended to establish on the throne; and, before her death, they talked of his succession publicly, and drank his health as king James the Third.

But now another of these galling reverses which thwarted all their measures befel them in the sudden death of the queen. At that period their hopes had been raised to the highest pitch, certainly not without strong foundation; for an emissary and minister of the chevalier's remained some months about the court, and had a private audience of her majesty. The duke d'Aumont had also a private interview; and it was reported, and currently believed, that the chevalier himself was twice closeted with the queen before her last sickness, having come over in the retinue of the above-mentioned nobleman. And a very few days before the queen's death, the Tory ministry had gained their point for an entire purging the court, army, and navy, and in general all trusts, of what kind soever, of the very name or appearance of a Whig.

It is very well known, that the ministry had resolved to have every thing ready, that, whenever the queen's death should happen, they might be in no confusion. They weened they had arranged matters so, that they could set the chevalier on the throne without opposition: and after the famous consultation held at Somerset-house during the time of the masquerades, things had come to so nice a crisis, that if the queen had been seized with a lingering illness, and not, as she was, in a moment rendered incapable of transacting all business, nothing short of a miracle could have kept the house of Stuart out of their throne. It was most certain, that, in a very few days, the power of the nation would have been put into such hands, and all their designs so much in their power, that really one can scarce charge them with arrogance in saying, as they did to one of their friends, "That the devil himself was not able to hinder their schemes

from taking place, whenever they thought fit to begin their purpose."

But on the 29th of July 1714, to the great amazement of our loyalists, and to the utter confounding of all their elevated hopes for the present, the queen was taken suddenly ill, and in a surprising manner struck with death; for though she lingered out two days before she died, yet, from the moment she was seized, she was like one more dead than alive.

The first alarm of this unfortunate event brought all the party together to court, as well the great officers of state as their privy-counsellors of the other sex, always the most forward and violent in the cause in which they engage. They being all met in a certain lady's apartment, where business of the nicest nature used to be familiarly discussed, they found that my lady was with the queen; and that the countess of ———, who had been with her majesty for several hours, had retired for a little rest: whereupon they sent for the countess, who came into the room sick and all bathed in tears. Thereafter they sent for the lady of the house, who came presently, but in the utmost disorder; and, as soon as she entered, without staying for the question, she cried out in wild despair, "Oh, my lords, we are all undone, entirely ruined! The queen's a dead woman, and all the world cannot save her!"

One of the lords then asked if the queen had her senses, and if the lady thought she would be able to speak to them. "Oh, no!" said she, "the thing is impossible. Her pain deprives her of all sense, and in the intervals of that she dozes, and can speak to no one." "That is hard indeed," said another of the lords. "If she could but speak to us, and sign one or two orders, we might do the business yet, for all that's come and gone." "Alas!" said another, "who would act by such orders as these? My lord, we are all undone." "At all events," said a fourth, "matters cannot be worse with us than they are. I assure you, if her majesty would but give me orders to proclaim her rightful and lawful successor in her lifetime, I would do it at the head of the army." "Damn it," said Dr Atterbury, "let us go out then and proclaim the chevalier. Do you not see that we have not a moment to lose?" The countess then begged of them to waive all debates for the present, as nothing effective could be done in the state in which their affairs then stood. "The queen is no more capable of directing any thing," continued she. "She is half dead already. I'll die for her if she lives four-and-twenty hours." The lord that spoke last then returned, "Lord, what an unhappy thing is this! What a cause is here lost at one blow! Think of it, my lords: is there no remedy left?"

After some further discourse, they sent the lady to see if there was any alteration on the queen; who presently returning, in-

formed them that all was over. "She is posting on to her last," said she, "and dying upwards. Her feet and legs are dead and cold already."

As we are now drawing close to the time when the second part of our Jacobite effusions commence, and as the adherents to the house of Stuart have always been blamed for suffering that favourable opportunity at the death of queen Anne to pass over without proclaiming their old master's son, it will be necessary, as well as amusing, to trace their resolutions at that period, when the leaders of the party of both nations were assembled together; and, from every circumstance, it will appear, that all their motions and resolutions pointed to that one ultimate object, the restoration of their late master's house. Their measures might be badly taken, but they were well meant. Indeed it is believed, that, saving the old princess Sophia, the house of Hanover had very slender hopes of ever coming to the possession of the crown of these kingdoms; that the elector was astonished at the deputation, and quite taken by surprise, "delving his kail-yardie;" and that, if James had been boldly proclaimed, and made his appearance the first at the capital, not a dog would have moved his tongue against him. All that can now be said is, that he was not, and that it was perhaps one of those fatalities that so evidently followed on one another, to the exclusion of the exiled house. I shall quote a few of their speeches and resolutions at this important period, as detailed by a Whig historian, whose name I do not know: for the Rev. Peter Rae copies part of them into his work from a pamphlet entitled "Two Nights at Greenwich," and Mr George Charles of Alloa copies literally from Rae.

The question being put, What they were to do in conformity with their former measures and resolutions? one of the lords present made the following speech.

"My lords, I believe our opinions are the same, and our wishes the same; but you see Heaven has broken all our measures: and I think it is our business to let these things die for the present, and reserve ourselves for a more fit opportunity. It is certain the council are met; and I hear they have an instrument for a regency, signed according to the act deposited among them by the envoy of Hanover. It will be immediately proposed to send a deputation to the elector of Hanover. I dare say there are none of us here so ill acquainted with his own interests and safety as to oppose it. That would be to give the Whigs all the advantage over us they could wish. I think our business now is to be first in the thing: and as we are the queen's immediate household servants, and are, by the act, to continue six months in our posts, it is our office to do this; and by our freedom in doing it, we shall have the advantage of the Whigs many ways. In the first place, we shall effectually conquer and refute all the calumnies

and reproaches they have cast upon us, of our being in the Pretender's interest, which no one can have the face to say again; after we have been the first and forwardest to preserve the succession, and to place the successor on the throne. In the second place, we shall secure our employments, by engaging the elector of Hanover to us, in gratitude for our seeming loyalty to him; for he will not pretend to fall upon us, after we have done a service of that consequence to him. As to the interest which we have all espoused in our hearts, we must be content to preserve it in *petto*, and wait a more favourable opportunity to bring it about hereafter. Every thing must submit to the necessity of the times."

At this speech the rest of the lords appeared perfectly stunned, and for a time they continued silent. Then one of them turned to the lady ———, and said, "Pray, madam, what is your opinion in this case?" "Let my opinion be what it will, my lord," said she, "I see no other way. The queen will be dead to-morrow. Our measures are in no forwardness—our friends and interests all disconcerted since the late remove;* and to make any attempt would be to ruin ourselves, and help the establishment of those we hate. The successor must be immediately proclaimed. If we decline it a moment, it is high treason in us, and the Whigs will do it with the greatest clamour and ostentation imaginable, and not fail to fall upon us for the omission. It must be done; and, since that is the case, why should we lose the advantage of doing it ourselves? By all means do it then, and receive the acknowledgment; it is your only way."

Accordingly, as had been predicted, the queen departed this life early on the morning of the 1st of August; and the Jacobites, urged by the necessity of the times, joined in the deputation to George, as well as in his coronation. They saw nothing so eligible as silence and submission to those measures which they could not oppose with any prospect of success; but, in the mean time, they were utterly impatient and alarmed at a juncture which to them was so truly critical.

Had George proved a sagacious and liberal prince, and tried to conciliate parties, rather than have declared himself the head of a faction, it is probable that the rebellion against him in Scotland would not have broke out, and much noble and gallant blood might in that case have been spared. But the whole kingdom, England in particular, was soon in commotion. One would have thought, to have witnessed the popular fury at that time, that, on the least shadow of support, or even pretence, that nation would almost have risen to a man. Let never any body depend on an English mob for any thing farther than making a noise, or

* Meaning, of the earl of Oxford from being lord treasurer.

breaking a pane out of a window. In Scotland they still made no great noise or stir; but it was well said by a Highlander, who, being upbraided by a Southron for not joining his voice to those of his oppressed brethren, made him this answer; "Hersel not say meech, but she can yerk at te thinking." Her nain sel thought more deeply on the subject than they that made more din about it.

But the Jacobite faction was now strengthened most of all by the addition, nominally at least, of the greater part of the Tories, who, finding themselves totally excluded from all share in the administration, and exposed to the insolence of a faction which they utterly despised, some began to wish in earnest for a revolution; others leaned to the Stuart side only, perhaps, as an artifice to check the intolerable insolence of the other party. Strong remonstrances were now sent to the Chevalier, to induce him to come over, heightened by the eagerness and extravagance of the writers. Indeed, the clamours, tumults, and general conversation of the people, countenanced any assertion of that nature, almost, that could be made.

James had therefore, once more, recourse to the French king, who had always been the stay and refuge of his family. Lewis favoured him in secret, but he found himself bound down by his late engagements with England. He had but a few years before fitted him out with a well-appointed fleet; had presented him with a sword studded with costly diamonds; taken an affectionate farewell of him, and repeated what he had said to his father, that "he hoped never to see him again." He now supplied him privately with sums of money to prepare a small armament in the port of Havre, which was equipped in the name of Depine d'Anicaut; and, without all doubt, his design was to assist him more effectually, in proportion as the English should manifest their attachment to the house of Stuart.

But by this time the rebellion was actually begun in Scotland. The discontents occasioned here by the treaty of union, instead of being appeased, had still gained ground. The people deemed it a national grievance, and the friends of the Stuarts did not fail to encourage the aversion; and though their hopes of dissolving that treaty had been baffled by the arts of the Whigs, still they had not laid aside the design of attempting something of consequence in favour of their regretted prince. From this intent no previous misfortune or bad omen could divert them. The Highlands lay as it were bedded on tinder, and wanted but a spark to set the whole kingdom in a flame. This coal was soon furnished to them in John earl of Mar, another Richard III., deformed in his person, but possessed of ambition and an intriguing genius beyond any man living. He was altogether a time-serving self-interested person, who could at any time be bought and sold, as he had been before; and

of this the courtiers were well aware, but neglected securing him to their interests. He had the most happy talent of gilding over his own interested designs with a specious appearance of zeal for the public good; and, during the whole of his political career, it was observed that he could deceive any man or any party, with regard to his real intent and motives. With all this, he was a man of spirit, ambition, and enterprise, but as little fitted to lead an host of Highlanders as even the celebrated colonel Cannon himself, as will appear in the sequel.

Finding himself slighted, and unable to push his way any longer at court, he left it without taking his leave, but not before he had found means, by the most expeditious measures, to receive from abroad a sum amounting to one hundred thousand pounds sterling, as arles, wherewith to begin his enterprise. With this round sum in his pocket, almost, at that period, adequate to change the poverty of Scotland into riches, he disguised himself as a private person, and, on the night between the 1st and 2d of August, embarked with major-general Hamilton, colonel Hay, and two servants, on board a collier in the Thames; and arriving in two or three days at Newcastle, hired there a vessel belonging to one Spence, which set him and his company on shore in the Ely, from whence he got over to Crail, in the shire of Fife. Soon after his landing, he was joined by Sir Alexander Erskine, lord Lion, and others of his friends in that quarter, to whom he made known the design of his coming. He then went forward to Kinnoul, where he staid on Wednesday the 17th; and the next day he passed the river Tay about two miles from Perth, with forty horse, on his way to the north. Next day he sent letters express to all the gentlemen round the country whom he knew to lean to the side of the Stuarts, to meet him with all expedition at the castle of Brae-Mar, where he himself arrived on Saturday the 20th of August.

There is no room to doubt that he had beforehand concerted measures with them, and that they were previously advised of his coming before he arrived in Scotland: for on Saturday the 6th of August their friends at Edinburgh were apprised of it; and early next morning captain John Dalzel, a half-pay officer, who, in view of this rebellion, had thrown up his commission to the earl of Orkney, was sent out to give the alarm to his brother the earl of Carnwath, then at Elliock, where he arrived that night; and early next morning expresses were sent to the earl of Nithsdale, the viscount of Kenmure, and others of their friends in those parts. The earl himself went down that same day to meet them, in order to forward their measures; and after some time spent in preparing others, whose inclinations they knew, to embark with them in that, they repaired to Lothian, and it was then given out that they were gone to a hunting in the north.

This was indeed a plausible pretence for their getting to the Highlands; and the more, that the earl of Mar, to cover his design at the first, in calling the chiefs of the clans together, had proposed a hunting in his own country. Accordingly, in a few days after he arrived at Brae-Mar, he was there attended by a great number of gentlemen of the best quality and interest of all his party: and particularly at their great council, which was held about August the 26th, there appeared the marquis of Huntly, eldest son to the duke of Gordon; the marquis of Tullibardine, eldest son to the duke of Athol; the earls of Nithsdale, Marischal, Traquair, Errol, Southesk, Carnwath, Seaforth, Linlithgow, and several others; the viscounts of Kilsyth, Kenmure, Kingston, and Stormount; the lords Rollo, Duffus, Drummond, Strathallan, Ogilvie, and Nairn; with a good many gentlemen of interest in the Highlands, amongst whom were the two generals Hamilton and Gordon, Glenderule, Auldbair, Auchterhouse, Glengary, and others from the clans. Having thus got his friends together, he addressed himself to them in a public speech, full of invectives against the Protestant succession in general, and against king George in particular; wherein, to gloss his actions with a seeming reflection as of sorrow for what was past, he told them, that though he had been instrumental in forwarding the Union of the two kingdoms in the reign of queen Anne, yet now his eyes were opened, and he could see his error, and would therefore do what lay in his power to make them again a free people; and that they should enjoy their ancient liberties, which were by that cursed Union delivered up into the hands of the English, whose power to enslave them farther was too great, and their design to do it daily visible, by the measures that were taken, especially by the prince of Hanover, who, ever since he ascended the throne, regarded not the welfare of the people, nor their religion, but solely left it to a set of men, who, while they pushed his particular interest to secure his government, made such alterations in church and state as they thought fit, and that they had already begun to encroach upon the liberties of both, which, he assured them, had already given occasion to some to consult their own safety, and who were actually resolved vigorously to defend their liberties and properties against the said new courtiers and their innovations, and to establish upon the throne of these realms the Chevalier St George, who, he said, had the only undoubted right to the crown, had promised to hear their grievances, and would redress their wrongs; and hereupon excited them all to take arms for the said Chevalier, whom he styled King James the Eighth, and told them, that, for his part, he was resolved to set up his standard, and to summon all the fencible men of his own tenants, and with them to hazard his life in the cause. He encouraged them likewise, by giving them assurance

that there would be a general rising in England on the same account; that they should certainly have a powerful assistance from France and from other parts, from whence their king, as he called him, had already had large supplies, with promises of more; that thousands were in league and covenant with him, and with one another, to rise and depose king George, and establish the said Chevalier. Moreover, we are told that he showed them the letters he had received from Lorrain, under James's own hand, promising to come over to them in person, and put himself upon the valour and fidelity of his Scots subjects; and that, in the mean time, they should be sure of ships with arms, ammunition, and all military stores, with officers, engineers, and volunteers, as soon as they could give him an account to what port they would direct them to be sent; and assured them, that he was furnished with money, and would, from time to time, be supplied with sufficient sums to levy men, and to pay the troops regularly that should be raised, so as no gentleman should be at any expense to subsist their men, but that both they and their country should be eased of all such burthens.

With these and such other arguments, which he proposed to them with a popular air, he at length prevailed upon them to embrace his project. They engaged by oath to stand by him and one another, and to bring over their friends and dependants to do the like. However, the noblemen and gentlemen did not immediately after this meeting draw together their men, but went every man back to his own estate, to take their measures for appearing in arms when they should hear again from the earl of Mar, who remained, in the mean time, in his own country, with some few attendants only.

These noblemen and gentlemen, being returned home, began to draw together their servants and dependants in all the places where they had interest, making several pretences for doing so, but did not discover the real design till things were in readiness to break out. And indeed it was but a few days after, that the earl of Mar summoned them all, at least such as were near at hand, to a general meeting at Aboyne in Aberdeenshire, on the 3d of September, in order to concert farther measures for their appearing in arms; and having there directed the drawing together their forces without any loss of time, he returned to Brae-Mar, and continued some days gathering the people, till their number was increased considerably: but the accounts being so various, while some say they were then two thousand men, most of them cavalry, and others but sixty, with those he had got together he set up James's standard at Brae-Mar on the 6th of September 1715, and there proclaimed him king of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, &c. Thereafter they went to a small town named Kirkmichael, where, having proclaimed James, and

summoned the people to attend his standard, they staid some few days, and proceeded to Moulin, another small town in the shire of Perth, where they likewise proclaimed him, and rested some short time gathering their forces, and where, by the coming in of others of their party, their number was considerably increased.

Soon after James's standard was erected, as above, the heads of the party separating for that purpose, he was also proclaimed at Aberdeen by the earl Marischal, at Dunkeld by the marquis of Tullibardine, at Perth by colonel Balfour and colonel Hay, after they seized that place, at Castle-Gordon by the marquis of Huntly, at Brechin by the earl of Panmure, at Montrose by the earl of Southesk, at Dundee by Graham of Duntroon, who was made by James viscount of Dundee, and at Inverness by brigadier M'Intosh, at the head of 500 men, who, finding that important pass without a garrison, took possession of it in the name of James, but afterwards left Sir John M'Kenzie of Coul governor of that place, and returned to the army, as we shall hear in its due order.

The unanimity in the counsels of this first meeting strongly marks the character of the earl of Mar, shewing his masterly policy; for it is certain, that at this time he had received no appointment as generalissimo under James, nor had he any to shew for several months after, and yet, in the mean time, he carried every thing in the same way as if he had. When he set about raising the men on his own lordships, he found them scarcely so ready or alert as he expected, which the following original letter of his to the bailie of Kildrummy fully testifies. This, with the manifesto that he published, are too precious Jacobite relics to be left out.

Invercauld, Sept. 9th, 9 at night, 1715.

Jocke,

Ye was in the right not to come with the 100 men ye sent up to-night, when I expected four times the number. It is a pretty thing, when all the Highlands of Scotland are now rising upon their king and country's account, as I have accounts from them since they were with me, and the gentlemen of our neighbouring Lowlands expecting us down to join them, that my men should be only refractory. Is not this the thing we are now about, which they have been wishing these 26 years? and now when it is come, and the king and country's cause is at stake, will they forever sit still and see all perish? I have used gentle means too long, and so I shall be forced to put other orders I have in execution. I have sent you inclos'd an order for the lordship of Kildrummy, which you are immediately to intimate to all my vassals. If they give ready obedience, it will make some amends; and if not, ye may tell them from me, that it will not be in my

power to save them (were I willing) from being treated as enemies by those who are ready soon to join me; and they may depend on it, I will be the first to propose and order their being so. Particularly, let my own tenants in Kildrummy know, that if they come not forth with their best arms, I will send a party immediately to burn what they shall miss taking from them; and they may believe this not only a threat, but, by all that's sacred, I'll put it in execution, let my loss be what it will, that it may be an example to others. You are to tell the gentlemen that I'll expect them in their best accoutrements on horseback, and no excuse to be accepted of. Go about this with all diligence, and come yourself and let me know your having done so. All this is not only as ye will be answerable to me, but to your king and country.

Your assured friend and servant,

MAR.

To John Forbes of Inchrerau,
baillie of Kildrummy.

Some few days after, the earl of Mar and the other chiefs published the following manifesto, which they got printed at Edinburgh by Mr Robert Freebairn, one of the king's printers there.

MANIFESTO, by the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and others, who dutifully appear at this time in asserting the undoubted right of their lawful Sovereign James the Eighth, by the grace of God, King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and for relieving this his ancient Kingdom from the oppressions and grievances it lies under.

His majesty's right of blood to the crowns of these realms is undoubted, and has never been disputed or arraigned by the least circumstance or lawful authority. By the laws of God, by the ancient constitutions, and by the positive unrepealed laws of the land, we are bound to pay his majesty the duty of loyal subjects. Nothing can absolve us from this our duty of subjection and obedience. The laws of God require our allegiance to our rightful king; the laws of the land secure our religion and other interests; and his majesty, giving up himself to the support of his Protestant subjects, puts the means of securing to us our concerns, religious and civil, in our own hands. Our fundamental constitution has been entirely altered and sunk amidst the various shocks of unstable faction, while, in the searching out new expedients, pretended for our security, it has produced nothing but daily disappointments, and has brought us and our posterity under a precarious dependence upon foreign councils and interests, and the power of foreign troops. The late unhappy Union, which was brought about by the mistaken notions of some, and the ruinous

and selfish designs of others, has proved so far from lessening and healing the differences betwixt his majesty's subjects of Scotland and England, that it has widened and increased them; and it appears by experience so inconsistent with the rights, privileges, and interests of us and our good neighbours and fellow-subjects of England, that the continuance of it must inevitably ruin us and hurt them: nor can any way be found out to relieve us, and restore our ancient and independent constitution, but by restoring our rightful and natural king, who has the only undoubted right to reign over us. Neither can we hope that the party who chiefly contributed to bring us into bondage will at any time endeavour to work our relief, since it's known how strenuously they oppos'd, in two late instances, the efforts that were made by all Scotsmen, by themselves, and supported by the best and wisest of the English, towards so desirable an end, as they will not adventure openly to disown the dissolution of the Union to be. Our substance has been wasted in the late ruinous wars, and we see an unavoidable prospect of having wars continued on us and our posterity, so long as the possession of the crown is not in the right line. The hereditary rights of the subjects, though confirmed by conventions and parliaments, are now treated as of no value or force; and past services to the crown and royal family are now looked upon as grounds of suspicion. A packed-up assembly, who call themselves a British parliament, have, as far as in them lies, inhumanly murder'd their own and our sovereign, by promising a great sum of money as the reward of so execrable a crime. They have proscrib'd, by unaccountable and groundless impeachments and attainders, the worthy patriots of England, for their honourable and successful endeavours to restore trade, plenty, and peace, to these nations.

They have broken in upon the sacred laws of both countries, by which the liberty of our persons were secured. They have empowered a foreign prince (who, notwithstanding his expectations of the crown for fifteen years, is still unacquainted with our manners, customs, and language,) to make an absolute conquest (if not timely prevented) of the three kingdoms, by investing himself with an unlimited power, not only of raising unnecessary forces at home, but also of calling in foreign troops, ready to promote his uncontrollable designs. Nor can we be ever hopeful of its being otherwise, in the way it is at present, for some generations to come; and the sad consequences of these unexampled proceedings have really been so fatal to great numbers of our kinsmen, friends, and fellow-subjects of both kingdoms, that they have been constrained to abandon their country, houses, wives, and children, or give themselves up prisoners, or perhaps victims to be sacrificed at the pleasure of foreigners, and a few hot-headed men of a restless faction whom they employ. Our troops abroad, notwith-

standing their long and remarkable good services, have been treated since the peace with neglect and contempt, and particularly in Holland: and it's not now the officers' long service, merit, and blood they have lost, but money and favour, by which they can obtain justice in their preferments; so that it's evident the safety of his majesty's person, and independency of his kingdom, call loudly for immediate relief and defence.

The consideration of these unhappy circumstances, with the due regard we have to common justice, the peace and quiet of us and our posterity, and our duty to his majesty and his commands, are the powerful motives which have engaged us in our present undertaking, which we are firmly and heartily resolved to push to the utmost, and stand by one another to the last extremity, as the only solid and effectual means of putting an end to so dreadful a prospect as, by our present situation, we have before our eyes; and with faithful hearts, true to our only rightful king, our country, and our neighbours, we earnestly beseech and expect (as his majesty commands) the assistance of all our true fellow-subjects to second this our first attempt: Declaring hereby our sincere intention that we will promote and concur in all lawful means for settling a lasting peace to these lands, under the auspicious government of our native-born rightful sovereign, the direction of our own domestic councils, and the protection of our native forces and troops: That we will, in the same manner, concur, and endeavour to have our laws, liberties, and properties, secured by the parliaments of both kingdoms: That by the wisdom of such parliaments we will endeavour to have such laws enacted as shall give absolute security to us, and future ages, for the Protestant religion, against all efforts of arbitrary power, Popery, and all its other enemies. * * *

And, in general, we shall concur with our fellow-subjects in such measures as shall make us flourish at home and be formidable abroad, under our rightful sovereign, and the peaceable harmony of our ancient fundamental constitution, undisturbed by a Pretender's interests and councils from abroad, or a restless faction at home. In so honourable, so good, so just a cause, we do not doubt of the assistance, direction, and blessing of Almighty God, who has so often succoured the royal family of STUARTS, and our country from sinking under oppression."

While Mar was thus mustering his forces in the north, a design was formed by some of his friends to surprise the castle of Edinburgh. No fewer than ninety choice men engaged in it, one half of them Highlanders, and all gentlemen, with the lord Drummond, the principal contriver, at the head of them. The plan was laid with so much acuteness, and every thing so well prepared, that it could only have been defeated by one of those disastrous

circumstances to which one must constantly revert in detailing the events connected with the house of Stuart. It was as follows. —Mr Arthur, formerly an ensign in the castle, and afterwards in the foot guards, had engaged some of the soldiers within the castle to pull up the adventurers by lines fixed to a plank, which was to be let down from the walls, and pulled up by levers within ; and having every thing arranged, and thinking that such a bold and efficient stroke would contribute greatly to the honour and benefit of the actors, he went and engaged his brother in it. The latter was a physician in Edinburgh, well affected to the cause, and readily engaged in his brother's views, though it appears that he was not to take any active part in the surprisal. All that day before the attempt was to be made, his lady observed him so melancholy and thoughtful, that she gave not over importuning him, till late at night that he confessed the whole plot, and acknowledged that he could not help thinking on the great revolution that was again to take place in the country, on which he thought this incident was to have so much sway. The lady, being of the other party, lost no time, but instantly posted off a letter without a signature to Sir Adam Cockburn, lord justice clerk, stating the circumstances shortly. Sir Adam enclosed the card in another, and sent it up to colonel Stuart, deputy governor of the castle. It was eleven at night before his messenger reached the castle gate, and the bridge was drawn up and the gates shut. He was nevertheless admitted, on informing the guards that he had an express for the captain, and dropping some hints of their danger. Some of the under officers instantly planted the men on guard at three several posts, one on each flanker, and the other on the fore wall in the low ground, in order to defend the gate with all their might. When the governor received the express, he ordered the officers under him to double their guards, and make diligent rounds, and then went deliberately to his bed ; for which he was shortly after deprived of his post, and committed to the tolbooth.

By this time the adventurers had assembled at the foot of the wall, and their associates within had already let down the plank, and were hauling them up, along with a ladder to suspend from the top of the wall, when a lieutenant Lindsey, with an extra guard, came to the spot and disconcerted all their grand scheme, and in a moment prevented their getting possession of the strongest fort in the nation. The soldiers let go the ropes, pullies and all, by which means the intrepid captain Maclean, formerly an officer under king James, had his thigh-bone shattered, and was otherwise grievously bruised, he having been the first to mount. Sir Adam Cockburn having likewise hurried out patrols toward the place, of which he had intelligence from Mrs Arthur, they came up at the very moment when the ladder fell, and the guards

on the tops of the walls began to fire at random ; but they only seized other three of the whole party, Alexander Ramsay and George Boswell, both writers in Edinburgh, and one Lesly, formerly a page to the duchess of Gordon.

The duke of Argyle, who had been appointed commander in chief in Scotland, set out express from London, with nothing but promises of assistance ; without so much as one man, or even a train of artillery ; and when he arrived in Scotland, he found the well affected to the government, who were but few in number, in the utmost panic. The military force of the kingdom was drawn together, and woful to relate, it did not in horse and foot amount to more than 1500 men, and these were obliged to take shelter under the cannon of the castle of Stirling, not daring to keep the open field. But the duke had no choice left but to make the most of a bad bargain he could ; the clans were his mortal enemies, and the very existence of his house depended on the stability of the present government. He was moreover a gentleman of undaunted courage and resolution, and one whose mind was superior to all difficulties. He encouraged the gentlemen on the borders of the Lowlands all that he could, and raised the Campbells with the utmost expedition. The puissance of the nation, however, was all on the Steuart side ; for although some of the Lowland burrows made a great fuss, and a few of the Whig gentlemen, the duke was not able to draw together more than 3000 men, according to his own accounts, while the adherents to king James in arms were more than four times that number. It is impossible not to be astonished at the failure of this grand enterprize, when one reads a list printed at that time of those engaged in it, and they are only given as a part of the adherents. What would a Montrose or a Clavers have done in such a case, with the flower of the whole kingdom in arms, and the possession of two thirds of it : If old Mackintosh of Borlam, or Clan-Ranald, had but had the sole command of the clans by themselves, exclusive of the eastern Lowlanders, who did more evil than good, they would with ease have overrun Scotland at least. The following are *some of the names* of James's professed friends at that period. The marquisses of Huntley, and Tillibandine. The earls of Nithsdale, Seaforth, Carnwath, Winton, Southesk, Linlithgow, Mar, Kinnoul, Panmuir, Mareschal, Bredalbine, Traquair, Errol, and Aboyne. The viscounts of Kilsythe, Kingston, Kenmure, Strathallan and Stormont. The lords Glenorchy, Ogilvie, Drummond, Nairn, and Rollo. All the potent chiefs of the powerful name of Macdonald, better than either lords or knights ; namely, Sir Donald of Sky, the captain of Clan-Ranald, Glengarry, Keppoch, and Glenco. Sir John Maclean, Robert of Appin, a man of great trust with James, John Cameron of Lochiel ; Old brigadier Mackintosh, and Mackintosh junior of Borlam ; Mackenzie of Frazerdale, the laird

of Mackinnon, Robertson of Strowan, Rob Roy Macgregor, the masters of Stormont and Nairn, Stirling of Keir, Campbell of Auchtrabalter, Murray of Auchtertyre, Graham of Buchlivie, Stuart of Ard; the honourable Francis Stuart, Henry Maule, and John Drummond. Sir James Campbell of Auchanbreck, Sir Duncan Campbell of Vochnill, Sir Patrick Murray, Sir Hugh Paterson of Bannockburn, general George Hamilton, captain Allan Cameron, Seaton of Touche, Fullerton of Greenhill, Campbell of Glendarule, Walkingshaw of Burrowfield, colonel Balfour, Hume of Whitfield, Lyon of Auchterhouse, the master of Balfour, the laird of Auldubair, general Gordon, and many other knights and gentlemen, says my author, too tedious to mention. After this list none can doubt of the general feelings of the Scots at that period, and how low they estimated the reigning family. Heaven was, however, on its side, against which the utmost bravery and enthusiasm of man cannot contend. In short, the history of the adherents to the house of Stuart is one of unparalleled bravery, loyalty, misfortune, and suffering.

The government was hard put to it; men were drawn from the Irish regiments with all the expedition possible, and 6000 Dutch were sent for from Holland. Mar acted like a fool, and without either energy or spirit, in not making a dash into the Lowlands before Argyle got his forces concentrated, which he might have done, without opposition, by the way of Monteith; but he knew nothing of the Highland character, which rises to the sublimity of vigour with action, but fades and dies away with inactivity. A Highlander cannot lie still or retreat but he thinks his general is afraid, and he knows if that be the case it is all over with him. Of course, it may be noted throughout all the history of this country, that in every counsel of war, a Highland chief has but one advice to give, namely, *to fight*; and no casual disadvantage can alter his ideas on the propriety of this summary way of proceeding. He seems to have a sort of feeling that the arm of the Gael is invincible; and certainly, both in past and present times, they have often acted with an energy that is not easy to be paralleled.

Mar had no such feeling, certainly, else he would not have lain idle about Perth till the middle of winter, and drawn the other branches of his army all about him, whereas they were of much more consequence in the north and west, where they were. But we shall trace all these movements previous to the battle of Sheriffmuir as shortly as possible.

On the 16th of September, the Duke of Argyle sent orders to colonel Campbell of Finch to raise the Argyle militia; and with these, and his own independent company, to garrison Inverary, and prevent, as far as possible, all the north-west clans from joining the earl of Mar. Before any progress could be made, Glengarry

came into the Braes of Glenorchy with 500 men, on purpose to raise the whole shire for the chevalier, and he was joined there by Campbell of Glendarule, and afterwards by general Gordon, who took the command; as also by Glengyle, and Rob Roy at the head of 200 Macgregors. They were detained here by orders and counter-orders from Mar, until the favourable time for operations in Argyle was over. Whereas, had Glengarry been suffered to push on as he intended, there was not then a single company assembled together in all the country. The pretence for which Mar made them lie so long in that inclement inaccessible district, was to wait for the other clans, particularly Lochiel and Stuart of Appin, who were so plagued by the garrison at Inverlochy, that they could neither get their men to rise, nor force them to leave their homes, to be burnt and plundered after they had drawn them together. That garrison proved a grievous thorn in the flesh to these chiefs, as well as to Clan-Ranald and Keppoch; and some of their forces ought certainly to have been left, either to have reduced the fortress, or kept the men in check. Mar's letters to the chiefs at this time only testify the greatest impatience for their advance to the south, without the least regard to their difficulties, or interests at home. Clan-Ranald at length came with a strong body, nearly 800 men; on which he wrote to Mar, and boasted, that he and his people were, as usual, always the first in the field, and the last to leave it. In this instance, however, he was wrong, for Glengarry had the start of him for nearly a month. The original letters between Mar and the Highland chiefs, at this time, are very curious, but they would amount to a volume themselves. Keppoch appears quite indifferent about his peremptory orders, farther than they suit himself, and altogether independent. So is Robert of Appin. Some of the others testify much regret at the obstacles thrown in their way. In one of Mar's letters to general Gordon at Strathfillan, he says, "I suppose the men with you will not be over well armed, but what they want of that can be well supplied at Inverary, where I know a goodly number are lately come, and the Highland men surely will not let the affront lie on them of their being left there; pray return my thanks to Glendarule for the cows he has provided you with, which I hope shall be no loss to him in a little time; and give my humble service to Glengarry, of whom I see every day new proofs of honour and worth, which his king and country cannot but be ever mindful of." As Lochiel and Keppoch crossed Lochaber, they made a dash at the garrison of Inverlochy, thinking to carry it sword in hand, and extinguish that nest of hornets. They proceeded so far as to take the two redoubts, and one of the spurs, and 26 soldiers, and two officers, prisoners; but their orders to march were so express, that once they had failed in surprising it, they were obliged to leave it, and hold on their route.

The clans at last came all in, Sir John Macleod, Appin, Lochiel, and Keppoch. Two hundred of Bredalbine's men also joined them ; and it appears, by a letter of the earl's, that there had been a skirmish with the Campbells at this period, somewhere in Glenerchie, which is not mentioned elsewhere that I can find. Appin had taken a number of prisoners, and so also had Clan-Ranald, as I see rations of bread are ordered to these chiefs for prisoners to the amount of 200.

Clan-Ranald and Glengarry at length marched into Argyle at the head of 2000 men ; but when they came to Inverary, they found the earl of Islay had fortified himself strongly there with 1200 men ; and great numbers, both of Sir Duncan Campbell's men, and the men of Islay, were gathering around it, on which the two chiefs, after summoning it in vain to surrender, judged it best to retire without attempting to storm it. They had orders from Mar not to burn it, which some reckoned was for fear of his own house at Alloa, and they had no time to blockade it, having got orders to join the main army on its march to Sherrifmoor with all expedition. They, therefore, departed again toward the east, taking the road to Strathfillan, and so on to the army.

The earl of Islay sent Finch with 800 men to impede their march, but they were too strong for him to meddle with ; and, by the way, hearing that there were a body of 600 of the Campbells of Glenlyon and Bredalbine on their way to have joined the clans in Argyle, he changed his route, and, marching all the night, he came upon them in the morning at a place called Glen-Shelloch. Though taken quite by surprise, they did not decline the combat. Each party threw away their plaids, drew their swords, and rushed to engage ; but one of the captains rode up between the hosts, and, calling a parley, he made an oration, regretting that the Campbells should attack each other and shed the blood of their brethren unnecessarily, and concluded by proposing that the Bredalbine and Glenlyon Campbells should leave the country peaceably, and that the others should not molest them ; on which the two captains embraced each other, and the men, shouting and waving their bonnets in applause, each army marched off its several way. Not the worst way this of ending such dangerous disputes.

But the commotion in the North Highlands was still greater than in the West. The lords Sutherland, Reay, and Strathnaver, with the Mackays, Rosses, Monroes, and Grants of Strathapey, all declared for king George. On the other hand, the earl of Seaforth came down with the M'Craws, Mackenzies, and Chisholms of Strathglass, in great force, and pitched his camp near Brahan Castle. Lord Sutherland had 1200 men, but durst not give him battle. He therefore sent to the Grants to join him with all their force to help him against the M'Craws. The chiefs

of the Grants raised their vassals to the amount of 620 men; but ever since the march of Mackintosh to the south, Mackenzie of Coul held the important pass of Inverness for king James, and the Grants could not get to Easter Ross otherwise than by sea. Before this could be effected, Sir Donald Macdonald of Slate had joined Seaforth with 700 of his own men, and the Mackinnons; and on this accession of strength the two chiefs advanced straight to attack lord Sutherland, but he fled at their approach, and they chased him till his men, scattered mostly to the mountains, took up the station at the bridge Alness, which their enemies had held before, and harassed and wasted the country of the Monroes.—Neither they, however, nor Sutherland made any more head against them. On the 15th, Seaforth received a letter from the earl of Mar, urging him to begin his march toward Perth with all expedition, and from that day forward he received one express on the back of another, all pressing the same thing. Mar was undoubtedly a coward at heart. He had already more than double the number of men under Argyle; and here he first presses the north-west clans to quit Argyleshire, and leave their own countries naked and exposed to the enemy; and now he forces Seaforth and Macdonald, against their better judgments, to leave the whole of the north exposed to two powerful Whig armies, all, forsooth, to help him with 7000 men against the duke of Argyle with 3000, and if he had taken him in time, not more than half that number. There is likewise a letter of his, of the same date, to lord Kenmure, then on the border, entreating him to turn and march north, and take the duke of Argyle in the rear while he attacked him in front. Mar is always reported to have been a man of spirit, but it is not easy to trace where his spirit lay, for, when his correspondence at this time is canvassed, his backwardness to advance to action taken into consideration, with his two retreats back from Dunblane to Perth, and his final desertion of a brave and powerful army at last, who would not despise him in their hearts?

However, Lord Seaforth and Sir Donald Macdonald, as ordered, marched directly southward, staying only two nights and a day at Inverness, where they were joined by 300 Frasers, under the command of Alexander Mackenzie of Fraserdale, on which Seaforth made some of his people return, to secure the passes of Kintail against the enemy in his absence. Keppoch took the same plan, notwithstanding all the pressing and threatening letters which he got; for though he joined the camp with 150 men, he kept at the same time 300 more in the braes of Lochaber, watching the passes of Glen-Roy and Abertarf; and, on the approach of lord Lovat toward that country, they obliged him to cross Loch Ness in a mighty hurry in boats, and afterward to keep that bourne between him and their wild clan. Lovat had

again changed sides, declared for king George, and recalled his men from the camp at Perth.

This incident is mentioned here prematurely, it having happened a week after Seaforth's leaving Inverness, which was on the morning of the 24th of October. He marched towards Strathspey, intending to force his way through the country of the Grants. But at the kirk of Duthal he was met by several of the chief men of that name, where all matters were adjusted, and Seaforth and his army did not march through their country. The following letter from a cadet of lord Seaforth's, relating to this meeting, is worthy of preservation. It has no signature, but is evidently from a private gentleman of Kintail; or, as it was always called formerly, lord Seaforth's country.

" SIR,

" I give you the trouble of this line, in order to satisfy you, as far as my memory serves me, of what you desire to know concerning our route through some part of Strathspey. As we were coming south in the end of October last, I was acquainted, on Tuesday morning very early, being the 25th of October, to follow my lord Seaforth to an ale-house at the kirk of Duthal, in Strathspey, whither he was gone before to adjust matters with the principal gentlemen of the name of Grant. I came there that afternoon, where I found my lord Seaforth, and my lord Duffus, and Mr William Sutherland, his brothers, and Sir Donald Macdonald, and captain George Grant, the laird of Grant's brother, and colonel William Grant, in one room together, to which I was brought, and we dined there altogether. All the rest of the company had been there several hours before I came. There was in the outer room, through which we must all pass in to that we were in, Mackenzie of Fairburn, Mackenzie of Dachmualach, Mackenzie of Areoch, Mackenzie, younger of Auchterdonald, and William Mackenzie, my lord's servant, and several others of that name. I was likewise told, that there was in the next house one Grant of Elchise, and Grant, the present collector of supply in the shire of Inverness, and a great many more gentlemen of that name and country, who had been waiting of my lord Seaforth before I came up, but I do not so much as know them by eyesight, nor was I ever in that country in my life before. I spoke to my lord Seaforth, and told him, that seeing he had brought all the men out of our country, it was but reasonable to have security from our neighbours, before he went further, not to plunder our country when we were away. To which he answered me, that that matter was fully settled before I came up, to which all the company agreed, which made me press that matter no farther. Seaforth likewise told me, that they were so kind as to furnish him with what meal and baggage-horses he had oc-

casion for to carry alongst for the use of his men, which accordingly was done, as Seaforth's officers told me."

This letter must certainly have been from the laird of Macleod, or Mackenzie of Applecross, as their estates, or at least part of them, lie contiguous to that possessed by Seaforth; and it could not be a man of small consequence who was taken into the inner room, when such gentlemen were left in the outer one. It shews that the great Highland chiefs were not disposed to make reprisals on one another, uncertain how affairs might turn out, or in whose favour the scale was to turn; and also, that although the chiefs dined together, in order to settle business, yet they had not judged it proper to trust the chieftains of the Whig and Jacobite parties together, which would certainly, at best, have been like sowing hot ashes among gunpowder. If some of my old Jacobite songs had been forthcoming, the feast might have ended like the peat-casting in Lochaber, where two young men of different clans began to throw moss clods at each other in a frolic; the rest by degrees joined, every one to his name or kindred; and out of eighty there was none went home alive but an old wife.

Seaforth and Sir Donald, after tarrying two days in Badenoch, marched straight to the camp without farther interruption.—There was nothing north of the Forth happened before the battle worth narrating in such a miscellaneous work as this, save a skirmish at Castle Campbell, in which Mar's party were rather worsted, and lost seventeen prisoners, several of them gentlemen volunteers. They were on their way to tax the town of Dunfermline, a great concern of the earl of Mar's about that time. There are more letters of his preserved, about taxing the town of Montrose, Brechin, &c., and sending orders for meal, bread, shoes, and other necessaries of life, than all other matters put together. He appears to have had very much ado to keep his men alive, without exposing them in battle. A battle was now inevitable. Every thing manifested the sudden approach of it, and farther excuses there were none. As a last shift, Mar proposed, in his council of war, to strengthen the outposts around Perth, and remain where they were till the arrival of the king and the duke of Ormond in the camp, but in this he was over-ruled; and on the 10th of November orders were issued for marching. A good part of the army reached Auchterarder that night; but, short as their march was, it was very confused, for want both of victuals and accommodation. They drove sheep and cattle from the owners, and caused much dissatisfaction.

On the 12th, the two armies came within two miles of each other, and, on the 13th, they met on a common about two miles from the village of Dunblane, called the Sherrifmoor. The earl of Mar outnumbered Argyle in men nearly as three to one. The

advantage of the ground was nearly equal, and the left wing of each army was discomfited, and fled ; so that at the same time the chase was going both north and south, which accounts for the burden of the song. The duke of Argyle commanded his own right wing, and was opposed chiefly by the eastern Lowlanders, the men of Angus and Fife, with some horsemen of the Gordons' from Buchan and Strathbogie, mostly cavalry. The duke charged them with great impetuosity, and with all the energies of his great character. Nevertheless, it is perfectly ascertained, that it was owing to a traitorous message, that that wing first began a retrograde movement ; but they were so hard pressed by the duke every time they attempted to rally, as from the first they meant to have done, that in the end it became a rout. The duke pursued them two miles, as far as the river Allan, and in that course they rallied twelve times, but never got leisure to form aright, and on the crossing of that river they got disordered and fled.

This was, however, but a small proportion of Mar's army ; and with the other wing and the centre the case was very different. The duke of Argyle's left wing was commanded by general Whitham, and the centre by Wightman. The former of these was opposed by the flower of Mar's army, consisting of all the north-west clans—the whole of the Macdonalds, Stuarts, Macleans, and Camerons. These were led by their own respective chiefs, and headed by Mar himself, as historians relate, but his leading was only nominal, for it was well known that he stood behind a clump of trees that flanked the clans to the right till he saw the onset given ; and when he saw the clans bear down their opponents, and break their ranks, he made his appearance, but had better staid where he was. The first man that he saw on the field was lord Strathmore, who, having been mortally wounded, was endeavouring to make his way out from the lines. " Fy fy my lord," said Mar, " are you going to turn your back already ? " " Advance you as far as I have done, and get as much for your pains," said the other, and fell dead at his horse's feet.

The Sky-men on the right were led by Sir Donald M'Donald's brothers. The men of Mull, Appin, Clanranald, and Glengarry, by their own chiefs. These attacked Whitham's division sword in hand with their accustomed and irresistible fury, and with such effect, that in ten minutes there was not the vestige of a battalion before them, but one confused mass hurrying from the field. Wightman stood his ground better, and after the attack began, advanced somewhat. He was opposed to the Campbells of Bredalbine, led by Glenlyon, the Gordons and Ogilvies, led by Glenbucket and Aboyne, the earl of Seaforth's foot, and some smaller divisions ; but both his flanks being left exposed, he was soon likewise obliged to file off, which he did in better order than the left, but the horse falling back among the foot, completed the confusion of these two divi-

sions. The Highlanders had the Whig army at that time so entirely in their power, that if their general had possessed the most common share of energy, or foresight, they might have cut them in pieces to a man. It is apparent that Mar neither knew what he was doing, nor what he ought to do. Two thirds of the duke's army were flying before him in utter confusion, encumbered by narrow ways, and utterly helpless. The clans were killing all that they could come at; but Mar's whole concern was to stop the pursuit, and draw his men together to the top of Kippendary hill, a strong position, from which he durst not move, but kept his station to the consternation of the Whigs, who were suffered to file around the hill in any straggling way that they chose, without molestation. Their officers in their despatches acknowledged, that if they had pleased but to have cast stones at them, they would have broken them; or interrupted their marches. It is wonderful how the Highlanders could be restrained in such a manner even by "We, John duke of Mar, commander in chief," &c. When the duke of Argyle returned to see what was become of the rest of his army, Mar faced him up with more troops and braver than his Grace had at the beginning; for by that time Mar had rallied the clans with much difficulty, after having stopped the pursuit; and, situated as he was, with four thousand brave and victorious Highlanders around him, and in the middle of Argyle's army, the one part retreating in confusion, and the other returning to join them not in a much better state, according to all human calculation, he might have utterly annihilated them; but in place of that, all he effected, was the keeping possession of the field of battle till dark, suffering Argyle to march quietly by him, and apparently glad that he got so easily rid of him. The accounts of both generals from the field are greatly exaggerated; and though Robert Frebairn's press at Perth was under the control of the Highland army; yet, as the following account was published some weeks afterward, when every body was perfectly aware how the affair had terminated, there is little doubt of its being the most correct one given at the time. It scarcely differs from the account given by historians in general.

"Account of the engagement on the Sherrifmuir, near Dunblain, November 13th, 1715, betwixt the king's army, commanded by the earl of Mar, and the duke of Brunswick's, commanded by Argyle:—

"There being various and different reports industriously spread abroad, to cover the victory obtained by the king's army over the enemy, the best way to set it in a clear light is to narrate the true matter of fact; and to leave it to the world to judge thereof.

"*Thursday, November 10th.*—The earl of Mar reviewed the army at Auchterarder.

"*Friday, 11th.*—Rested.

“ Saturday, 12th.—The earl of Mar ordered lieutenant-general Gordon, and brigadier Ogilvy, with three squadrons belonging to the marquis of Huntly, and the master of Sinclair's five squadrons of horse, and all the clans, to march and take possession of Dumblain, which was to be done two days before, but was delayed by some interruptions; and all the rest of the army was ordered, at the same time, to parade upon the muir of Tullibardine, very early, and to march after general Gordon. The earl of Mar went to Drummond castle, to meet lord Breadalbine, and ordered general Hamilton to march the army. Upon the march, general Hamilton had intelligence of a body of the enemy having taken possession of Dumblain, which account he sent immediately to the earl of Mar. A little after, general Hamilton had another express, from general Gordon, who was then about two miles to the westward of Ardoch, that he had intelligence of a great body of the enemy being in Dumblain; upon which general Hamilton drew up the army, so as the ground at the Roman camp, near Auchterarder, would allow. A very little after, the earl of Mar came up to the army, and not hearing any more from lieutenant-general Gordon, who was marching on, judged it to be only some small party of the enemy to disturb our march, ordered the guards to be posted, and the army to their quarters, with orders to assemble upon the parade any time of the night or day, upon the firing of three cannon. A little after the army was dismissed, the earl of Mar had an account from lieutenant-general Gordon, informing him that the duke of Argyle was at Dumblain with his whole army; upon which, the general was ordered to halt till the earl could come up to him, and ordered the three guns to be fired; when the army formed immediately, and marched up to lieutenant-general Gordon, at Kinbuck, where the whole army lay under arms, with guards advanced from each squadron and battalion, till break of day.

Sunday, the 13th.—The earl of Mar gave orders for the whole army to form on the muir to the left of the road that leads to Dumblain, fronting Dumblain, the generals being ordered to their posts. The Stirling squadron, with the king's standard, and two squadrons of the marquis of Huntly's regiment, formed the right of the first line of horse. All the clans formed the right of the first line of foot. The Perthshire and Fifeshire squadrons formed the left of the first line of horse. The earl Marshal's squadron on the right of the second line. Three battalions of the marquis of Seaforth's foot, two battalions of Lord Huntly's, the earl of Panmure's, the marquis of Tullibardine's, two battalions of Drummond's, commanded by the viscount of Strathallan, and Logie Almond; the battalion of Strowan, and the Angus squadron of horse, formed the second line. While the army was forming, we discovered some small number of the enemy on the height to the

westward of the Sherifmuir, which looks into Dumblain, from which place they had a full view of our army. The earl of Mar called a council of war, consisting of all the noblemen, gentlemen, general officers, and heads of the clans, which was held in front of the horse on the left, where it was voted, *nemine contradicente*, to fight the enemy. On which the earl of Mar ordered the earl Marshal, major-general of the horse, with his own squadron, and Sir Donald Macdonald's battalion, to march to the height where we saw the enemy, and dislodge them; and send an account of their motions and dispositions. No sooner did the earl Marshal begin his march, than the enemy disappeared, and the earl of Mar ordered the army to march after them. By the other generals' orders, the lines marched off the right, divided in the centre, and marched up the hill in four lines. After marching about a quarter of a mile, the earl of Marshal sent back an account that they discovered the enemy forming their line very near him on the southern summit of the hill, on which the army, particularly the horse, was ordered to march up very quickly, and form to the enemy; but by the breaking of their lines in marching off, they fell into some confusion in the forming, and some of the second line jumbled into the first, on or near the left, and some of the horse formed near the centre; which seems to have been the occasion that the enemy's few squadrons on the right were not routed, as the rest.

"The earl of Mar placed himself at the head of the clans, and finding the enemy only forming their line, thought fit to attack them in that posture. He sent colonel William Clephane, adjutant-general, to the marquis of Drummond, lieutenant-general of the horse on the right; and to lieutenant-general Gordon on the right of the foot; and major David Erskine, one of his aides-de-camp to the left, with orders to march up and attack immediately. On their return, pulling off his hat, he waved it with a huzza, and advanced to the front of the enemy's formed battalions. On which, all the line to the right being composed of the clans led on by Sir Donald Macdonald's brothers, Glengarry, captain of Clan-Ronald; Sir John Maclean, Glencoe; Campbell of Glenlyon, colonel of Breadalbine's foot, and brigadier Ogilvy of Boyne, with colonel Gordon of Glenbucket, at the head of Huntly's battalions, made a most furious attack, so that in seven or eight minutes, we could neither perceive the form of a squadron or battalion of the enemy before us.

"We drove the main body and left of the enemy in this manner for about half an hour, killing and taking prisoners all that we could overtake. The earl of Mar endeavoured to stop our foot, and put them in some order to follow the enemy, whom we saw moving off in small bodies from a little hill towards Dumblain, where the earl of Mar resolved to follow them to complete the victory; when an account was brought him that our left, and most

of our second line, had given way, and the enemy was pursuing them down the back of the hill, and had taken our artillery. Immediately the earl of Mar gave orders for the horse to wheel, and having put the foot in order as fast as could be, marched back with them. When he was again near the top of the hill, two squadrons of the enemy's grey dragoons were perceived marching toward us. When they came near the top of the hill, and saw us advancing in order to attack them, they made much faster down the hill than they came up, and joined at the foot of the hill, a small squadron or two of the black dragoons, and a small battalion of foot, which we judged had marched about the west end of the hill and joined them. At first, they again seemed to form on the low ground, and advanced towards us; but when they saw us marching down the hill upon them, they filed very speedily to Dumblain. The earl of Mar remained possessed of the field of battle, and our own artillery, and stood upon the ground till sunset; then, considering that the army had no cover or victuals the night before, and none to be had nearer than Braco, Ardoch, and adjacents, near which his lordship expected the left to rally, and the battalion of the lord George Murray, Inverdyke, Macpherson, and Macgregor to join him, resolved to draw off the artillery, and march the army to that place, where were some provisions; there were two carriages of the guns broke, which we left on the road. But these battalions did not join us till next day, afternoon, before which the enemy was returned to Stirling. We took the earl of Forfar, who was dangerously wounded, colonel Lawrence, and ten or twelve captains and subalterns, and about 200 serjeants and private men, and the laird of Glenkindy, one of the volunteers; four colours, several drums, and about 1400 or 1500 stands of arms. We compute that there lay killed in the field of battle 700 or 800 of the enemy; this is certain, that there lay dead upon the field of battle above fifteen of the enemy to one of ours. The number of wounded must also be very great.

"The prisoners taken by us were very civilly used, and none of them stript. Some are allowed to return to Stirling on their parole, and the officers have the liberty of the town of Perth.

"The few prisoners taken by the enemy on our left were most of them stript and wounded after being taken. The earl of Panmure was the first of the prisoners wounded after taken. They refusing his parole, left him in a village, and hastily retreating on the appearance of our army, he was rescued by his brother and servants, and carried off.

"*Monday, 14th.*—The earl of Mar drew out the army early in the morning, on the same field at Ardoch they were on the day before. About twelve o'clock we perceived some squadrons of the enemy on the top of the hill near the field of battle, which marched over the top of the hill, and a little after we had an ac-

count of their marching to Stirling. On which the earl of Mar marched back with his army, and continued about Auchterarder.

" *Tuesday, 15th.*—Rested.

" *Wednesday, 16th.*—The earl of Mar left general Hamilton with the horse, to canton about Duplin; and lieutenant-general Gordon, with the clans, and the rest of the foot, about Forgan and adjacents, and went into Perth himself to order provisions for the army, the want of which was the reason of his returning to Perth.

" *Thursday, 17th.*—The earl of Mar ordered general Hamilton to march with the horse, and some of the foot, to Perth, and lieutenant-general Gordon, with the clans, to canton about that place.

" After writing the former narrative, we have an account from Stirling, stating that the enemy lost 1200 men; and after inquiry, we cannot find above sixty of our men in all killed, among whom were the earl of Strathmore, and the captain of Clan-Ranald, both much lamented; and Auchterhouse missing. Very few of our men are wounded."

SONG I.

Battle of *Sheriffmuir*.

FOR the incidents attending the engagement, and alluded to in the ballad, the reader is referred to the foregoing account of the battle; and for a genuine Jacobite account of the characters of the Whig noblemen mentioned, to the notes on *The Ashburton Squads*, vol. I. p. 225—247. The additional notices which follow are copied mostly from Mr. Moir's MSS. who seems to have taken them from several different sources.

Argyle.—John Campbell, second duke of Argyle, commander in chief of the government forces; a nobleman of great talents and integrity, much respected by all parties: he died in 1748.

Belhaven.—John Hamilton, lord Belhaven, served as a volunteer, and had the command of a troop of horse raised by the county of Haddington; he perished at sea in 1721.

Leven.—David Leslie, earl of Leven, for the government.

Roths.—John Leslie, earl of Roths, commander of the horse volunteers for the government.

Haddington.—Thomas Hamilton, earl of Haddington, served as a volunteer for the government.

Wightman.—Major-general Joseph Wightman, for the government.

Roxburgh.—John Ker, fifth duke of Roxburgh, served as a volunteer under Argyle.

Douglas.—Archibald Douglas, duke of Douglas, at the commencement of the disturbances in 1715, levied and disciplined his tenants and vassals in Clydesdale, for the service of government.

and set out for the army at Stirling, 29th September, bringing with him several gentlemen well mounted: and served as a volunteer at the battle of Sheriffmuir.

Loudoun.—Hugh Campbell, third earl of Loudoun, for the government.

Ilay.—Archibald, earl of Ilay, brother to the duke of Argyle, joined the army half an hour before the battle, and was dangerously wounded.

Sir John Shaw of Greenock, an officer in the troop of gentlemen volunteers.

Whittam.—Major-general Whitham, who commanded the left wing of Argyle's army.

Edicung.—i. e. aid-de-camp.

Mar.—John Erskine, earl of Mar, commander in chief of the chevalier's army. He died at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732.

Panmure.—James Maule, earl of Panmure.

Harry.—The Honourable Harry Maule of Kellie, brother to the earl. For an account of the circumstance alluded to in this verse of the song see the account of the engagement, as given in the earl of Mar's despatches.

Marshal.—George Keith, tenth earl Marischal, was deprived of his command in the Scottish troop of horse grenadier-guards, at the same time that his cousin the earl of Mar was dismissed from his office of secretary of state. The earl Marischal set out for Scotland in disgust; met his brother James, afterwards the celebrated Marshal Keith, at York, coming up to apply for promotion in the army; they returned home together, and, joining the standard of the chevalier, were both of them present in this action.

Lithgow.—James Livingston, earl of Calendar and Linlithgow.

Glangary.—Alexander Macdonell, chief of a powerful and hardy clan; a gentleman of high spirit and great bravery; the same so often mentioned in the foregoing narration.

Loggia, man.—i. e. Thomas Drummond of Logie Almond; who commanded the two battalions of Drummonds, and was wounded in the engagement.

Gordons.—Alexander Gordon, marquis of Huntly, afterwards second duke of Gordon, joined the chevalier's standard with a large body of horse and foot, at Perth, 6th October; and was present at the battle of Sheriffmuir. There were, besides, several gentlemen of the name, but the men whom he brought to the field, were only retainers of his, of all names and descriptions, for the Gordons having been originally a Border family, they had no clan of their own.

Strathmore.—John Lyon, fifth earl of Strathmore and Kinghorn. He was with the forces under general Macintosh, who crossed the Frith of Forth from Fife to East-Lothian, 12th

October 1715. The vessel his lordship was in being pursued by the boats from the men of war in Leith Roads, could not effectuate a landing, but put into the Isle of May, whence, after two or three days stay, the earl of Strathmore got over to Crail, joined the earl of Mar at Perth about the 21st of October, and was killed at the battle of Sheriffmuir. He was a man of good parts, and a most amiable disposition and character.

Clan-Ranald.—Ranald Macdonald, captain of Clan-Ranald, also killed in the action. For good parts and gentle accomplishments, he was looked upon as the most gallant and generous young gentleman among the clans; and was much lamented by those of both parties who knew him. His servant, who lay on the field watching his dead body, being asked next day who that was, answered, "He was a man yesterday." He was killed at the first fire, and his death had like to have struck a damp upon the clans, who had a respect for him that fell little short of adoration. But Glengarry, who succeeded him, starting from the lines, waved his bonnet, and cried three or four times, *revenge!* which so animated the men, that they followed him like furies close up to the muzzles of the muskets, and with their broad-swords spread nothing but death and terror wherever they came.

Forfar.—Archibald Douglas, second earl of Forfar, acted as a brigadier-general under the duke of Argyle at this battle, where he received a shot in the knee, and sixteen cuts with the broad-swords about the head and other parts of the body. He was made prisoner by the earl of Mar, but being unable to accompany the army, his word of honour was taken, and he afterwards died of his wounds at Stirling on the 8th of December following.

Perth.—James, Lord Drummond, the eldest son of James Drummond, fourth earl of Perth, was lieutenant-general of horse under the earl of Mar, and behaved with great gallantry.

Seaforth.—William Mackenzie, fifth earl of Seaforth. He was attainted, and died 8th January 1740.

Kilsyth.—William Livingston, third viscount of Kilsyth. He was also attainted and died at Rome, 12th January 1783.

Strathallan.—William Drummond, viscount of Strathallan, whose sense of loyalty could scarcely equal the spirit and activity he manifested in the cause. He was taken prisoner in this battle, which he survived to perish in the still more fatal one of Culloden-muir.

Hamilton.—Lieutenant-general George Hamilton, commanding under the earl of Mar.

Southesk.—James Carnegie, fifth earl of Southesk. He was attainted, and escaping to France, died there in 1739.

Tullibardine.—William Murray, marquis of Tullibardine, eldest son to the duke of Athole, was one of the first that joined the earl of Mar in 1715. His father did not take up arms for the chea-

her, and this, the poet would insinuate, was a measure of policy concerted between them, "to keep the estate 'twixt them twa." But this was so far from being the case, that the duke that same year (1715,) obtained an act of parliament "for vesting the honours and estate of John duke of Athole, in James Murray, esquire (his second son,) commonly called lord James Murray, after the death of the said duke."

Rollo.—Robert Rollo, fourth lord Rollo; a man of singular merit, and great integrity; he died 8th March 1758.

Kintore.—William Keith, second earl of Kintore, was at the battle of Sheriffmuir, after which he never shaved his beard. When the duke of Argyle went northwards he visited Keith Hall, his lordship's seat, and behaved in the kindest manner to the countess, expressing his hopes that she would soon see her husband safe at home, and pretending entire ignorance of his accession to the rising, although he well knew that he was at that time concealed in his own house on that account.

Pitsligo.—Alexander, fourth lord Forbes of Pitsligo; a man of good parts, great honour and spirit, and universally beloved and esteemed.

Ogilvie.—James lord Ogilvie, eldest son of David, third earl of Airlie. He was attainted, but afterwards pardoned, and died at Edinburgh, 12th January 1731.

Balfours.—Some relations, it is supposed, of the lord Burleigh.

Burleigh.—Robert Balfour, lord Burleigh. He was attainted and died in 1757.

Cleppan.—Major William Clephane, adjutant-general to the marquis of Drummond.

Strowan.—Alexander Robertson of Strowan, who, having experienced every vicissitude of life with a stoical firmness, died in 1749.

Huntly.—Alexander, marquis of Huntly, afterwards second duke of Gordon. He attended the great meeting at Brae Mar in August, and joined the earl of Mar at Perth on the 6th of October. He was imprisoned in Edinburgh castle, April 1716, but no proceedings were instituted against him.

Sinclair.—John, master of Sinclair, was attainted, but afterwards pardoned, and died in 1750.

The Angus and Fife men fought on the left of Mar's army, which was repulsed by Argyle's right.

Laurie the traitor.—There was at this time a report prevailed, that one Drummond went to Perth, under the notion of a deserter from the duke of Argyle, but in reality acted the part of a spy, and gave his grace intelligence of all the motions of the enemy. This man was employed on the day of action as aid-de-camp to the Lord Drummond, and in that quality attended the earl of Mar to receive his orders; the earl, when he found his right was

like to break the duke's left, sent this Drummond with orders to general Hamilton, who commanded on the left, to attack the enemy briskly, for that he was like to get the better on the right. But Drummond gave contrary orders and intelligence to Hamilton, acquainting him that the earl's right was broke, and desiring the general to retire with all the expedition possible, and in the best order he could. Upon which general Hamilton gave orders to slacken the attack, which was obeyed. Then the duke's right approaching, the most of them gave way without striking a stroke, and those who stood were mostly gentlemen and officers, who were severely galled by the duke. Drummond, after performing this treacherous part, went over to Argyle.

Rob Roy.—This redoubted hero was not the chief of the Macgregors, but uncle to the chief, who looked up to him as the leader, and endeavoured to form himself upon his character as a model. It cannot be said that the Macgregors rose with the earl of Mar, for they were living in professed hostility with the government, and with all their southron neighbours for ages before that period. They were a proscribed people, whom no law protected, and they had nothing for it but to protect themselves by such force and cunning as they could muster; of these, it must be allowed, they had certainly no inconsiderable share; otherwise they could not have maintained themselves so long on the mountains, and among the fastnesses that pertained to their fathers, in the midst of enemies so much more powerful than themselves. They were like the children of Israel; their hands were against every man, and every man's hand against them. A short time previous to the earl of Mar's rising, however, their depredations in the Lennox, and on the lower banks of Lochlomond, had been carried to such an extremity, that the military force of the west country was raised against them, and all the warriors of the clan seem to have been driven from their country, and to have retreated to the north, even as far as the mountains of Loch-Arkaig and Glengarry. Accordingly we find Rob Roy there in September and October 1715, as the following original letter from him to general Gordon testifies.

“HONOURED SIR,—When I came to Argour, I wrote to Lochyeal to tryst me where to meet him; he desired me to go to Achnacary, (Achnacary,) and said he would see me there in two days; but he has met with such difficulties in raising his men in Morvan, who are threatened by Argyle's friends to be used with utmost rigour, if they rise with their chief; he is so fatigued and angered with them, that he is rather to be pitied than quarrelled for his long-someness. He is mightily ashamed for his not being with you before this time. His people in Lochaber are threatened after the same manner, who was mightily disheartened by people on pur-

pass sent amongst them: He is to take other measures with them than he did at first with the Morvan men, and is resolved to be with you once next week. Since I have here stayed so long, I incline to come along with Lochyeal. I presume to trouble you to offer my humble service to Glengary, and the other gentlemen with you. I am, to the utmost of my power, honoured Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

MACGREGOR."

Achnacarr, October 14, 1715.

From thence he came down with the rest of the clans, and joined general Gordon in Strathfillan. He was with the clans before Inverary, and was active in making some reprisals both by carrying off cattle on the banks of Loch-Fyne, and capturing ships that lay at anchor in the loch. It would appear from the two following letters, both dated on the same day, that Gordon was glad to get them back to the army, from a business in which they took more delight.

At the side of Lochfyne, October 22, 1715.

"MUCH HONOURED,—I was honoured with yours of this date, desiring to return on receipt thereof, and by the memorandum sent to your excellency with Mr Duncan Comrie, (which by this time is at you,) 'tis evident that the boat and the freight seized will fall in the enemy's hands, if I instantly march the men that are here, since there is not security for a small party to guard the same, the enemies knowing of our being in this place; neither is there any possibility to carry what was seized this night to the camp; therefore, for the above reasons, I presume to send this express to wait your further orders, and if it shall be to march all night, you shall find that I shall be very ready to obey. Pardon my freedom in this, and I allowing to subscribe myself, your excellency's most humble servant,

GREGOR MACGREGOR."

*To lieutenant-general Gordon,
at the Parks of Inverary.*

"SIR,—Upon sight hereof, return with your own and uncle's men to the camp, and leave Glenco's with himself. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

ALEXANDER GORDON."

October 22, ten o'clock.

From thence he marched with the clans to Ardoch, and was present at the battle of Sheriffmuir, but kept a shy distance, thereby weakening that wing of the army to which the Macgregors were

placed as a corps-de-reserve, on what principle it is not easy to determine, if it was not, as the bard suggests, to watch who gained the day, and then assist them in disposing of the booty.

Before the friends of the Stuarts, however, could be properly brought to a head, Rob performed a very signal service to many of them by an act worthy of his character, and exactly in his own way. At the great hunting of Brae Mar, it has been mentioned what a number of noblemen and chiefs signed the bond of faith and mutual support. By the negligence of a chieftain to whose charge this important and dangerous document was committed, it fell into the hands of captain Campbell, then at Fort William; and when it became known, that a man of such determined Whig principles held this bond, those who signed it were seriously alarmed, and various plans were suggested for recovering it. Rob Roy Macgregor, who was at this clan meeting, had also affixed his name; but on his own account he was indifferent, as he regarded neither king nor government. He was, however, urged by several chiefs, particularly his patron, to exert himself, and if possible to recover the bond. With this view he went to Fort William in disguise, not with his usual number of attendants, and getting access to Captain Campbell, who was a near relation of his own, he discovered that, out of revenge for the contemptuous manner in which the chieftains now treated the captain, he had put the bond into the possession of the governor of the garrison, who was resolved to forward it to the privy council; and Rob, learning by accident the day on which it was to be sent, took his leave, and went home. The despatch which contained the bond was made up by governor Hill, and sent from Fort William, escorted by an ensign's command, which in those countries always accompanied the messages of government. On the third day's march, Rob and fifty of his men met this party in Glendochart, and, ordering them to halt, demanded their despatches. The officer refused; but Rob told him, that he would either have their lives and the despatches together, or the despatches alone. The ferocious looks and appearance of Rob and his men bespoke no irresolution. The packet was given up; and Rob, having taken out the bond he wanted, begged the officer would excuse the delay he had occasioned, and, wishing him a good journey, left the military to proceed unmolested. By this manœuvre many chieftains kept on their heads, and the forfeiture of many estates was prevented.

The following notices are from Mr Moir's MSS.

One of the causes of the repulse of part of Mar's forces was the part which Rob Roy acted; this Rob Roy, or Red Robert, was uncle to the laird of Macgregor, and commanded that clan in his nephew's absence; but on the day of battle he kept his men together at some distance, without allowing them to engage, though

they showed all the willingness imaginable; and waited only an opportunity to plunder, which was it seems the chief design of his coming there. This clan are a hardy rough people, but noted for pilfering, as they lie upon the border of the Highlands, and this Rob Roy had exercised their talents that way, pretty much in a kind of thieving war he carried on against the duke of Montrose, who had cheated him of a small feudal estate.

The conduct of this gentleman (who was wont as occasion served, to assume the name of Campbell, his own being prohibited by act of parliament) was the more surprising, as he had ever been remarked for courage and activity. When desired by one of his own officers to go and assist his friends, he remarked, "If they cannot do it without me, they cannot do it with me." It is more than probable, however, that his interference would have decided the day in favour of his own party. He continued in arms for some years, and committed great depredations in the shires of Dumbarton and Lennox, particularly on the duke of Montrose's lands, defeating several detachments sent to reduce him.

Trumpet Maclean.—Of this notable hero, who saved his life by the loss of his trumpet, the reader may perchance wish to hear something more. The following authentic report given in by him to the earl of Mar is worthy of being preserved. He seems to have been a spirited fellow notwithstanding his misfortune on the Sheriffmuir.

"Report of John Maclean Trumpet, from Stirling camp,
1st November, 1715.

"I John Maclean Trumpet, went by order of the right honourable earl of Mar, to the camp of Stirling from Perth, the 30th October, and on the 31st, nine in the morning, as I came near to the bridge of that place, I sounded two calls, and a serjeant with five men were sent to me, and carried me to the officer of the guard, who asked me several questions, and particularly what my business there with my trumpet was. I answered, that I had brought a letter from the earl of Mar to his grace the duke of Argyle, which I showed to the officer, and this officer left me a little and returned, and then carried me to the duke's lodging, and from that to the guard, and about an hour thereafter the captain of the guard asked the letter from me to the duke, and a little after the delivery of the letter, I was carried up to a room above the guard, and two centries put upon the door, the captain of the guard staying with me alone about half an hour, who asked me several questions, particularly, who commanded immediately under the earl of Mar? What were the numbers of the rebels? What was their daily pay? How near the earl of Seaforth was, and when the army designed to march from Perth? To which I answered, that I did not mind officers' names, but that there were

anew of them; the foot were upwards of fifteen thousand; that the pay was fourpence halfpenny and bread per day; that the earl of Seaforth was at Dunkeld with four thousand men, and a thousand horse; and that at Perth and Auchterarder there were upwards of fifteen hundred horse; and that I heard in a day or two the army was to march from Perth, and surround the duke, and take him and his army prisoners; so the officer left me, and I was shut up. The person who had the converse with me was major Cathcart; sometime thereafter, the captain of the guard came along with a centry (sentry) who brought me my dinner, viz. pies, roast beef, and hens, and a bottle of wine, and in the afternoon a second bottle of wine, and at night a third. In the evening a gentleman came to me with a paper in his hand, out of which he read the names of a great many gentlemen that were wounded near Down, and particularly Mr George Mackenzie shot through the neck, and lying mortally sick, and Mackenzie of Rose-end also wounded; to which I answered, that the evening I came from the earl of Mar's quarters, I saw Mr Mackenzie perfectly well. The next day, about twelve o'clock, the captain of the guard came up to me, and desired me to take up the trumpet and come along with him, and when I came to the guard, general Whittham was there, and spoke to me thus, 'You are to acquaint the earl of Mar, that no prejudice is done to his lodging, planting, nor gardens, at Alloa, nor shall be, for the country's good and the king's advantage; that the prisoners were all well used, yea, as well as any captain in the army; that the duke was concerned for the loss at Dumferline; and that what was done there, was to prevent thieving and robbery, and to keep the country quiet so far;' Whittham went off, and I was conveyed out of the garrison by a serjeant and four soldiers. Before I came off, I saw Dr Gordon in a room from the guard, and spoke him. Dr Gordon desired me to tell the marquis of Huntly, that he was most civilly treated, and that the duke's own chirurgeon drest his wounds twice a day; I saw also several officers asking him very kindly how he did. Before I came off, I was directed to return by the way of the muir to be safe from the scouts. The army is still encamped in the park; there is no fortifications on the bridge, nor from the gate within to the guard. I saw no centries at the end of the causey. Mr Kincart showed me his embroydered vest; and asked me, if I saw any gentlemen at Perth with a vest such as his was. I said I saw thousands of braw men's embroydered coats and vests. Perth, 1st November 1715. What is above is true matter of fact.

JOHN MACLEAN."

The Cock o' the North.—An honorary title of the dukes of Gordon. The duke of Gordon, however, was not personally present at this engagement, as he had been confined to Edinburgh on

his parole, by the lords justices on the accession of George I, as it was suspected that he favoured the interests of the exiled family.

Florence.—The marquis of Huntly's horse.

Laird of Phinaven.—Carnegy of Phinaven. He deserted the Jacobite party, a defection for which he is commemorated in a parody on "My wife's a wanton wée thing." See Song 8, of this vol.

This ballad has been manifestly written by one well acquainted with the whole transaction, as well as the characters and behaviour of the several officers, and may be viewed as a genuine and whimsical record of the battle. The tune is very old. It was played at the taking away of every bride for centuries before that period, and was called, "*She's yours, she yours, she's nae mair ours.*" Long after the existence of this name to it, but still long previous to the battle of Sheriffmuir, it got the name of "*John Paterson's Mare,*" from a song that was made on a wedding bruise, or horse race for the bride's napkin. Some of the old people in my parents' days always called it by its primitive name; but even with the name of "*John Paterson's Mare,*" it was always played at the taking away of a bride even in my own time. The ballad has a great deal of merit for a composition of that day.*

* Since writing the above note, a running copy of a part of the work having come to my hand in the country, I find that my friend Mr Stenhouse has altered this song to a paltry tune that occurs in the first volume. I have no doubt he has done it from what he supposes good authority, as I know him an enemy to all sorts of forgery or interpolation in the songs of other days. I hope he goes upon better authority than Ritson, a man who scarcely knew one tune from another, and had to apply to Mr Alexander Campbell to adapt a number of the tunes for him.

All that I can say is, that I am sure for every time that any one of them has heard the song sung, I have at least heard it fifty times, and invariably to the same tune. By one man in particular, who took in a number of variations, I never heard any ballad sung in such style, and as both the song and tune have always been particular favourites of mine, I would not have them separated for the value of the book. It is evident from the rhythm that the song has been composed to that old tune; as an evidence of it I subjoin a part of one of the old songs, though not the original one:

John Paterson's mare
She canna be here,
We nouthar hae stable nor hay for her;
Whip her in, whip her out,
Sax shillings in a clout,
Owre the kirk stile an' away wi' her.
Fy whip her in, &c.

The black an' the brown
Ran nearest the town,
But Paterson's mare she came foremost;

SONG II.

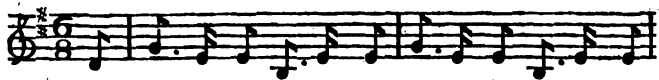
A Dialogue, &c.

Is only a repetition of the incidents related more fully in the foregoing ballad, the notes to which may serve for both. It is the old popular ranting tune, called "*The Cameronians March*," and has an excellent effect when sung with the loud animating *huh!* at the beginning of the chorus. In all rural circles it is sung exceedingly

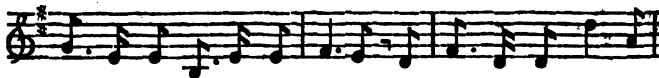
The dun an' the gray
Kept farrest away,
But Paterson's mare she came foremost.
Fy whip her in, whip her out,
Sax shillings in a clout,
Owre the kirk stile an' away wi' her.
Fy whip her, &c.

The bay an' the yellow,
They skimmed like a swallow,
But Paterson's mare she came foremost;
The white an' the blue
They funk it an' flew,
But Paterson's mare she came foremost.
Fy whip her in, &c.

TRUE SET OF THE BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR.



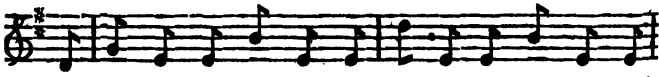
THERE's some say that we wan, and some say that they wan, And



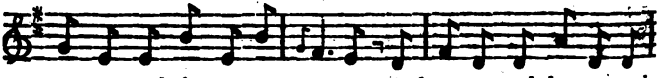
some say that nane wan at a', man; But one thing I'm sure, that



at Sher-ra-muir A bat-tle there was, that I saw, man.



And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran, And



we ran, and they ran a--wa, man; And we ran, and they ran, and

last. The song has a great deal of merit as well as humour, especially in the abundance and velocity of the rhymes. By Flankerkins are meant lieutenant-general Fanderbeck, and colonels Rantzaw and Cromstrom.

SONG III.

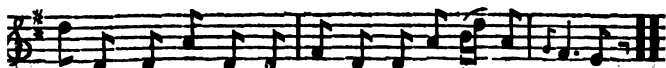
Modern Set.

THIS is an edition of the last by Burns, certainly nothing improved from the original. It is printed in Johnson's museum as written by Burns for that work, without any acknowledgment of the old song from which it is taken, a good deal of it word for word.

SONG IV.

From Bogie Side, or the Marquis's Ride,

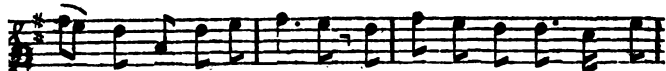
Is exclusively a party song, made by some of the Grants or their adherents, in obloquy of their more potent neighbours the Gordons. It is in a great measure untrue; for, though the marquis of Huntly



they ran, and we ran, But Florence ran fast-est of a', man.



Ar-gyle and Bel-ha-ven, not like frighted Le-ven, Which



Roths and Haddington saw, man; For they all, with Wightman, ad-



vanc'd on the right, man, While others took flight, be-ing raw, man.



And we ran, and they ran, &c.

was on the left wing at the head of a body of horse, and among the gentlemen that fled, yet two battalions of Gordons, or at least of Gordon's vassals, perhaps mostly of the Clan-Chattan, behaved themselves as well as any on the field; and were particularly instrumental in breaking the Whig cavalry, on the left wing of their army, and driving them back among their foot. On this account, as well as that of the bitter personalities that it contains, the song is only curious as an inveterate party song, and not as a genuine humorous description of the fright that the marquis and his friends were in. The latter part of the second stanza seems to allude to an engagement that took place at Dollar, on the 24th October, a fortnight previous to the battle of Sheriffmuir. Mar had despatched a small body of cavalry to force an assessment from the town of Dunfermline, of which Argyle getting notice, sent out a stronger party, who surprised them early in the morning before day light, and worsted them, killing some and taking seventeen prisoners, several of whom were Gordons. The last stanza evidently alludes to the final submission of the marquis and the rest of the Gordons to king George's government, which they did to the Grants and the earl of Sutherland. The former had previously taken possession of Castle Gordon; of course the malicious bard of the Grants, with his ill-scraped pen, was not to let that instance of the humiliation of his illustrious neighbours pass unnoticed. I got the song from the portfolio of a friend, who was likewise a great friend to the Gordons. It was written in an old hand, on a sheet of coarse paper. He gave it me with some reluctance, saying, when it came to his hand, that here was an excellent and genuine old song, but it was so bitter against the Gordons, it would not be fair to publish it. I said it was a pity to leave such a genuine old party song out, however inveterate in its spirit. That I rather liked it the better, and persisted in requesting it. "Well," said he, "if you publish it, the consequence will be, that you will be obliged to fight duels with every one of the Gordons individually; I shall be blameless." "I will take my chance of that," returned I, "for if any of them challenge me, I will put them into the police-office." The air to which it is set, approaches nearly to a reel called "*The Lasses of Stewarton*," but it sings fully better to "*There's nae Luck about the House*," which indeed differs but slightly from the other.

SONG V.

Up an' naur them a', Willie,

Is another on the same subject, apparently made to the favourite old tune of "*Up an' naur them a', Willie*," there not being a

Willie of any note in the whole Jacobite army. So that the chorus must have been an older one, adapted, not improbably, from a song of king William's time. The third stanza relates an incident which happened at the Castleton of Brae-Mar, on the very first raising of James's standard. It is thus related by George Charles of Alloa, in his summary of the events of 1715; "The earl of Mar erected the chevalier's standard there, on the 6th of September, 1715, and proclaimed him king of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, &c. This standard, supposed to be made by the earl's lady, was very elegant; the colour was blue, having on the one side the Scottish arms wrought in gold, and on the other the Scottish thistle, with these words beneath, "*No union*;" and on the top, the ancient motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*." It had pendants of white ribbon, one of which had these words written upon it, "*For our wronged king and oppressed country*:" the other ribbon had, "*For our lives and liberties*." It is reported, that when this standard was first erected the ornamental ball on the top fell off, which depressed the spirits of the superstitious Highlanders, who deemed it ominous of misfortune in the cause for which they were then appearing."

SONG VI.

© my King.

IMMEDIATELY after the battle of Sheriffmuir, Seaforth hastened to the north to oppose the Whig clans. Huntly followed immediately, certainly disgusted either with the cause or those who had the management of it; for he appeared hearty in it at first, although many suspected, what the bard has plainly said, that

"Huntly and Sinclair
They both played the tinkler,
With consciences black as a crow, man."

The song alludes wholly to his defection and desertion of the cause; which he did about six weeks after the battle of Sheriffmuir, and before James landed in Scotland. Seaforth gave in at the same time; but, after hearing that James Stuart had actually landed to take the command of the army, he recanted and stood out to the last. Huntly flinched no more from the house of Brunswick. It is supposed, that jealousy of Mar, who was a man much inferior to himself in rank and influence, swayed his behaviour, he having had no command of any note vested in him. The air is "*The Broom of Cowdenknows*," to which it has evidently been composed. It is a very indifferent song.

SONG VII.

Aikendrum.

THIS is a most complicated business, and some parts of it to me perfectly inexplicable. I was in possession of the song for two years before I could divine even to what age it alluded; yet all the while I thought it a good song, and called it one, though it was the same to me as if it had been written in Greek, as far as the understanding ought of the aptness of the allusions went; for with regard to those I was totally in the dark. And I could take a bet with the most acute Jacobite in the Highlands, that let him read the song as I did, without proceeding a word farther with the notes, and he shall be as much in the dark as I was. But, "honour to whom honour is due;" it was Sir Walter Scott who first discovered the meaning of it, and sent me a written cue to the general meaning, and likewise a satisfactory explanation of most of the particulars. It was partly owing to a mistake in the MS. that the piece proved so inexplicable. Sunderland should have been written Sutherland; and by that substitution of two letters of the alphabet in place of other two, the mystery is in a great measure cleared up. It relates to the state of the Jacobite and Whig armies immediately previous to the battle of Sheriffmuir, and must have been a song of that period, which succeeding events could not fail of crushing into obscurity.

" Did you hear of Sutherland, Aikendrum? &c.
That man of high command,
Who had sworn to clear the land,
He has vanished from our strand."

Sutherland was made lieutenant-general of king George's troops in the north, and soon after his arrival there from England, he found himself at the head of 1200 effective men, with whom he meant to encounter Seaforth. But at that instant Sir Donald Macdonald came down from Sky, with 700 hardy islanders in his train; on which, as before narrated, they chased lord Sutherland's men to the hills.

" Donald's running round, and round,
But the chief cannot be found."

Lord Seaforth's camp was at the bridge of Alness, but Sir Donald was moving about with his troops, who were not idle; and at that time, indeed, "the chief could not be found," for lord Sutherland made no more head against them, nor would have

done to his profit, had not Mar called them out of the country, and left it altogether exposed.

“ Did you hear of Robin Roe, Aikendrum ? &c.

This could not be Rob Roy, as Sir Walter Scott suggested it might ; for before the battle of Sheriffmuir he was in Argyleshire, and after that battle holding garrison, or rather keeping court at the old palace of Falkland, whence he levied contributions on all the Whigs *at least*, as a countryman of his own said at that time, and which an honest friend of mine, John Hogg, merchant at Freuchie, and bailie William Marshall, found to their costs.

The saying of the Highlander above alluded too was excellent, and deserving of preservation, as highly characteristic of the times. When it *was judged* necessary for the Highland army to retreat from Perth, a certain gentleman gave orders to his servant to pack up his things ; which order Donald obeyed with all expedition. “ Now, Donald,” said the master, “ are you sure you have put up all my own things ? ” “ At least, your honour,” replied Donald.

But to return ; Rob Roy being on the same side with the writer, and the intent of the song being to depreciate the power and courage of the Whigs, it is not likely he would mix one of his own party among them, even though he had proved a little selfish. I take it then to be Sir Robert Monroe whom the bard meant, who was joined with Sutherland at that period, and who offered such resistance as he and his friends could muster, so long as the western clans remained in their country.

“ Did you hear of bailie Ayr, Aikendrum ? &c.”

It is impossible to make ought of this bailie Ayr ; if it is not a provost Airde of Glasgow, who made a great bustle raising men for the duke of Argyle. He would likely be a bailie before he was provost. But it is carrying one part of the song so far away from the scenes adverted to in the other, that I rather think some other person must have been meant. The air is popular, but I do not know of any other name to it. There is another air and song, called “ Aikendrum,” quite different, beginning,

“ There was a man cam frae the moon,
Cam frae the moon, cam frae the moon,
There was a man cam frae the moon,
An’ they ca’ed him Aikendrum.”

SONG VIII.

We winna be guidit by me.

THIS little quizzical song was made, it seems, on the defection of Mr Carnegie, celebrated in a former song as the best flyer from the field of Sheriffmuir, namely,

“The laird of Phinaven, who swore to be even
Wi’ any general or peer o’ them a’, man.”

The last verse appears to allude to some misunderstanding, that at last had led to a fatal incident, that fell out in his hand afterward; whether intentional or not, one may best judge from the history of the event in the Criminal Trials. Wood relates it thus.—“Charles, earl of Strathmore, went, on the 9th of May 1728, to Forfar, to attend the funeral of a young lady, and after dinner went to a tavern there with James Carnegie of Phinaven, John Lyon of Brighton, and others. Lord Strathmore and Phinaven, then paying a visit to lady Auchterhouse, Phinaven’s sister, Brighton followed them, and behaved rudely to the lady and her brother. Lord Strathmore thereupon left the house and came into the street, it being then betwixt eight and nine o’clock in the evening. Phinaven and Brighton following, some words passed betwixt them, when Brighton pushed Phinaven into a kennel two feet deep, from which a servant of lord Strathmore assisted him to get out. Phinaven immediately drew his sword, and pursued Brighton with a staggering pace. Brighton run towards lord Strathmore, whose back was to him, and endeavoured to draw his lordship’s sword. Phinaven coming up, made a pass at Brighton; but lord Strathmore turning hastily about, and pushing off Brighton, threw himself in the way of Phinaven’s sword, which run through his body; and his lordship died in consequence of that wound, on Saturday, 11th May 1728, at ten o’clock at night. Phinaven was brought to his trial for the murder of his lordship, before the court of justiciary at Edinburgh, 2d August 1728, and was acquitted through the superior ability and firmness of his counsel, Robert Dundas of Arniston, who told the jury that they were judges of law as well as of fact, thereby establishing that important constitutional point.”

SONG IX.

Kenmure's on and awa, Willie.

THIS popular song brings us into another scene, it being the first of the series that relates to the Border Jacobites, the history of whose proceedings is quite distinct from the earl of Mar's campaign, though so intimately connected with it.

William, viscount Kenmure, having received a commission from the earl of Mar to head king James's adherents in the south of Scotland, began about the 1st of October to bestir himself openly. There had been many private meetings held at the different gentlemen's houses along the Border a good while previous to that, which were the subjects of great anxiety among the Whigs, for they never knew where the storm was going to break out. It appears, however, that from the beginning they never had a design of harassing any of their countrymen, save such as appeared in arms against them, else they might have made their own conditions with any of the Whig burghs: and it was a wonder they did not, considering what a bustle the bodies made about arming themselves, and causing prayers to be said and fasts to be kept. It is really amusing to read the Rev. Peter Rae's account of the stir made by the Dumfries magistrates, and the magistrates around Penpont, in sending despatches and gathering people together. One would think there had been such a power of men attached to king George in these parts, that they would have annihilated the rebels both in the south and north in a few days; while all the feats that they ever performed, was the wounding of a country gentleman in the knee at Pentpont, as he was riding peaceably by with another, and scaring one of lord Kenmure's sentries at Lochmaben, by one of their number calling on his dog Help. There was a Mr John Hepburn raised no less than 300 Covenanters, and encamped with them three days on a hill in Closeburn; in which time they took a young gentleman prisoner, a Mr Stuart of Torrance, because they thought he looked very like a Jacobite, and sent him down guarded into Dumfries, to be examined by the magistrates. But these were great doings: we have no such deeds to record among the simple adherents of the Stuarts.

Kenmure came at first into Annandale with a very few followers, and had a meeting with the earl of Carnwath at the house of a Mr George Johnston, in Annandale. But that night they learned that there was a quantity of arms deposited at a place called Brado Chapel, beside Lochmaben, which had been put there by Sir William Johnston of Westerhall: they went next

morning, and, chasing off the guards, seized the arms, of which they stood much in need. They marched next day to Moffat, where they met the earl of Winton with 70 men from Lothian, and then marched back towards Dumfries, where 80 more of Kenmure's men joined them. Then, at the head of 200 men, all cavalry, Kenmure marched that night to Lochmaben, where he proclaimed James, as he did next day at Ecclefechan, that being the 14th of October, and on the 15th at Langholm, and on the 16th at Hawick; and, for all the increasing energies of the Whigs, in all the course of that march there was never a man challenged them, or asked what they were come there for. On the 17th they continued their march to Jedburgh, where they quartered that night, and proclaimed king James: and here they had an express from their friends in Northumberland, that they were in danger from the movements of general Carpenter; on which they marched with all expedition to Rothbury, in the heart of Northumberland, on the 18th, where they met with the Northumberland gentlemen. As they now formed a force, which there was nothing in that country able to cope with, they marched deliberately northward, resting two days at Wooler, and proclaiming king James there, as well as at Rothbury. While at Wooler, Kenmure received despatches, informing him that old Borlam had crossed the Frith of Forth, and was preparing to join him. This raised the spirits of the viscount and his little army; and on the 22d they marched before day to attack Kelso, where they understood Sir William Bennet had assembled the militia, and the most zealous part of the inhabitants, in order to defend the place, and likewise that he had barricaded the ports, and threatened stern opposition. A little before noon the Jacobite Borderers arrived on a moor a little to the south of the Tweed, where they halted, and set their battle in array for a regular attack on the town; but just as they began their march in order, one came to Kenmure, and informed him that Sir William and his party had left the town by night, and fled toward Edinburgh, having sent all the arms and ammunition off before them. Kenmure and his lads then entered Kelso at one o'clock, without opposition, and without wronging or insulting a single individual in it. They had not well arrived, ere they were informed of the approach of Borlam (or brigadier Macintosh, as he is more generally called,) and his Highlanders, from Dunse; on which Kenmure, at the head of 500 horsemen, went out to meet him, and welcome him to the Border, out of compliment to the conduct and resolution he had shown in crossing the Forth, and so often facing and braving his enemies in Lothian. No compliment could be too high for this old veteran, for indeed a braver warrior, or a braver band of men than these Macintoshes were, never left the Highlands of Scotland. Kenmure met him at Ednam bridge; and the army that night at Kelso mustered 1400

foot, and 600 horse. Next day, being Sunday the 23d of October, the lord Kenmure, having the chief command while in Scotland, ordered Mr Robert Patten, a Northumberland minister, and one of their chaplains, to preach in the great church of Kelso, at the same time commanding the men to attend divine service. Hereupon Mr Buxton read prayers, and Mr Patten preached on these words, Deut. xxi. 17.—“The right of the first-born is his.” He was succeeded in the afternoon by Mr William Irvine, a Scots episcopal clergyman, and chaplain to the earl of Carnwath, who read prayers, and preached a sermon full of exhortations to his hearers, to be zealous and steady in the cause in which they were now engaged. Next morning the Highlanders were drawn up in the church-yard, and so marched in order to the market place, with drums beating, the bagpipes playing, and colours displayed, and there formed a circle, the lords and other gentlemen standing in the centre within an inner circle, which was formed by the gentlemen volunteers. Then silence being enjoined, the trumpet sounded; after which king James was proclaimed by Seaton of Barns, who assumed the title of earl of Dunfermline; and thereafter, the earl of Mar’s manifesto being read, the Highlanders returned to their quarters, where they staid till Thursday; during which time they failed not here, as well as in other places, to demand all the public revenues, viz. the excise and customs, and to search for horses and arms, of which they found but a few, unless it was some broadswords hid in the church, and some small pieces of cannon, which Sir William Bennet, and some other gentlemen, had brought from Hume Castle, to be placed at the barricades which they had made in the streets.

It is necessary here, for the sake of connexion, to mention, that, at the request of the English Jacobites, the earl of Mar had dispatched a strong body from his army to join them. On the very day that Kenmure came into Annandale, lord Strathmore and Borlam arrived on the north shore of the Forth, opposite Edinburgh, at the head of 2500 men. After a masterly movement, that deceived both king George’s troops and the ships in the roads, Macintosh and his Highlanders crossed over in open boats in view of the ships of war; but lord Strathmore and his followers were prevented, and obliged to return to the army at Perth. One boatful only of the Macintoshes was taken, in which were forty men, who were carried prisoners to Leith.

Borlam’s directions were to march straight to the Border, and join his friends in that quarter: but what came into the old fellow’s head no one knew; he first marched to Haddington, and then straight west on Edinburgh. All there were in the utmost consternation. Provost Campbell raised the volunteers of the city, and sent post after post to Stirling to the duke of Argyle, who came at the full gallop, with 500 men, to the assistance of his

illustrious namesake. At ten o'clock on Friday night he reached the city, where he found the marquis of Tweeddale and lord Balcarron, with the militia and volunteers of Lothian and the Merse, who, together with the Edinburgh volunteers and the 500 regulars brought by the duke, made altogether an army which might have eaten up old Borlase and his Highlanders stoop and roop, as the saying is. He advanced doggedly on, however, and took possession of Leith, where the first thing he did was to break open the tolbooth and free his clansmen, a matter that he had probably as much in his eye as any other. He then took possession of the citadel, where he posted his men, as with intent to hold it out, or at least to continue there, while it suited their convenience. Next day Argyle came before the citadel with 1200 men, and summoned the Highlanders to surrender, on pain of high treason. He was answered by a Highland laird, whom Rae calls Kinackin; "That as to surrendering, they laughed at it; and as to bringing cannon and assaulting them, they were ready for him: that they would neither take nor give any quarter with him; and if he thought he was able to force them, he might try his hand." The duke called a council of war, in which the gentlemen volunteers were very noisy for an instant attack; but, on being told that it was the post of honour, and belonged to them to make the attack, they at once agreed to the duke's measure of deferring it, and letting the Highlanders alone. The reverend Mr Peter Rae observes, with infinite good nature, that the duke was unwilling to expose the brave gentlemen volunteers, the life of every one of whom was worth the lives of ten Highlanders, retired from before the fort, and took post in Edinburgh. But honest Peter unintentionally gives as good a reason; "the balls of the Highlanders," he says, "were grazing among the duke's feet where he stood!!!"

Borlase had made this bold movement to distract the duke of Argyle a little, and principally to give king James's friends in Edinburgh an opportunity of shewing face; but seeing they made no movement in his favour, he marched again to the eastward next evening, and took possession of Seaton-house. The duke getting notice that he had taken up fresh quarters, sent for artillery and mortars from Stirling and the castle, to batter all Seaton-house about the old rascal's ears. Accordingly, he sent out the gunners from Stirling castle, with a strong detachment of cavalry and volunteers. But instead of waiting their arrival, Borlase marched out at the head of about half his men to receive them, when, without stopping to exchange a blow, the volunteers turned and galloped back to Edinburgh, never once looking over their shoulders. The next day the earl of Rothes marched out again, and actually did attack them; for Rae boasts, that *they exchanged a few shots with the Highlanders*; and after that they followed

the same course as on the preceding day, and fled again to Edinburgh. And the Highlanders, while here, having laid in store of every kind of provision and conveniency for marching, left Seaton, and taking the road for the Border, without further molestation arrived at Kelso, as has been said, on the 22d.

On the 27th lord Kenmure called a council of war, in order to settle on their next movement. Borlam, with the experience of a veteran warrior, proposed, that by all means they should keep up the correspondence with Mar, and keep by Scotland until certain that it was fairly reduced, and not to move farther, lest a force should be convened behind them, and cut off the communication between the two armies; for at present, he observed, there was none in all the south of Scotland to oppose them. In this resolution he was strongly backed by the earl of Winton, who proposed that they should march by Dumfries, Ayr, and Glasgow, and after taking in all these places, join the clans who were at that time assembling, and hovering on the borders of Argyle. But the English gentlemen were interested in their own affairs, and there being a number of them gentlemen of rank, who were admitted into the council, the vote was carried against the Scots, and of course it was resolved to march southward. Accordingly, on the 28th they marched to Jedburgh, and in conformity to the vote of the council on the preceding day, it was intended to have marched across the English fells, and cut off general Carpenter's communication with Newcastle, he being at that time lying near Wooler with 900 men. But the Highlanders, having learned that this measure was in direct opposition to the sentiments of their brave leader, in whom they had the most unbounded confidence, absolutely refused to proceed a step farther in that direction. They then turned towards Hawick, and when they arrived there, Kenmure, overruled by the voices of the English, insisted on being obeyed; on which the Highlanders, to a man, retired to Hawick moor, and rested their arms, telling their commander to lead them to the enemy, and they would fight them off hand, but that they would by no means go into England to commence a new campaign there, or trust themselves with the English; for they knew, if they did, they would either be all cut to pieces or sold for slaves. Borlam was grieved, and besought of them to comply with orders, but when they heard his sentiments, they would not suffer him to speak to them, nor any one except the earl of Winton. They said they knew the English would sacrifice them, and they would rather be sacrificed in their own country than in England. Let no one laugh at Donald's second sight. What a pity it was that he should at last have been persuaded to act in opposition to his dark view of futurity; for surely never was a brave and resolute body of men sacrificed in such a manner as this was.

When no better would be, the rest of the army, consisting of 700

cavalry, and 200 foot, were ordered up to surround the Highlanders, and force them to march; but they only cocked their muskets, and bade them come on. The plans of the commanders being wholly disarranged by this insubordination, they sent to them by the earl of Winton, if they would abide by the army while it remained in Scotland? They sent answer that they would cheerfully, but if ever they mentioned leading them into England, they were off. The officers being obliged to submit for the present, on Sunday the 30th of October, they left Hawick, marching toward Langholm; and it seems that at that time they had not abandoned the intention of going through the west Lowlands towards Dumfries, and Glasgow; for that night the earl of Carnwath, with 400 horse, rode as far as Ecclesfechan. This put the burgh of Dumfries into a terrible pother: they sent the provost and another gentleman express to Kirkmahoe, to desire Mr Hepburn, and his Cameronians, to come to their assistance with all expedition, telling them they should have the post of honour, or their choice of any part of the town or suburbs, for their station, showing that they had a special dependance on these people. The Cameronians would give no positive answer, but, after singing of psalms and prayer, they determined to go "to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty," as they termed it; and accordingly, on Monday the 31st, Hepburn, at the head of 400 stout hardy Cameronians, marched to lend their assistance for that high purpose. But that the proceedings of that people might be uniform throughout, instead of marching the straight road for Dumfries, they stemmed the Nith to the necks in water, and, marching down the other side, took their station on Corbelly hill, on the Galloway side of the river, refusing to enter the ports of that erastian burgh. The provost and magistrates, a little astounded hereat, and anxious to have the assistance of these people, went to them, and entreated, offering them, as formerly, any post they chose; but they remained immovable, declaring, "that they could not with clear consciences fight in defence of the constitution of church and state, as established by the sinful union, and still more sinful and hasty revolution." But at the same time they proffered the provost and bailies a written proposal, containing the terms on which they were willing to fight for and with them, that they might bring down the proud, and set their feet on the necks of the children of perdition. It is a pity that this paper is too long to give in a note, especially as it has nothing Jacobite in it. But the whole of the inhabitants of Dumfries were in effect to come over to the Cameronian tenets, and forward the cause of true reformation in Scotland; all the other articles of the paper were such as only the king and a British parliament could grant: so the covenanters remained on the top of this hill, and not a man of them would enter the town; but they kept their ground till they

heard that the army of king James had turned into England, and then the burgesses boasted that they had turned for fear of them.

After the rear of the army had left Langholm, the disputes about keeping in Scotland, or marching into England, ran higher than ever; and though the Scots had reason on their side, the English gentlemen were positive and absolute, pretending that they had letters from Lancaster, pressing them to come to that quarter, and promising that 20,000 would be ready to join as soon as they arrived. Old Borlam himself continued sullen, but perfectly subordinate, but when they came to the place in Cannobie, where the Scots and English roads separate, 400 of his men turned off, and absolutely refused to accompany the expedition into England. The earl of Winton, and the men of Lothian also left the army; but they repented afterwards, and followed it to the south. Nothing, however, would prevail with these Highlanders; they posted towards the north, and a good many of them were taken prisoners in small straggling parties about Clydesdale. The main body of the army, which marched into England, arrived at Longtown on the last of October at night, where they were joined by the party they had sent to Ecclesfechan. Thence they proceeded next day to Brampton, where Mr Forster opened the commission he had received from the earl of Mar, to act as general in England. On Wednesday, the 2d of November, they marched to Penrith. The only thing observable in this day's march is, that as the horse militia in Westmoreland, and the north parts of Lancashire, were, some few days before, come down towards Carlisle, in order to defend the borders, and to keep the enemy from entering into England; so now, the whole posse of Cumberland, in number about 12,000 armed men, upon the sheriff's warrant, appeared near Penrith, upon the very ground through which king James's army was to pass; but being affrighted upon notice of their approach, they shamefully dispersed and fled, leaving the lord Lonsdale with not above twenty men, beside his own servants; who continued on the spot till the enemy appeared in sight, and then retired. A party was sent to his seat at Lowther hall, to make search for him, but in vain; for his lordship had thought fit to provide for his safety in a certain old castle in Westmoreland; or, as some say, at a gentleman's house in Cumberland, where he staid a week. Forster's army was greatly animated by their sudden and disorderly separating over the whole country; and such of the cavalry as were nearest them took several horses, and a great many arms, and made some of them prisoners. Having staid at Penrith that night, next day they marched to Appleby, where Mr Ainsley, who had joined them at Jedburgh, disliking the prospect of their affairs, deserted them, with about sixteen Tiviotdale gentlemen. Having staid two nights at Appleby, on

the 5th of November they marched to Kendale, and next morning, being Sunday, the 6th, they set forward to Kirkbylovedale; and thence, on the 7th, they marched to Lancaster, which they entered without opposition. In the most of those towns they proclaimed king James, and collected the public revenue as they had done while in Scotland. Though they had now marched through two populous counties, yet very few joined them till they entered Lancashire, where their friends began to appear; and they were joined by a good many catholics with their servants; for the leading catholics in the other two counties had been taken up by the government, and sent prisoners to Carlisle.

Yet true it is, that the disaffection of the common people in several counties in England was come to a very great height, and such were their favourable thoughts of King James, and the prejudices they entertained against the person and government of king George, that they made no scruple in joining Forster's army in considerable numbers. Many of the inferior clergy in particular appeared avowedly and openly to advocate the cause of the Stuarts, and some of them did not fail to repair to the army and join the standard, in order thereby to give substantial proof of their attachment to the exiled house.

But having now traced the army to Lancaster, and near to the place of the final disaster that overtook it, we must return to the notes on some particular songs, as there are some subsequent ballads that will lead to speak of the affair at Preston, and the fates of some of the Jacobite leaders.

SONG X.

Derwentwater.

JAMES RADCLIFF, earl of Derwentwater, was among those who met in Northumberland, and rose in arms for king James about the beginning of October; having been forced to that measure by warrants being past to apprehend him and lodge him in prison, and by officers being in search of him, whom he narrowly escaped. He was young, and is reported to have been a beautiful and noble looking man. Smollet observes, that "Derwentwater was an amiable youth, brave, open, generous, hospitable, and humane. His fate drew tears from the spectators, and was a great misfortune to the country in which he lived. He gave bread to multitudes of people, whom he employed on his estate;—the poor, the widow, and the orphan, rejoiced in his bounty." This is an amiable character, and though smirched with the foulness of rebellion, smells sweetly of heaven.

The editor cannot find any tradition on which this ballad is founded; it is taken from the recitation of a young girl, in the parish of Kirkbean, in Galloway. He has searched for it carefully through all the collections he could meet with; but it is not to be found. There are many local songs, which perhaps never passed the bounds of a few parishes. Revived by casual recitation among the peasantry, they rarely rise into further notice. In the vulgar mind, we frequently observe the strongly marked rudiments of critical judgment. Thus the peasantry retain those noble touches of nature which are scattered among their songs and ballads, while the indifferent verses which encompass them, like dross from the pure ore, are rejected and forgotten. Hence the many gaps in the Scottish ballads, and often single verses of sterling merit, where no farther traces can be discovered. This song, and part of the above note, are copied from Cromeke's Remains of Nithedale and Galloway song. The air is exceedingly simple and beautiful, and very ancient.

SONG XI.

Lord Derwentwater's Good Night.

I HAD this song from my esteemed friend, Robert Surtees, esquire of Mainsforth. The copy was on an old half sheet of paper apparently in the hand-writing of a boarding-school Miss. All the following notices were in Mr Surtees's own hand.

"I send you all I can recover of this just as I had it. As it seems to me that there is an hiatus at the end of the first twelve lines, there certainly needs some connexion to bring in. 'Then fare thee well, brave Witherington.' &c.—the following lines may perhaps express nearly the sentiments that would have arisen in unison with the preceding ideas,

"And who shall deck the hawthorn bower,
Where my fond childhood strayed?
And who, when spring shall bid it flower,
Shall sit beneath the shade?
With me the Radcliff's name must end,
And seek the silent tomb,
And many a kinsman, many a friend,
With me must meet their doom.

"Of the victims who perished in this rash enterprise, none fell more lamented than the young and generous Derwentwater. It is generally supposed that the unfortunate earl's last request, that of burial with his ancestors, was refused from a fear of exciting

any popular movement in the north, and that the body was in consequence interred in the church yard of St Giles, Holborn. However, either a sham burial took place, or the corpse was afterwards removed; for it was certainly carried secretly by his friends, resting by day, and travelling only by night, into Northumberland, and deposited with the remains of his father, in the chapel at Dilston.

‘ With viewless speed by night they pass,
By day a silent vigil keep;
No priest to chaunt the holy mass,
But Tynedale peasants wake and weep.’

“ A little porch before the farm-house of Whitesmocks is still pointed out as the exact spot where the earl’s corpse rested, thus avoiding the city of Durham. The most extraordinary part remains: in 180.. the coffin which contained the earl’s remains was from curiosity or accident broken open; and the body, easily recognised by the suture round the neck, by the appearance of youth, and by the regularity of the features, was discovered in a state of complete preservation. The teeth were all perfect, and several of them were drawn by a blacksmith, and sold for half-a-crown a piece, till the trustees, or their agent, ordered the vault to be closed again.—The *aurora borealis*, which appeared remarkably vivid on the night of the unfortunate earl’s execution, is still known in the north by the name of *Lord Derwentwater’s Lights*.

“ The earl of Derwentwater, when taken at Preston, found means to send a messenger to Capheaton, which prevented that family from appearing. He also desired the family evidences to be removed to Capheaton; which was done, and they were hid between two walls behind a chimney. One Walton, a slater, in repairing the roof, saw several chests beneath him, and distinguished the Derwentwater arms on some of them. Being a rigid presbyterian, he informed old Sir Ambrose Middleton of Belsay, who being deputy-lieutenant for the duke of Somerset, searched Capheaton for arms; and, under that pretence, broke open the wall, and found the deeds, from the concealment of which Greenwich Hospital had been put to some difficulties.

“ The Widdringtons of Cheeseburn Grange, were deeply engaged in the rebellion, 1715. Ralph Widdrington, esquire, was imprisoned, and under sentence of death at Liverpool: he and his servant escaped out of the goal by means of a rope thrown across the ditch or fosse. Mr Widdrington lost all the nails off one hand by clinging to the rope. They had the goal fever when they escaped, but recovered. Mr W. lived long after 1745, and was never molested—he retired a few years to the continent. The son of lord Widdrington (engaged in 1715,) succeeded to his maternal estate of Stella, on the Tyne, (Stella where the Scots de-

feated the English, at the beginning of Charles's civil war,) and led a long life of peace and obscurity, as Henry Widdrington, esquire, and died 1774. It may be presumed, that his lady had some attractive hand-maidens, for an old Keelman's ballad says,

' We'll away to Whickham Banks,
We'll away to Bladon,
We'll away to Stella Ha'
To see the madam's maiden.' "

Shaftsbury should have been written Shafto. Mr Surtees says, " The Shaftoes of Bavington forfeited their estate in 1715, which was repurchased from the crown by their relation, Admiral Delaval, and restored to the family. One of the Shaftoes is buried in the great church at Brussels, with an epitaph expressing his loyalty to James III.

" Lancelot Errington, and his nephew Mark, literally unassisted, secured Holy Island castle, and hoisted the white flag, but, receiving no assistance, were obliged to escape over the walls, were fired at, wounded, (whilst swimming) and taken. They *burrowed* themselves out of Berwick goal, were concealed nine days in a peat stack near Bambrough castle (then general Forster's seat,) reached Gateshead House, a manor of Callaley Claverings, and sailed from Sunderland for France. Both of them returned to England; and one of them lived long in Newcastle, and it is said died of grief for the 1746."

The conduct of the garrison, in yielding the fort to two men, is only equalled by the heroic manner in which it was retaken. The Reverend Mr Peter Rae, after manifesting no small astonishment at the intrepidity and success of Errington and his nephew in this undertaking, proceeds to relate this exploit of his friends, the Whigs, which is certainly no less worthy of being recorded than the former.

" However," says he, "'tis most certain, he got the command of that fort, and when he was in possession, made signals to his friends at Warkworth; but it seems they did not notice them; and before he could be supplied with men and provisions, he was again dispossessed of that place; for next day the governor of Berwick sent 30 men of the garrison, with 50 volunteers of the inhabitants, well-armed, who, marching over the sands at low-water-mark, attacked the fort, and took it sword in hand."

I can only afford to give another of Mr Surtees's anecdotes here: " I have seen," says he, " a laconic epistle from a Durham gentleman to his kinsman, both implicated, though not openly, in the 1715, which merely said, not daring to speak plainer, ' Cuddy, throw the bag over the other shoulder.' This was after the defeat at Preston."

SONG XII.

The Young Maxwell.

THIS potent and honourable name is eminent for its heroic attachment to fallen royalty. The Maxwells distinguished themselves by desperate feats of valour, in the cause of the lovely and unfortunate Mary. At the fatal field of Langside, they composed part of those gallant spearmen, who, unseconded by their flinching countrymen, bore the awful shock of encounter from the furious and veteran phalanx of the regent. When all was irrecoverably lost, they threw themselves around their beloved queen, and accomplished the memorable retreat to Dundrennan Abbey, in Galloway.

The Maxwells opposed her rash and misguided resolve of trusting her sister Elizabeth. Not daring to confide in the hope of the returning loyalty and regard of her countrymen, she threw herself in the arms of England, a royal and lovely supplicant, and, alas! a victim. The valour of the Maxwells was again awakened in the cause of her martyred grandson. When the royal standard was raised, Charles numbered among the remains of unshaken loyalty the Maxwells of Nithsdale.

The following copy of king Charles's letter to lord Nithsdale, was transmitted to me by my friend Mr James Cunningham. The original is preserved in Terreagles House, the seat of Constable Maxwell, esquire.

" Nithsdail,

" It is now time for me to bidd you look to yourself, for longer then the 13 of the next month I will not warrant you, but that ye will hear of a breach betwixt me and my covenanting rebyllis: of this I have written to the marquis of Douglas, but vunder condition of secrecie, the w^{ch} lykwais I require of you, onlie I permit you with the same caution, to advertice Winton; for the rest referring you to the bearer, (who knows nothing of the substance of this letter.) I rest,

(Signed)

Your assured Friend,

Whythall, the 27th of March, 1640.

CHARLES R.

" Assistance by the grace of God ye shall have, and as soon as I may, but when as yet I cannot certainlie tell you."

Good or bad report could not subdue determined loyalty: the sword was again drawn for exiled royalty beneath the standard of Mar, and the punishment due to the movers of such a premature and ill-conducted effort fell upon those who, contrary to their better judgments, upheld the sinking cause even in the front of ruin. The earl of Nithsdale was taken prisoner at Preston, in Lancashire—tried and sentenced to decapitation, but by the extraordinary ability, and admirable dexterity of his countess, he escaped out of the tower on the evening before his sentence was to be executed, and died at Rome, *anno* 1744.

This ballad is founded on fact. A young gentleman of the family of Maxwell, being an adherent of the Stuarts at an earlier period than that we are treating of, suffered in the general calamity of his friends. After seeing his paternal house reduced to ashes, his father killed in its defence, his only sister dying with grief for her father, and three brothers slain, he assumed the habit of an old shepherd, and, in one of his excursions, singled out one of the individual men who had ruined his family. After upbraiding him for his cruelty, he slew him in single combat. The editor has taken some pains to ascertain the field of this adventure; but without success. It has been, in all likelihood, on the skirts of Nithsdale or Galloway. These notices, being known only to a few of the Stuarts's adherents, have all perished along with the fall of their cause. The admirers of Scottish rustic poetry, of which this song is a beautiful specimen, are indebted to the enthusiasm and fine taste of Mrs Copland for the recovery of these verses. There is a variation in the third stanza, which would have been adopted, had it not been an interpolation. It expressly points to the scene of encounter:

“ And gane he has wi’ the sleeky auld carle,
 Around the hill sae steep;
 Until they came to the auld castle,
 Which hings owre Dee sae deep.”

The noble strength of character in this ballad is only equalled by the following affecting story:

In the rising of 1745, a party of Cumberland's dragoons was hurrying through Nithsdale in search of rebels. Hungry and fatigued, they called at a lone widow's house, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a lad of sixteen, dressed them up *lang kale and batter*, and the good woman brought new milk, which she told them was all her stock. One of the party inquired with seeming kindness how she lived.—“ Indeed,” quoth she, “ the cow and the kale yard, wi’ God's blessing's, a’ my *maiden*.” He arose, and with his sabre killed the cow, and destroyed all the kale.—The poor woman was thrown upon the world, and died of a broken heart:—the disconsolate youth, her son, wandered away

beyond the inquiry of friends or the search of compassion. In the continental war, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, the soldiery were making merry with wine, and recounting their exploits.—A dragoon reared out, "I once starved a Scotch witch in Nithsdale.—I killed her cow, and destroyed her greens; but," added he, "she could live for all that on her God, as she said!" "And don't you rue it?" cried a young soldier, starting up, "don't you rue it?" "Rue what?" said he, "Rue aught like that!" "Then, by my God," cried the youth, unsheathing his sword, "that woman was my mother! Draw, you brutal villain, draw."—They fought; the youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon's body, and, while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, "*had you rued it, you should have only been punished by your God!*"

SONG XIII.

Lament for the Lord Maxwell.

THIS beautiful song, as well as the foregoing, is taken from Cromek. I say nothing about the antiquity of them, but am very glad that I have such vouchers as Allan Cunningham, and Cromek, for a matter which might appear to some rather equivocal. Let it be remembered, that I hold all posthumous confessions, which give the lie to the dead, as null and void. The notes to both songs are mostly copied from the same source.

The following account of the earl of Nithsdale's escape, written by his lady, who contrived and effected it, is so full of interest that, as it must suffer materially by curtailment, the editor has thought proper to give it entire. It exhibits a memorable instance of that heroic intrepidity to which the female heart can rouse itself on trying occasions, when man, notwithstanding his boasted superiority, is but too apt to give way to panic and despair. The tenderness of conjugal affection, and the thousand apprehensions and anxieties that beset it in adversity, the long pressure of misfortune, and the dread of impending calamity, tend uniformly to overwhelm the spirits, and distract the mind from any settled purpose; but it is possible that these sentiments may be absorbed in a more energetic feeling, in a courage sustained by the conflicting influence of hope and desperation. Yet even thus prepared, the mind may be inadequate to the attainment of a long and perilous enterprise, and in the present case we have the testimony of lady Nithsdale herself, that she would have sunk at the prospect of so many and such fearful obstacles, had she not relied with firmness on the aid of Providence. The detail

of her narrative will shew how greatly this reliance contributed to strengthen and regulate the tone of her resolution, not only in every vicissitude of expectation and disappointment, but in what is more trying than either, the sickening intervals of suspense and doubt.

The original manuscript, from which the present copy has been carefully transcribed, is entitled "A Letter from the Countess of Nithsdale to her sister lady Lucy Herbert, abbess of the Augustine Nuns at Bruges, containing a circumstantial account of the earl of Nithsdale's escape from the Tower," dated "Palais Royal de Rome, 16th April 1718," and signed "Winifred Nithsdale." The letter is now at Terreagles, in the possession of Constable Maxwell, esquire, a descendant of the noble house of Nithsdale, for whose politeness and liberality, in allowing a transcription of the present copy, the editor is sincerely grateful. As a proof of the interest which the public took in this extraordinary adventure, the following memorandum may be given. "William Maxwell, earl of Nithsdale, made his escape from the Tower, February 23, 1715, dressed in a woman's cloak and hood, which were for some time after called *Nithsdales*."

"Dear Sister,

"My lord's escape is now such an old story that I have almost forgotten it; but, since you desire me to give you a circumstantial account of it, I will endeavour to recall it to my memory, and be as exact in the narration as I possibly can; for, I owe you too many obligations to refuse you any thing that lies in my power to do.

"I think I owe myself the justice to set out with the motives which influenced me to undertake so hazardous an attempt, which I despaired of thoroughly accomplishing, foreseeing a thousand obstacles which never could be surmounted but by the most particular interposition of Divine Providence. I confided in the Almighty God, and trusted that he would not abandon me, even when all human succours failed me.

"I first came to London upon hearing that my lord was committed to the Tower. I was at the same time informed, that he had expressed the greatest anxiety to see me, having, as he afterwards told me, nobody to console him till I arrived. I rode to Newcastle, and from thence took the stage to York. When I arrived there the snow was so deep, that the stage could not set out for London. The season was so severe, and the roads so extremely bad, that the post itself was stopt; however, I took horses, and rode to London through the snow, which was generally above the horse's girth, and arrived safe and sound without any accident. On my arrival, I went immediately to make what interest I could among those who were in place. No one gave me any hopes;

but all, to the contrary, assured me, that although some of the prisoners were to be pardoned, yet my lord would certainly not be of the number. When I inquired into the reason of this distinction, I could obtain no other answer, than that they would not flatter me; but I soon perceived the reasons which they declined alleging to me. A Roman catholic, upon the frontiers of Scotland, who headed a very considerable party; a man whose family had always signalized itself by its loyalty to the royal house of Stuart, and who was the only support of the catholics against the inveteracy of the Whigs, who were very numerous in that part of Scotland, would become an agreeable sacrifice to the opposite party. They still retained a lively remembrance of his grand-father, who defended his own castle of Carlaverock to the very last extremity, and surrendered it up only by the express command of his royal master. Now, having his grandson in their power, they were determined not to let him escape from their hands. Upon this I formed the resolution to attempt his escape, but opened my intention to nobody but to my dear Evans. In order to concert measures, I strongly solicited to be permitted to see my lord, which they refused to grant me unless I would remain confined with him in the Tower. This I would not submit to, and alleged for excuse, that my health would not permit me to undergo the confinement. The real reason of my refusal was, not to put it out of my power to accomplish my design: However, by bribing the guards, I often contrived to see my lord, till the day upon which the prisoners were condemned; after that we were allowed for the last week to see and take our leave of them. By the help of Evans, I had prepared every thing necessary to disguise my lord, but had the utmost difficulty to prevail upon him to make use of them: however, I at length succeeded by the help of Almighty God.

"On the 22d February, which fell on a Thursday, our petition was to be presented to the house of lords, the purport of which was, to entreat the lords to intercede with his majesty to pardon the prisoners. We were, however, disappointed the day before the petition was to be presented; for the duke of St Alban's, who had promised my lady Derwentwater to present it, when it came to the point, failed in his word: however, as she was the only English countess concerned, it was incumbent upon her to have it presented. We had one day left before the execution; and the duke still promised to present the petition; but, for fear he should fail, I engaged the duke of Montrose, to secure its being done by the one or the other. I then went in company of most of the ladies of quality, who were then in town, to solicit the interest of the lords as they were going to the House. They all behaved to me with great civility, but particularly my lord Pembroke, who, though he desired me not to speak to him, yet promised to en-

ploy his interest in our favour, and honourably kept his word ; for he spoke in the House very strongly in our behalf. The subject of the debate was, whether the king had the power to pardon those who had been condemned by parliament? and it was chiefly owing to lord Pembroke's speech, that it passed in the affirmative; however, one of the lords stood up and said, that the House would only intercede for those of the prisoners, who should approve themselves worthy of intercession, but not for all of them indiscriminately. This salvo quite blasted all my hopes; for I was assured it aimed at the exclusion of those who should refuse to subscribe to the petition, which was a thing I knew my lord would never submit to; nor, in fact, could I wish to preserve his life on such terms.

" As the motion had passed generally, I thought I could draw some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly, I immediately left the House of Lords, and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed by, that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoners. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the lords and his majesty, though it was but trifling; for I thought that if I were too liberal on the occasion, they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good humour and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution. The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having so many things in my hands to put in readiness; but in the evening when all was ready, I sent for Mrs Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned; and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had every thing in readiness, and that I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent for Mrs Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans has introduced me, which I looked upon as a very singular happiness. I immediately communicated my resolution to her. She was of a very tall and slender make; so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood, one that I had prepared for Mrs Mills, as she was to lend hers to my lord, that in coming out, he might be taken for her. Mrs Mills was then with child; so that she was not only of the same height, but nearly of the same size as my lord. When we were in the coach, I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment when I first opened my design to them, had made them consent without ever thinking of the consequences. On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs Morgan; for I was only allowed to

take in offe at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs Mills, when she left her own behind her. When Mrs Morgan had taken off what she had brought for that purpose, I conducted her back to the stair-case; and in going I begged her to send me in my maid to dress me; that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she was going to bid her last farewell to a friend on the eve of his execution. I had indeed deaired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark and very thick: however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of hers to disguise his with. I also bought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as hers; and I painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not had time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been; and the more so, as they were persuaded, from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my lord's chamber; and, in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said, "My dear Mrs Catharine, go in all haste, and send me my waiting maid: she certainly cannot reflect how late it is: she forgets that I am to present a petition to night; and, if I let slip this opportunity, I am undone; for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible; for I shall be on thorns till she comes." Every body in the room, who were chiefly the guards's wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly; and the centinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out, I returned back to my lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and affected; and the more so because he had the same dress she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats, excepting one, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us; so I resolved to set off. I went out leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I, "My dear Mrs Betty, for the love of God run quickly and bring her

with you. You know my lodging; and if ever you made despatch in your life, do it at present: I am almost distracted with this disappointment." The guards opened the doors, and I went down stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the centinel should take notice of his walk; but I still continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr Mills to be in readiness before the Tower to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment when he saw us; threw him into such consternation, that he was almost out of himself; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him any thing, lest he should mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends, on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him, and left him with them, she returned to find Mr Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment. They went home together; and, having found a place of security, they conducted him to it.

"In the mean while, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up stairs, and go back to my lord's room, in the same feigned anxiety of being too late, so that every body seemed sincerely to sympathise with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions, in my lord's voice, as nearly as I could imitate it, I walked up and down as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said; but held it so close that they could not look in. I bid my lord a formal farewell for the night; and added, that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles; that I saw no other remedy than to go in person; that, if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower; and I flattered myself I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry in candles to his master till my lord sent for them, as he desired to

finish some prayers first. I went down stairs and called a coach. As there were several on the stand, I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case my attempt had failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies as I hoped; but that I did not know where he was. I discharged the coach and sent for a sedan chair, and went to the duchess of Buccleugh, who expected me about that time, as I had begged of her to present the petition for me, having taken my precautions against all events, and asked if she were at home—and they answered that she expected me, and had another duchess with her. I refused to go up stairs, as she had company with her, and I was not in a condition to see any other company. I begged to be shown into a chamber below stairs, and that they would have the goodness to send her grace's maid to me, having something to say to her. I had discharged the chair, lest I might be pursued and watched. When the maid came in, I desired her to present my most humble respects to her grace, who they told me had company with her, and to acquaint her that this was my only reason for not coming up stairs. I also charged her with my sincerest thanks for her kind offer to accompany me when I went to present my petition. I added, that she might spare herself any farther trouble, as it was now judged more advisable to present one general petition in the name of all; however, that I should never be unmindful of my particular obligations to her grace, which I would return very soon to acknowledge in person. I then desired one of the servants to call a chair, and I went to the duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distresses. When I arrived, she left her company to deny herself, not being able to see me under the affliction which she judged me to be in. By mistake, however, I was admitted; so there was no remedy. She came to me; and as my heart was in an ecstasy of joy, I expressed it in my countenance as she entered the room. I ran up to her in the transport of my joy. She appeared to be extremely shocked and frightened, and has since confessed to me, that she apprehended my trouble had thrown me out of myself, till I communicated my happiness to her. She then advised me to retire to some place of security, for that the king was highly displeased, and even enraged at the petition that I had presented to him, and had complained of it severely. I sent for another chair; for I always discharged them immediately, lest I might be pursued. Her grace said that she would go to court, to see how the news of my lord's escape was received. When the news was brought to the king, he flew into an excess of passion, and said he was betrayed; for it could not have been done without some confederacy. He instantly despatched two persons to the Tower, to see that the other prisoners

were well secured, lest they should follow the example. Some threw the blame upon one, some upon another ; the duchess was the only one at court who knew it.

"When I left the duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was. She got thither some few minutes after me, and told me, that, when she had seen him secure, she went in search of Mr Mills, who, by the time, had recovered himself from his astonishment ; that he had returned to her house, where she had found him ; and that he had removed my lord from the first place, where she had desired him to wait, to the house of a poor woman directly opposite to the guard-house. She had but one small room up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs Mills brought us some more in her pocket the next day. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday to Saturday night, when Mrs Mills came and conducted my lord to the Venetian ambassadors. We did not communicate the affair to his excellency ; but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which day the ambassador's coach and six was to go down to Dover to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery, and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr Mitchell (which was the name of the ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short, that the captain threw out this reflection, that the wind could not have served better if his passengers had been flying for their lives, little thinking it to be really the case. Mr Mitchell might have easily returned without being suspected of having been concerned in my lord's escape ; but my lord seemed inclined to have him continue with him, which he did, and has, at present, a good place under our young master.

"This is as exact and as full an account of this affair, and of the persons concerned it, as I could possibly give you, to the best of my memory, and you may rely on the truth of it. I am, with the strongest attachment, my dear sister, yours most affectionately,

WINIFRED NITHSDALE."

SONG XIV.

The Rusty Carlin.

THIS song relates to the subject of the foregoing long note ; namely, the joy of the Nithsdale peasantry, on hearing of their lord's

escape. Only a very few of his tenants, however, rode with him on the expedition.

SONG XV.

What ails thee, poor Shepherd?

THIS song was both in Mr Hardy's MSS. and in Mr Steuart's, jun. of Dalguise. Without the variation of a word, in the latter, it was said to have been written by Mr Gay.

SONG XVI.

The Tenth of June,

Is one of these songs for the birth of the chevalier de St George, and seems to have been written about the time that he came over and was crowned at Scoon. It was copied from young Steuart of Dalguise's Collection.

SONG XVII.

The Whigs of Fife.

THE date of this rude rough song is quite uncertain. I meant to have published it in the first volume, and that near the beginning, as one of the most ancient; opining, that in the enumeration of Whig Jocks, by *burly Jock*, might have been meant the celebrated John Balfour of Burly; but this, with several others, fell aside about the printing office, and were never missed, till found this year among the return manuscripts. At all events, the style is more like the day of which we are treating than an age more remote. I have often heard that verse of *the Jocks* sung out of fun, when several Johns happened to be in company, but never any more of it. The air is coeval with the song, in all likelihood, bearing the same title in our old collections. The song is from Mr Graham's MSS., and was never before published.

SONG XVIII.

The White Cockade,

trifling song to a popular tune. Both have been much sung often published. This set is from Mrs J. Scott's MS., and is more eligible than most that I have seen. Probably some lines have been added by singers of late years.

SONG XIX.

The Piper of Bunder.

VALTER SCOTT, in a marginal note to this song, suggests, the hero of it is the same with that of song 8th, namely, the le Carnegie of Phinaven, for whose character see that song he notes. If it was he, he must, at one period, have borne a part in exciting the chiefs to take arms, as the song most distinctly describes a sly endeavour of his to ascertain the state of their feelings. Those mentioned as present were all leading of the Jacobite faction. Amubrie, or Amblere, where the song is described as having taken place, is a remote and sequestered village in the interior of Perthshire. A great number of common people appears to have been present. It was probably on the eve of one of their great annual fairs, still held on the first Wednesday of May.

SONG XX.

Here's a health to the ballant Swede,

song of 1716, and alludes to a correspondence carried on between the Stuart party here and the celebrated Charles XII. of Sweden. George had endeavoured to appease that monarch, but he refused to listen to any overtures, until Bremen and Verden should be restored. These the elector of Hanover resolved to purchase as a fair purchase; and he engaged in a confederacy with the enemies of Charles, for the maintenance of that acquisition. While his rupture with Sweden was extremely prejudicial to the commerce of England, and had well nigh entailed upon the

kingdom another invasion, much more formidable than that which had so lately miscarried. The ministers of Sweden resident at London, Paris, and the Hague, maintained a correspondence with the disaffected subjects of Great Britain. A scheme was formed for the Swedish king's landing on this island with a considerable body of forces, where he should be joined by the malcontents of the united kingdom. Charles relished the enterprise, which flattered his ambition and revenge; nor was it disagreeable to the czar of Muscovy, who resented the elector's offer of joining the Swede against the Russians, provided he would ratify the cession of Bremen and Verden. King George, having received intimation of these intrigues, returned to England towards the end of January, and ordered a detachment of foot guards to secure count Gyllenburg, the Swedish minister, with all his papers. At the same time Sir Jacob Bancks and Mr Charles Caesar were apprehended. The other foreign ministers took the alarm, and remonstrated to the ministry upon this outrage committed against the law of nations. The two secretaries, Stanhope and Methuen, wrote circular letters to them, assuring them, that in a day or two they should be acquainted with the reason that induced the king to take such an extraordinary step. They were generally satisfied with this intimation; but the marquis de Monteleone, ambassador from Spain, expressed his concern that no other way could be found to preserve the peace of the kingdom, without arresting the person of a public minister, and seizing all his papers, which were the sacred repositories of his master's secrets; he observed, that in whatever manner these two facts might seem to be understood, they very sensibly wounded the law of nations. About the same time baron Gortz, the Swedish residentiary in Holland, was seized, with his papers, at Arnheim, at the desire of King George, communicated to the states by Mr Leathes, his minister at the Hague. The baron owned he had projected the invasion, a design that was justified by the conduct of King George, who had joined the princes in confederacy against the king of Sweden, without having received the least provocation; who had assisted the king of Denmark in subduing the duchies of Bremen and Verden, and then purchased them of the usurper, and who had, in the course of this very summer, sent a strong squadron of ships to the Baltic, where it joined the Danes and Russians against the Swedish fleet.

SONG XXI.

Three Heaths,

Was copied from Sir Walter Scott's papers. It is of older date

than some of those among which it is inserted; as it has been evidently written in the lifetime of King James, who abdicated; and at a time when William was on a visit to his native country. It is one of those that was meant to have been published in vol. I.

SONG XXII.

Somebody,

Is a sweet, wild, and original air. The song is a compound of verses taken out of other songs, but may, in all probability, have originally belonged to this one. I got it in a Jacobite collection, or would not have thought of its belonging to that class.

SONG XXIII.

For an Apple of Gold,

Was likewise copied from Sir W. Scott's MSS. It is a very clever allegorical song, but relates to the court politics and amours of George II. with which we have no inclination further to disgrace our pages.

SONG XXIV.

The King's Anthem,

Is the original of the anthem now so universally sung, which has changed sides, like many staunch Jacobites, and more modern politicians, when conveniences suited. The music was undoubtedly composed at a later period than either of these two songs appear to have been, but I have forgot the circumstances of its history. I have seen it in some collections as the composition of Henry Carey, but suppose that he must only have added the symphonies and accompaniments.

SONG XXV.

Witons, who dare to clasp,

Is another of the same, like old Mr Johnson's psalm.

SONG XXVI.

There was a Cooper,

MANIFESTLY relates to some feat of Drummond's of Logie-Almond when in hiding. He must have personated a cooper to deceive the goodman, likely one of his own tenants, but seems to have trusted the dame; indeed, the verses rather insinuate that she likewise had trusted him. The subject seems to have been a fertile one for the muses of Stratherne, as there is another jocular song apparently on the same subject.

We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
 Behind the door, behind the door,
 We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
 An' cover him under a mann, jo:
 When Cuddie the cooper cam here awa,
 He ca'd the girds out owre us a',
 An' our goodwife has gotten a ca',
 That angered the silly goodman, joe.
 We'll hide the cooper, &c.
 He coopit them out, he coopit them in,
 He coopit our lasses ilka ane,
 And our goodwife has gotten a, &c. &c.

SONG XXVII.

Though Georgie reigns in Jamie's Stead,

ONE that has often been published, and, owing to the genuine simplicity of the air, always popular. This set is copied from Mr Moir's MSS. though I think I have heard a better one.—“The flames will get baith hat and wig,” alludes to a ludicrous custom of king George; who, when suddenly irritated, was wont to pull off his wig in a rage, and throw it into the fire.

SONG XXVIII.

O, how shall I venture?

has been copied from Mr Moir's book of manuscripts, and is a commonplace song. The air was set to it at random, an original one composed by the too little celebrated Mr , to whom Scottish music was so much indebted.

SONG XXIX.

Merry may the Keel row,

A well known song and air. The verses given here are copied from the Remains.

SONG XXX.

Highland Harry,

is a popular song and air, both of which have been published. This edition is taken from Mr Moir's collection. The first three verses were altered by Burns from an old song; the two were added by Sutherland.

SONG XXXI.

The Man o' the Moon.

is this song and air among some old papers belonging to Mr Alloa. Neither of them, I have reason to believe, were before published. There is an air of peculiar originality in the song and tune.

SONG XXXII.

Whurrp Whigs, aye.

Of this confused ballad I am sure I got twenty copies, and the greater part of them quite different from one another. On comparing one which I got from Mr Wallace of Peterhead with another sent me by Mr Gordon, both equally long, I found not one single verse the same. I made up the present copy out of several, leaving out a number of stanzas of extraneous matter. The ballad has visibly been composed at different periods and by different hands.

SONG XXXIII.

The Blackbirds,

SEEMS to have been one of the street songs of the day; at least, it is much in that style, and totally different from the manner of most Jacobite songs. It has had, however, considerable popularity. This copy was communicated by Mr Fairley, schoolmaster in Tweedsmuir.

SONG XXXIV.

Our ain bonny Laddie.

THERE is a copy of this song in Sir W. Scott's Jacobite Collection, and in several others that I have seen; but this one is taken from Mr Hardy of Glasgow's MSS. where it is said to have been composed by Professor Meston. The author, William Meston, was born in the parish of Midmar, in Aberdeenshire. He received a liberal education at the Marischal College of Aberdeen, and was for some time one of the teachers in the high school of that city. He removed from that situation to be preceptor to the young earl of Marshall, and to his brother, who was afterwards the celebrated Marshal Keith, and by the interest of the family was appointed professor of philosophy in the Marischal College. In the rising of 1715, he followed the fortunes of his patrons, who made

him governor of Dunnoter castle. After the battle of Sheriffmuir, till the act of indemnity was passed, he lurked with a few fugitive associates, for whose amusement he wrote several of the burlesque poems, to which he gave the title of *Mother Grim's Tales*. Not being restored to his professorship, he lived for some time on the hospitality of the countess of Marshall, and after her death established an academy successively at Elgin, Turiff, Montrose, and Perth; in all of which places he failed, apparently from habits of careless expense and conviviality. The countess of Elgin supported him during the decline of his latter days till he removed to Aberdeen, where he died of a languishing distemper. He is said to have been a man of wit and pleasantry in conversation, and of considerable attainments in classical and mathematical knowledge.—*Campbell*. I do not know any thing of the tune save that it is not much worth.

SONG XXXV.

Come, let us be jovial,

Is likewise from Mr Hardy's MSS. and is rather a good song, with a fine slow air.

SONG XXXVI.

The Clans are coming,

Is published, with the air, in Ritson's work. This was taken from Mr Moir's collection. It is a parody on "The Campbells are coming," said to be a much older song, indeed, as old as the time of Queen Mary. For my part I believe both songs to be of the same date, and having heard it sung always in my youth.

The Campbells are comin',

By bonnie Loch-lomon'—

I have no doubt that it was made about the time when colonel Campbell led 1000 Campbells out of Argyleshire, by Loch-lomon, to join the duke of Argyle at Stirling.

SONG XXXVII.

The Clans are all away,

Is a song of a much later date—having been composed after the battle of Culloden. It is placed here on account of its being to the same air with the last.

SONG XXXVIII.

O'er the Water to Charlie,

A well known popular song and tune, describing the feelings of the Jacobite ladies of those days. Ray, the volunteer, in his journal, says, "I found always the ladies most violent—they would listen to no manner of reason." I do not know if the last two stanzas have ever before been printed, though they have often been sung.

SONG XXXIX.

An Don be he.

THIS is one of the songs which, it appears, the strictness of the times had compelled the publishers to alter; and though only a few words occur in this which are not in the Museum, yet these serve to give it a Jacobite turn. It is from Mr Stewart's Collection. The air is very old, being the original of that from which "The Lack o' Gowd" has been modernized.

SONG XL.

Song of Erpostulations,

Was copied from Sir Walter Scott's loose sheets, and is rather an overcharged piece of work. The following address is much in character with the song, but greatly superior to it in originality.

“ To all true-hearted Scotsmen, whether soldiers or others.

“ WHEN our brave and ancient nation is like to be engaged in war, I think it is every man's business to consider, that whatever may be said in defence of soldiers of fortune fighting in foreign countries, (when perhaps it is neither so easy, nor so much the duty of strangers to consider the quarrel,) yet no man can, with any shew of reason, plead the lawfulness of making war a trade when it comes to be civil or domestic. In this case, it is only the lawfulness of the cause, and the good of his country, that can warrant any man to engage in it : for if he embark on the wrong side from a principle of interest, or any selfish consideration, every slaughter he makes of the contrary party is a fresh murder ; and if he falls himself, he goes to the devil for hire.

“ By the earl of Mar's manifesto, we find that the present quarrel turns upon these two points, *The restoring of our lawful, natural king*, and *The dissolving of the Union* : Both which should be seriously weighed by all Scotsmen, being of the utmost importance, both on the score of conscience, honour, and interest.

“ As to the restoring to his throne King James VIII. whatever some men's interest may prompt them to say or do, yet I'm confident, that in our secret thoughts we are agreed, that he is our *lawful, rightful sovereign* : and we all know that he is the *undoubted lineal heir by blood*, and descendant of the ancient race of our Scottish kings ; whose ancestors, in a direct line, have swayed the sceptre in our hereditary monarchy for many generations without contest ; a prince upon whom the crown is entailed by the fundamental laws of our country ; and to whom, even before he was born, we have often sworn allegiance and fealty by those oaths given to former kings, by which we bound ourselves, not only to them, but to their lawful heirs and successors.

“ In bar to all this, on pretence of some illegal actings by the late King James, (in a giddy and tumultuary time,) a meeting, nameless in law and unknown in practice, assembled without any legal call, neither electors nor members being duly qualified, and where forfeited traitors got leave to sit and vote : I say, this meeting, (which they called a *Convention of Estates*,) took upon them to forfeit their sovereign ; and, by an act as contrary to law as to reason and Christianity, declared the throne vacant, and then settled the crown on the Prince of Orange : by which, and the subsequent train of illegal acts, the present possessor fills the throne ; whose right must stand or fall with the validity or nullity of that meeting.

“ We all know, that in our neighbouring nation, in king Charles II's reign, when the bill of exclusion was debated, many learned prelates, and great lawyers, warmly asserted, that the lineal succession was so blended with the constitution, that it was

above the power both of King and Parliament to alter it. And surely it has at least as strong and unalterable a foundation here, being so rivetted to our policy, established by our law, confirmed by solemn oaths, and strengthened by a prescription of 2000 years.

" But whether a King and Parliament had power to alter the succession or not, never any man before 88, except the Rump Parliament, pretended, that a meeting without a king, or without any authority from him, had power to make void the throne; which was, in effect, to unhinge the monarchy, and raze the constitution from the very foundation. They who contrived the scheme, both here and in England, were so sensible of the weakness of their arguments to satisfy the minds of the people, that they were forced to bring in a supplemental topic, the illegitimacy of the prince of Wales's birth; so impudent a piece of slander, that, however serviceable it was to their interest to make it appear, and however frequently challenged to do so, they never durst bring it to a fair trial.

" Things being thus, (as I don't doubt but you are very sensible they are) pray, gentlemen, consider whether you are safe, either in conscience or honour, to draw your swords for so precarious and ill-founded an establishment. I should be unwilling to think that, in the present case, soldiers should consider the justice of the cause less than other men, because they are more concerned than others, being the chief actors in any blood and slaughter that may ensue; and he that sheds the blood of his fellow subjects and countrymen, probably his brethren and nearest relations, in a cause that he cannot show to be just, will give the world but a slender opinion either of his religion, or good sense. As you would then approve yourselves to God, the world, and yourselves to be Christians, men of honour, and Scotsmen, consider seriously before you draw your swords, whom you are to fight against, and what you fight for.

" You are to fight against your lawful and rightful king, born in our own island, of the ancient stock of the royal family of the STUARTS, against whom there is not so much as a ground of quarrel alleged, but that he was born a prince, and has a right to govern us; for whatever might have been objected to his father, since he himself has done no wrong, 'tis against all the received notions of justice and honour, to punish the innocent for the sake of the guilty.

" You are to fight against this prince, who only wants to be seen and known to be admired: for, if we will give credit to those who have had the honour to converse with him, his endowments, both of mind and body, make him as fit to govern kingdoms as his birth and extraction: and I can't forbear thinking, that the princely qualities, which at a very early age appeared in him, is the best reason that can be assigned, why the most politic prince

in Europe never effectually attempted to set him on his throne, when it is demonstrable to all the world, the best game he could have played, to put an end to a long and expensive war, was in good earnest to have landed him in his own dominions; had he not been afraid that he was too hard metal, to be made a tool to serve his interest, against the honour and safety of his own kingdoms: for however the French king might have procured a present peace by restoring our king; yet he was too penetrating a politician not to foresee, that a king of Britain, of judgment and application, might some time or other be a bar in his way to hinder some of his unwarrantable designs.

“ I need not take notice of the ingratitude of your quarrel, in drawing your swords against a prince whose ancestors so bravely defended us, and transmitted down to us the liberty, freedom, and independency of our nation, and under whom our nobility and gentry at first received, and ever since possessed, all the honours, titles, riches, and estates, which have made their families so considerable, both at home and abroad: I say, I need not mention the ingratitude of your being engaged in this quarrel; for, if you get over rebellion and parricide, and think yourselves safe in leveling your pieces, or sheathing your swords in your lawful prince, by which the whole stock of the most illustrious family in the world is cut off at once, (which God forbid) it were in vain to think to prevail with you by any arguments drawn from the dead.

“ Nor is it an excuse for your appearing in arms against the king's forces, that his majesty is not in person among them; for were it in your power, (which, God be praised, it is not) to disable the king's army, so that upon his landing in any part of his dominions, he should become a prey to those that seek his life; you are thereby accessory to his murder, and to all the ruin and desolation which would be the fatal consequence of so horrid an act: and remember, that as long as you remain in the rebels' army, you do what you can to promote those wicked ends; and if God's good purposes frustrate your ill purposes, your king and country owe you no thanks.

“ I know your present managers make you believe, that were the king once out of their way, there would be an end of all our troubles and commotions; and, for that reason, have run into the most unheard of barbarous villany, in setting a price upon his head: But he is blind that does not see, that that misfortune, should it happen, (which God Almighty prevent,) would be to us and our posterity the beginning of sorrow; for it is very plain to an ordinary understanding, that if the king's bare title to the crown, when he could not make any efforts to recover his right, has occasioned, for so many years together, such fears and jealousies, such imposts and taxes, such bloody wars and commotions at home and abroad; were he out of the way, and the lawful suc-

cession by our law, devolved to another family, who have forces of their own to support their claim, what destruction have you brought upon your country? Should, for instance, the French king, (which is no remote prospect) come by proximity of blood, to be nearest heir to the crown of Britain, with whom the great number of true royalists in these nations would undoubtedly join, what a fine pass would things be brought to?

“ For my own part, I do in my conscience think, that as all the misery which this nation has felt, in the memory of any body now alive, has flowed from the unnatural and base treatment of the royal family; so all the happiness, peace, and security, which we can wish and hope for, depends entirely, under God, upon the life and issue of king James; and therefore, he that now fights to hinder his peaceable restoration, is a traitor to his king, an enemy to his country, and a stupid fool to himself and his posterity.

“ And now, what is it for, that you thus engage against your king, your country, your friends, and relations? a most glorious cause no doubt! viz. to support a German prince in the unjust possession of the throne: a prince who is the very remotest relation the king has; one who understands not one word of our language, and (which is worse) knows not one tittle of our constitution, who uses our best nobility with neglect and ill manners, and cares for nothing in the king's dominions, but the wealth and riches of 'em; who sits a cypher in the throne, and suffers a set of people to harass the nations, that, by their behaviour, nobody would take to be natives of 'em.

“ You fight to maintain this prince, and his hopeful family, the very scorn and contempt of the English nation, however they are cried up by those who make tools of them to enrich and aggrandize themselves upon the ruin of their country.

“ You fight to keep up all the heavy impositions under which your country groans, to perpetuate a war, which the present managers have given you fair warning to expect, by their matchless and unaccountable fury, against the peace and the promoters of it.

“ Our whole nation either is, or pretends to be, sensible of the mischief of the union; we feel the weight of it to our cost; and the inconveniences will daily increase, as is obvious to any that will look before him: the king's forces have sufficiently demonstrated their dislike to it, by their ready appearing to join with the only expedient to dissolve it, and you pretend to be Scotsmen, and fight for making your misery yet more inevitable, and suffer yourselves to be amused with stories of breaking the union another way, by people who are so far from repenting their having a hand in making it, that they would yet bring you under worse circumstances (if possible) for sordid little interests of their own.

“ I might enlarge upon the badness of your cause, and from

religion, justice, nature, honour, gratitude, interest, and safety, shew you that no age ever produced a juncture so capable of engaging men of sense and honour to espouse our side, as the present time calls loudly on you to come over to us: but I hope, from the hints I have given, you will reason yourselves into your loyalty, and shew that you are indeed Scotsmen, by joining with an army that has nothing at heart, but restoring their and your king to his own undoubted right, and redeeming your country from ruin and destruction.

“ But I am sufficiently aware that you are taught to say, that you disclaim the king for his principles, both in religion and politics, and were he a protestant, and had been bred with any tolerable notions of the British constitution, you would think his government supportable, and would not oppose his restoration.

“ Pray, Gentlemen, tell me where did you learn, that difference in religion absolved the subjects from their allegiance to their lawful king? Did our Saviour or his apostles think themselves excused from obedience to the Roman emperors, because they were heathens? Or does the Confession of Faith, in the 23d article, teach any such doctrine? Is there any law of our country that makes good this play; I say, any law, made by a lawful king and parliament? Think better of it before you run such desperate courses upon so sandy a foundation.

“ Besides, pray what assurance have you of the king's being a papist? Is it because he was educated in a popish country? He was so, more shame for those who were the occasion of it; and whatever mischief may be apprehended from that education, it is owing to the banishers of the royal family in the great rebellions of 41 and 88. But did you never hear of a man of sense getting over the prejudice of education? Indeed, I cannot but say, if all protestants follow your example, in going contrary to all the received maxims of religion and honesty, by keeping your king from what is his due by a more undoubted right than any man in Scotland holds his estate, it were bad encouragement for his majesty to embrace a religion so plainly contrary to the principles of the gospel; but as his majesty well knows that the injustice done him, under a pretence of the protestant religion, is not authorised by it, and has had ground enough to be assured that it is disclaimed by the very best protestants in Britain; so I must still think, that the force of truth, which is certainly on our side, will convince him of the mistakes he may have been subject to, and his happy restoration give him an opportunity to declare with safety, *That he truly is of the one catholic church*, without the addition of *Roman*.

“ But supposing the utmost the objection can be stretched to, pray, tell me whether your elector of Brunswick is not of a religion very near akin to popery in some things; and whether there

be any considerable difference between the two in the most absurd point of all popery, viz. *Transubstantiation*; only that the Lutheran notion of it is the more unintelligible of the two, making the same thing to be two different things at the same time, which even a miracle can't effect, &c.

" If then you are to chuse and reject kings, for not thinking in religious matters as you do, why your present darling, and not one who is in every respect of your opinion?

" If he was put in the succession, as was alleged, because he was the next protestant heir; that shews that you own the kingdom hereditary by the constitution; and unless the laws of the nation authorised your laying him aside before 88, which I challenge all your lawyers to make appear, you must allow that you forced him to France without reason, and then made a pretended law to disinherit him for being bred there. An injustice only paralleled by the blasphemous notion of God Almighty's forcing wicked men to ill, and then damning them for being wicked.

" But let the king's religion be what it will, he has under his hand given us all the security we can ask, that he will maintain the protestant religion in his kingdoms, and fence it from any danger by such laws, as shall, by the advice of his parliament, be thought necessary. And we have this demonstration of his being earnest in his promise, that no man of his judgment and wisdom would venture the loss of his dominions a second time, for attempting what he plainly sees to be impracticable in Britain; and if I had no other reason to think the protestant religion secure by the king's restoration, I can't but judge this consideration of great weight, viz. that the pope and popish princes combined to destroy his royal father and himself, and his protestant subjects are the chief asserters of his right, and promoters of his restoration. Let nobody then amuse you with imaginary fears of popery; for, by your glorious revolution, the protestant, nay the christian religion, suffered more in Britain by atheism, deism, and contempt of God's true worship, than I trust in God it shall ever do by the administration of our lawful sovereign.

" But you are further made to believe, that the king would certainly make you all slaves; because, being educated in France, he has been used to the maxims of arbitrary government, and those are so natural to be liked by young monarchs, that he will certainly transcribe the French tyranny into the British constitution; that is to say, I met a man upon the road, and I fancy he designs to rob me, though I can give no reason for my apprehension, but that once upon a time, there was a robber took a man's purse in that place, and so, without being assaulted, nay, when the man declared he had no ill design upon me, I take a pistol and shoot him.

" Does it always follow, that men must love the government

of the country where they were bred? I wish it had been so before the revolution; for had all the people of this country loved hereditary monarchy, because it was the received constitution here, we had not been troubled with so many miseries as have since ensued: But should our king be fond of arbitrary power, (which, by the bye, he has utterly disclaimed,) yet the rubs and difficulties in his way from our constitution, custom, laws, and our inclinations, are such, that he can have no possible hopes to surmount them; therefore, we need not be under the least apprehension of his attempting it.

"But this is an objection contrived only to amuse and bubble the people; for had you been so much afraid of arbitrary power as you pretend, would you have chose to set a prince upon the throne, who, besides his being educated in arbitrary principles, has likewise been long in the practice of unlimited power? and to make it so much the more uneasy, instead of the frankness and generosity of the French temper, has a German bitterness, and a sullen and morose nature, which makes it the more dangerous: and, I think, in the short experience we have had of this prince's reign, we have partly felt it; for ever since his coming to the throne, he has not passed one public *act of grace*, nay, not of good-nature and lenity: All things are exaggerated to the highest degree, and punished to the utmost severity; which fairly warns us what we are to expect hereafter; for if the beginning be so, what shall the end be?

"Now, gentlemen and soldiers, I shall not insist upon other topics to press you to your duty to your king and country; I shall only say, that whoever will allow himself, calmly and without prejudice, to consider what is already said, cannot but evidently find, that (so far as any human understanding can possibly reach,) our affairs at present are in such a situation, that we must either have our king, or war for ever; we must now help our sinking country, or be ruined to all intents and purposes; and if, by your present management, we should fail of our attempt, our chains will be heavier for endeavouring an escape; and whatever services you do for that party, that would ensnare us, (by which you propose such private advantages,) you will only transmit your names to posterity with this glorious title, *These are they who sold their king and country to German slavery!*"

The air does not appear to be a genuine Scottish one.

SONG XLI.

Lewis Gordon,

HAS always been a popular ditty, and was supposed to have been made by a Mr Geddes, priest at Shenval in the Enzie, on the Lord Lewis Gordon, third son to the duke of Gordon, who being bred to sea service, was a lieutenant on board a ship of war; but, on the rising in 1745, declared for prince Charles; raised a regiment of two battalions; defeated the adherents of George, under the laird of Macleod, near Inverury, 23d September that year, and then marched to Perth; after the battle of Culloden he escaped abroad; was attainted by act of parliament, 1746; and died at Montreuil, in France, on the 15th of June, 1754. The air is the original or northern set of "*Tarry woo*."

SONG XLII.

We comes, he comes, the Hero comes.

FROM Sir W. Scott's loose papers. The air does not appear to be a genuine Scottish one.

SONG XLIII.

Macdonald's Gathering,

Is a genuine Highland song, translated and sent to me by a lady in Edinburgh, herself a Macdonnell, or at least was one once. I wish she had added an explanation, as it would have saved me a good deal of trouble and guessing; but all she has thought proper to add is, that every one of the chieftains and houses mentioned are Macdonnells.

I take it for granted then, that Glengarry is the first in the list here of the Clan Dhonuill, Macalister being very generally a patronimic of the chief of that house. The next, without all doubt, is Clan-Ranald; as the places mentioned are all on his ancient bounds; for the chief of Sky having proved a truant at this

bout, he is not thought worthy of mentioning save as such. The third with the cramp name that nobody can read, and nobody can spell, must mean Keppoch ; as the glens mentioned are all in the upper parts of Lochaber. There is no circumstance in the fates of the Highlanders, occasioned to them by the rebellion, for which I lament so much, as the extinction of this brave and loyal chief and his clan, whose names are now a blank in the lands of their fathers. Keppoch could once have raised 500 men at a few days warning, and never was slack when his arm was needed, although his hand was something like Ishmael's of old, for he was generally at loggerheads with his neighbours, especially the Clan-Chattan, whom he once beat, with their chief, the laird of Macintosh, at their head, cutting a great part of their superior army to pieces, and forcing the laird, whom he took prisoner, to renounce his claim to extensive possessions, which Keppoch originally held of him. Keppoch was indeed too brave, and too independent ; and it proved his family's ruin. When admonished once of the necessity of getting regular charter rights to his lands from government, of which he never had any, " No," said Keppoch, " I shall never hold lands that I cannot hold otherwise than by a sheep's hide." Keppoch trusted still to his claymore ; but the day of it was past ; " Othello's occupation was gone ! " On the restoration of the forfeited estates, Keppoch, having no rights to show for his extensive lands, lost them ; a circumstance which must ever be deplored, but cannot now be remedied. Lenochan, Aucterechtan, and Glencoe, are here claimed to be of the same family with Keppoch ; yet Lenochan's name, it would appear, was not Macdonald.

SONG XLIV.

To Daunt me,

Is a favourite song to a favourite tune. It should have been placed in an earlier page, but for the sake of those that follow it to the same air, which are of a later date. Indeed it is no matter how these general songs are arranged. This one is patched up from Cromek's Remains, and another manuscript copy.

SONG XLV.

Second Set,

Is from Mr Hardy's Collection, and appears to have been writ-

ten immediately on the landing of prince Charles at Moidart, on the mainland of Scotland. I regret much that I have been unable to procure a copy of an original Jacobite song, which I once or twice heard one Betty Cameron from Lochaber sing, beginning

Seven men of Moidart,
O whar will you lie the night?

SONG XLVI.

Third Set,

Is from Mr Moir's Collection, and not the worst of the three.

SONG XLVII.

Be Valiant Still,

Is from Mr Hardy's MSS. altered a little from another manuscript copy. All these four are to the same air, which seems to have been a great favourite in these days. Tunes have their day as well as dogs, or any thing else. We have several times seen in our own day all the populace seized as it were with a mania of fondness for certain tunes; such as "*Cawder Fair*," "*The Millar of Drone*," &c. One may guess from the number of corresponding songs, when such and such tunes had their day. This is particularly the case with the Jacobite songs, as will be seen throughout these volumes.

SONG XLVIII.

Maclean's Welcome.

I MAY here mention, once for all, that these songs from the Gaelic were mostly sent to me by different hands, translated simply into English prose, and have all been versified by me; save those mentioned in the notes as having been done by others: so that it must be remarked, they are rather *imitations from the Gaelic* than

any thing else. To have versified the short sentences from the Gaelic literally, was impossible. I trust, however, that those acquainted with the originals will confess that they have lost nothing in going through my hands exclusive of the Gaelic idioms, endeared to the natives from infancy, which must all vanish in any translation whatsoever. Yet even in these abrupt Highland Ossianic sentences, there seems to be something of the raw material and spirit of poetry, for I never got any notes of words so easily turned into songs. Some part of the beverage promised to prince Charles in this song, by "his friend the Maclean," are certainly of a very singular nature, but not one of these is added to the original. The air is beautiful, but the ingenious captain Frazer has a better set of it in his collection; and I cannot help mentioning here, that though that gentleman has many Lowland melodies among his, so different in style from his own native music that the most common ear can distinguish them, yet, whether Highland or Lowland, his are always the best sets I have ever either seen or heard.

SONG XLIX.

Charlie is my Darling.

MODERN.

SONG L.

Charlie is my Darling.

ORIGINAL.

I WROTE the first of these songs some years ago, at the request of a friend, who complained that he did not like the old verses. I have, however, added them, that those who delight in the fine original air may take which they choose.

SONG LI.

Turn the Blue Bonnets wya ran.

NEITHER this beautiful air nor song have ever been before pub-

lished. The name is ancient. I dare not take it on me to say so much for either the words or the music. But what need any one speak about an old song that is made about events that happened in our own day. My father was a man shearing on the harvest field that day the battle of Prestonpans was fought, and is yet living, and in good health and spirits, to tell of it. He remembers all the circumstances of the "Highlanders' Raide," as he calls it, with the utmost minuteness; having been then in his seventeenth year. Yet he confesses that the time appears only like a few seasons. What then would he think on hearing us speak of an ancient song made at that period?

SONG LII.

The Athol Gathering,

Is a good song to an excellent tune. Captain Frazer has the air in his work as a Highland melody; but it has been sung on the Border for ages, to a song beginning—

O that I had ne'er been married,
 I had ne'er had ony care!
 Now I've gotten wife an' bairns,
 An' they cry "crowdy" ever mair.
 Crowdy aince, an' crowdy twice,
 An' crowdy three times i' the day,
 An' ye crowdy ony mair,
 Ye'll crowdy a' my meal away.

The Border name of the tune of course is "crowdy." It was published in a small ephemeral collection of airs about forty years ago, under the name of "Nova Scotia." In Strathmore it is "The Athol Gathering," and captain Frazer calls it "Teann a nall is cum do ghealladh;" which may, for aught I know, mean something of the same with the song. His is a very delightful set. The variations cannot be admitted in a simple air for the voice. So much for the air. For the song it seems to have been taken from an anonymous Jacobite poem of some merit, evidently written at the very time the clans were rising in 1745. The following short extract is almost in terms synonymous with the song.

"The gracious declaration, issued forth,
 Resound glad echoes thro' the spacious north,
 Repenting subjects, weeping, own their crimes,
 Curse the Usurper, and degen'rate times,

With noble ardour rush into the field,
For to such manly goodness all must yield.

“ See the bold chiefs their hardy warriors lead,
Eager in such a cause, with such a head ;
Glengary, Keppoch, Appin, only weep
These thirty years the cause has been asleep ;
Nor, good Glenbucket, loyal thro’ thy life,
Was’t thou untimely in the glorious strife ;
Thy chief degen’rate, thou his terror stood,
To vindicate the loyal Gordons’ blood ;
The loyal Gordons own the gen’rous call,
With Charles and thee resolved to live or fall.

“ See Athole’s duke, in exile, ever true,
His faithful toils for thee, his Prince, renew.
By tyrants first, then by a brother spurned,
Still, still with loyalty his bosom burned ;
One of the select, never-dying train
Conveyed their Prince thro’ dangers on the main ;
See, how hereditary right prevails,
And see Astraea poise the wayward scales !
Th’ usurping brother to th’ Usurper flees,
While his return is echoed to the skies,
And happy vassals to his standard flies.

“ His worthy brother, bursting into fame,
Asserts the honour of the Murrays’ name ;
In council wise, and glorious in the field,
His Prince’s thunder born with grace to wield ;
To hurl destruction on invet’rate foes,
And give Britannia long desired repose.

“ The Murrays, glowing with a gen’rous flame,
Afford still subjects for the noblest theme ;
But these I pass :—their virtues speak their praise,
Nor shall be lost by inexpressive lays.

“ But why, O Perth, why should I silent be,
Nor tell the world the worth that lives in thee ?
Thy hospitable doors to foes were wide,
Even to the foes by whom thou wast betrayed ;
But Heaven, thy guardian, stopped the threatened ill,
And Perth preserved, and will preserve him still.

“ Elcho—but words are weak, for who can tell
What godlike actions have expressed so well ?

“ Beloved by all, see, Ogilvie appears
A man in courage, though a youth in years ;
Thy fame succeeding ages pleased shall read,
And future Airies emulate each deed.

“ Thee, Nairn and Gask, with raptures could I sing,
Still true to God, your country, and your king,

Loyal and just, sincere as weeping truth,
The same in manhood as in early youth ;
But while the sun the blue horizon gilds,
Each little witness to his brightness yields.

" Strowan, great chief, whom both Minervas crown,
Illustrious bard, thou sufferer of renown,
Long dimmed, like rays shot from a clouded star,
In verse Apollo, and a Mars in war.

" Menzies reserved to add a nobler grace,
To an illustrious but forgotten race ;
A race that added to the Brucian fame,
And rises now with no less loyal flame.

" Th' immortal Grahams, but ah ! without a head,
Yet always show that loyalty's their creed.

" These, mighty Prince, were men by Heaven's decree
Reserved to catch new hopes and life from thee ;
Reserved with thee to pull th' Usurper down,
To right thy country, and to right thy crown."

Lord George Murray, fifth son of the first duke of Atholl, was with his brother the marquis of Tullibardine in Kintail, 1719, and was wounded at the battle of Glenshiel, 10th June that year. Making his escape abroad, he was several years an officer in the Sardinian service, but obtaining a pardon, returned to Britain, was presented to the King, and ineffectually solicited a commission in his army. Joining Prince Charles's standard at Perth, in September 1745, he was appointed lieutenant-general of his forces, acted as such at the battles of Prestonpans, Falkirk, and Culloden, marched into England with them, and brought up the rear in their retreat from thence. He was attainted of high treason by act of parliament, but escaped to the continent; he arrived at Rome, 21st March, 1747, where he was received with great distinction by Prince Charles, who fitted up an apartment for him in his palace, and introduced him to the Pope. He died at Medenblinck, in Holland, 11th October, 1760.

SONG LIII.

The Gathering Kant,

Is a Buchan song got from my correspondent at Peterhead. The air is a modification of "*the Quaker's Wife*."

SONG LIV.

Wah madna Fight for Charlie?

revised a Buchan song, sent me by Mr John Wallace. The same name, but in the South is called "*Will ye go an' y Katie?*"

SONG LV.

An Excellent New Song on the Rebellion,

the best model of a street ballad, poetry, air, and all, that is ex-

The style is quite inimitable, and yet I myself remember the song being popular. I got it from David Constable, Esq., son to the celebrated bookseller of that name, a number of years ago. The ballad alludes to the painful and disgraceful catastrophe at Preston, where the pusillanimity of Foster and his associates (to say the least of it) occasioned the shameful death of a brave man, who, at all events, might well have effected an honorable retreat, and escaped till the day of vengeance was past. But his disgraceful surrender occasioned the engraving of indelible stains on the honour, the national character, and the ornament of his country. He afterwards made his escape, notwithstanding the connivance of those in power, as was shrewdly suspected, which lends some colour to the suggestion in the ballad, that in the end proved a traitor to the cause, after having induced so many brave men into it. As the ballad dwells only on Derwentwater's fate, the following short extract from an anonymous work will not be thought out of place here: "Of seven lords condemned, the lords Kenmure and Derwentwater were the only two who suffered. On the 29th of February they were brought to the scaffold, when the latter delivered a paper to the sheriffs, the following extract from which bears testimony to his sentiments: 'I am now to ask pardon,' says he, 'of those to whom I may have scandalized by pleading guilty at my trial. In this I am sensible, I have made bold with my loyalty, having never owned any other but king James III. for my lawful and rightful sovereign; I had an inclination to serve him from my infancy, and was moved thereto by a natural love I had for his person, knowing him to be capable of making his people happy.'"

L. II.

2 R

And though he had been of a different religion from mine, I should have done for him all that lay in my power, as my ancestors have done for his predecessors, being thereto bound by the laws of God and man.

‘Wherefore, if in this affair I have acted rashly, it ought not to affect the innocent; I intended to wrong nobody, but to serve my king and country, and that without self-interest, hoping, by the example I gave, to have induced others to do their duty: And God, who sees the secrets of my heart, knows I speak truth. Some means have been proposed to me to save my life, which I looked upon as inconsistent with honour and conscience, and therefore I rejected them; for, with God’s assistance, I shall prefer any death to the doing a base unworthy action: I only wish now, that the laying down my life might contribute to the service of my king and country, and the re-establishment of the ancient and fundamental constitution of these kingdoms, without which no lasting peace or true happiness can attend them; then I should, indeed, part with my life even with pleasure: And as it is, I can only pray that these blessings may be bestowed on my dear country; and since I can do no more, I beseech God to accept of my life as a small sacrifice towards it.

‘I die a Roman catholic; I am in perfect charity with all the world, I thank God for it, even with those of the present government, who are most instrumental in my death. I freely forgive such as reported false things of me; and I hope to be forgiven the trespasses of my youth, by the Father of infinite mercy, into whose hands I commit my soul.

‘JA. DERWENTWATER.’

“The scaffold was no sooner cleaned from the stains of the execution of this unfortunate earl, than the lord viscount Kenmure was brought out, accompanied by his son and some friends, and attended by two clergymen of the church of England, in which communion he professed to die: He made no formal speech, but testified his sorrow for pleading guilty, and acknowledged James’s title to the crown, and wished he might one day re-mount the throne of his ancestors. After being undressed by the help of his friends, he kneeled, and laid his head down upon the block, then raised it up again; and still continuing on his knees, he gave the executioner some money, and told him he would give him no sign; but that, when he laid down his head again he might do his office as he saw good; then lifting up his hands a short time in a posture of prayer, he resolutely laid down his head, which at two blows was severed from his body.

“After this lord’s execution, a letter was found in his pocket, addressed to king James, wherein he declared, that he died for his faithful services to his majesty, but hoped the cause he died

for would flourish after his death ; and, as he suffered for his service, he hoped his majesty would provide for his wife and children."

Brave old Mackintosh of Borlam also made his escape by a bold manœuvre of his friends. The men in power were highly indignant, and offered a great reward for his apprehension ; but

" Though our king would give ten thousand pound,
Old Mackintosh will scorn to be found."

SONG LVI.

A Lamentable Bittie on the Death of George.

THIS song I likewise got from Mr David Constable, before either he or I had any notion of collecting the Jacobite Relics of the country. I was likewise obliged to his father for a curious old MS. ballad, which came out of time after the first volume was printed, and much more for a copy of Wood's Peerage, without which I should never have been able to get forward.

Although it is merely conjecture, the song is supposed to have related to the death of George Collingwood, Esq. mentioned in " Lord Derwentwater's Goodnight," Song xi. who was executed at Liverpool, and, being lame at the time, was carried to the gallows in a chair.

SONG LVII.

Turnpike-spæ,

Is an excellent and very popular song ; but is rather one against the modern encroachments on the Highlander's liberty than any dynasty. Hersel thought it, no doubt, a terrible imposition at the turnpike gate, " for nought but gaen upon te crund."

SONG LVIII.

*Johnie Cope.*SONG LIX.—*Second Set.*

THIS song, so generally a favourite throughout Scotland, is certainly more indebted for its popularity to the composer of the air, than the poet who wrote the verses. The tune is really excellent, but the verses, take which set we will, are commonplace enough. Yet I scarcely know a song that so many people are fond of. For my part I love it, and ever will, because it was a chief favourite with my late indulgent and lamented master and friend, the duke of Buccleugh, whom I have often heard sing it with great glee.

This being the first song relating to any particular action of 1745, it will be necessary to take up the thread of the general narration, having been obliged to leave it off to make room, for miscellaneous matter, and thus carry it on in the same intermittent state to the end. This must be done very shortly, for a minute detail would swell the work beyond all reasonable bounds.

It will be observed, that I retained the two foregoing songs, 55 and 56, in order to take up the relation at that period, and thereby connect the story of the two risings for the Stuarts. The affair at Preston being the last of the one era, and that at Prestonpans, where Cope was defeated, the first of the other related in song.

We left the army, led by Foster, Kenmure, and brigadier Mackintosh, at Lancaster, whither they arrived, after chasing from the field and utterly scattering an army of 11,000 men, raised hastily by lord Lonsdale and the bishop of Carlisle: from Lancaster they proceeded to Preston, whence Stanhope's regiment of dragoons, and another of militia, immediately retired, so that they took possession of the place without resistance. General Wills marched against the enemy with six regiments of horse and dragoons, and one battalion of foot commanded by colonel Preston. They had advanced to the bridge of Ribble before Foster received intelligence of their approach. He forthwith began to raise barricades, and put the place in a posture of defence. On the 12th day of November, the town was briskly attacked in two different places; but the king's troops met with a very warm reception, and were repulsed with considerable loss. Next day general Car-

arrived with a reinforcement of three regiments of dragoon; and the town was invested on all sides. The Highlanders said they would make a sally, sword in hand, and either cut their way through the troops of the enemy, or perish in the attempt; but they were over-ruled. Foster sent colonel Oxburgh with a trumpet to general Wills, to propose a capitulation. He answered, that the general would not treat with rebels; in case of their surrendering at discretion, he would prevent the soldiers from putting them to the sword, until he received further orders. He granted them time to consider till next morning upon their delivering the earl of Derwentwater and Mackintosh as hostages. When Foster submitted, this Highlander declared he could not promise the Scots would surrender in that manner. The general desired him to return to his people, and would forthwith attack the town, in which case every man of arms should be cut to pieces. The Scottish noblemen did not choose to run the risk, and persuaded the Highlanders to accept of the terms offered. They accordingly laid down their arms, and were put under a strong guard. All the noblemen and leaders were secured. Major Nairn, captain Lockhart, captain Shaftoe, and seven or eight others, were tried by a court-martial as deserters, and executed. Lord Charles Murray, son of the duke of Athol, was likewise condemned for the same crime, but reprieved. The common men were imprisoned at Chester and Liverpool. The nobles and considerable officers were sent to London, conveyed through the streets pinioned like malefactors, and committed to Newgate. The day of their final surrender at Marston was remarkable also for the battle of Sheriffmuir, so fully decided already. After that battle, the clans, seeing no likelihood of farther engagement, began, according to their usual custom, to disperse, and straggle homewards to their several habitations; so that Mar's army grew daily weaker. Many of the chiefs lost confidence in him, their sentiments became too well known among their followers, and without the strict and positive command of his own chief, every Highlander thought then he was at liberty to do as he listed, and go when and where he listed. The adherents to the house of Stuart having been thus basely put down in England, the government was now in a situation to send strong reinforcements to Scotland. Six thousand men that were claimed of the states-general, by virtue of the treaty, landed in England, and began their march for Edinburgh. General Cadogan set out for the same place, together with brigadier Pettit, and six other engineers; and a train of artillery was ordered at the Tower for that country, the duke of Argyle being engaged to drive the earl of Mar out of Perth, to which town he retired with the remains of his forces. James, having been disappointed with the hope of seeing the whole kingdom of England

rise up as one man in his behalf, and the duke of Ormond having made a fruitless voyage to the western coast, to try the disposition of the people, he was now convinced of the vanity of his expectation in that quarter; and, as he knew not what other course to take, he resolved to hazard his person among his friends in Scotland, at a time when his affairs in that kingdom were absolutely desperate. From Bretagne he posted through part of France in disguise; and, embarking in a small vessel at Dunkirk, hired for that purpose, arrived, on the 22d December, at Peterhead, with six gentlemen in his retinue, one of whom was the marquis of Tinmouth, son to the duke of Berwick. He passed through Aberdeen incognito, to Fetterosse, where he was met by the earls of Mar and Marischal, and about thirty noblemen and gentlemen of the first quality. Here he was solemnly proclaimed. His declaration, dated at Commercy, was printed and circulated through all the parts in the neighbourhood; and he received addresses from the Episcopal clergy, and the laity of that communion, in the diocese of Aberdeen. On the 5th of January he made his public entry into Dundee; and on the 7th arrived at Scone, where he seemed determined to stay until the ceremony of his coronation should be performed. From thence he made an excursion to Perth, where he reviewed his forces. Then he formed a regular council, and published six proclamations; one for a general thanksgiving on account of his safe arrival; another enjoining the ministers to pray for him in churches; a third, establishing the currency of foreign coins; a fourth, summoning the meeting of the convention of estates; a fifth, ordering all sensible men to repair to his standard; and a sixth, fixing the 23d of January for his coronation. He made a pathetic speech in a grand council, at which all the chiefs of his party assisted. They determined, however, to abandon the enterprize, as king George's army was reinforced by the Dutch auxiliaries, and they themselves were not only reduced to a small number, but likewise destitute of money, arms, ammunition, forage, and provision; for the duke of Argyle had taken possession of Burntisland, and transported a detachment to Fife, so as to cut off Mar's communication with that fertile country.

Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, and a prodigious fall of snow, which rendered the roads almost impassable, the duke, on the 29th of January, began his march to Dumblands, and next day reached Tullibardine, where he received intelligence, that James and his forces had, on the preceding day, retired towards Dundee. He forthwith took possession of Perth, and then began his march to Aberbrothwick, in pursuit of the enemy. The chevalier de St George, being thus hotly pursued, was prevailed upon to embark on board a small French ship that lay in the harbour of Montrose. He was accompanied by the

earls of Mar and Melford, the lord Drummond, lieutenant-general Bulkley, and other persons of distinction, to the number of seventeen. In order to avoid the English cruisers, they stretched over to Norway; and, coasting along the German and Dutch shores, arrived in five days at Graveline. General Gordon, whom James had left commander-in-chief of the forces, assisted by the earl Marischal, proceeded with them to Aberdeen, where he secured three vessels to sail northward, and take on board the persons who intended to make their escape to the continent. Then they continued their march through Strathspey and Strathdown, to the hills of Badenoch, where the common people were quietly dismissed. This retreat was made with such expedition, that the duke of Argyle, with all his activity, could never overtake their rear-guard, which consisted of a thousand horse, commanded by the earl Marischal. Such was the issue of this rising, which proved fatal to many noble families; a rising which, in all probability, would never have taken place, had not the violent measures of a whig ministry kindled such a flame of discontent in the nation, as encouraged the partizans of the exiled house to hazard a revolt. But though the rising was suppressed, the flame of national dissatisfaction still continued to rage; the severities exercised against those of king James's party increased the general discontent. For now the danger was blown over, their humane passions began to prevail. The courage and fortitude with which the condemned persons encountered the pains of death in its most dreadful form, prepossessed many spectators in favour of the cause by which those unhappy victims were animated. In a word, persecution, as usual, extended the heresy. About the end of next session of parliament, bills of attainder were passed against general Foster and brigadier Mackintosh; and "a bill for more effectually securing the peace of the Highlands in Scotland, by disarming the people," &c. and "a bill for appointing commissioners to inquire into those estates which were forfeited by the rebellion," which the king had promised to give up for the public service.

Having appointed general Carpenter commander-in-chief of all the forces in Scotland; lord Lovat, governor of Inverness, for his good services in recovering that place from the enemy; the earl of Sutherland, president of the chamberlainry in Scotland; and a patent having passed the seals, creating his royal highness, George, prince of Wales, regent of the kingdom of great Britain, and his Majesty's lieutenant within the same; king George, on the 7th of July, departed for Holland, where he arrived on the 9th, on his way to Hanover.

The state prisoners who had been reprieved by his Majesty, began to behave themselves as if they were secure; when, to their great surprise, on the night of the 8th, after the prince had open-

ed his commission in council, a warrant was signed for executing twenty-four of them on the following Friday. A reprieve, however, arrived on the Thursday for twenty of them ; and a warrant for the execution of Mr Paul, and Mr Thomas Hall of Otterburn, who were executed accordingly on Friday, the 13th of July 1716. At the place of execution, each of them read a declaration renouncing communion with the church of England, and owning they died members of the nonjuring church there ; praying for the restoration of king James, and exhorting the people to be obedient to him, as their only lawful sovereign, &c.

On the 24th of June, when the act suspending the habeas corpus bill expired, the earl of Scarsdale, lords Duplin, Powis, and several private gentlemen, availed themselves of it, and were admitted to bail. In a short time after, Sir William Windham, Mr Harvey of Comb, Mr Lockart of Carnwath, the earls of Wigtoun and Hume, and several others, both in England and Scotland, who had been taken into custody as suspected persons at the commencement of the disturbances, took likewise the benefit of the habeas corpus act. A general order was likewise issued for the liberation, without bail, of all those who surrendered according to the summons before the rising, and those who deserted from James's army before the retreat from Perth ; and discharging all the servants who were prisoners with their masters in London. The marquis of Huntly, Glengary, Mr Douglas, Ogilvy, and some others in Scotland, obtained their full pardon, in regard of their having quitted the chevalier's army in time. Some at London were liberated before trial, and others reprieved. The prisoners taken at Dunfermline and Sheriffmuir ; and such as had surrendered themselves to the government at the termination of this unsuccessful attempt, and were prisoners in the castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Blackness, were conveyed to Carlisle to be tried by a commission of oyer and terminer, appointed to sit there in November 1716. Thirty-four prisoners were set at liberty, without being brought to trial ; thirty-two being brought to trial, Mr William Hay made some demur against the jurisdiction, but afterwards withdrew, and thereafter pled guilty, as did all the rest, except one Tulloch of Tanachie, who was acquitted, having proved that he was forced to engage in the enterprise against his will. Twenty-four of them received sentence of death ; but no day was appointed for their execution. The rest were never sentenced.

King George returned from Germany about the middle of January, 1716, a few days before the parliament met, intending to open that session with a general indemnity ; but a rumour having circulated, that the plan of another attempt was formed, it was delayed. It appeared from the papers seized with count Gyllenburg, and baron Gortz, that the king of Sweden, in concert with

the Jacobites, designed to invade Britain. Effectual measures being taken it was prevented. The earl of Oxford was tried on the 13th of July, and acquitted. His majesty then granted his indemnity, and the remainder of the prisoners were liberated.

Next year but one, however, another attempt was made in favour of the exiled chevalier, principally under the auspices of the intriguing cardinal Alberoni. The duke of Ormond having been sent for, repaired to Madrid, and held conferences with his eminence, and measures were concerted for exciting another insurrection in Britain. The chevalier de St George quitted Urbino by stealth; and embarking at Nettuno, landed at Cagliari in March. From thence he took his passage to Roses in Catalonia, and proceeded to Madrid, where he was received with great cordiality, and treated as king of Great Britain. An armament had been equipped of ten ships of war and transports, having on board six thousand regular troops, with arms for twelve thousand men. The command of this fleet was bestowed on the duke of Ormond, with the title of captain-general of his most catholic majesty. He was provided with declarations in the name of that king, importing, that for many good reasons he had sent part of his land and sea-forces into Scotland and England, to act as auxiliaries to king James. King George, having received from the regent of France timely notice of this intended invasion, offered, by proclamations, rewards to those that should apprehend the duke of Ormond, or any gentleman embarked in that expedition. Troops were ordered to assemble in the north and in the west of England; two thousand men were demanded of the states-general; a strong squadron was equipped to oppose the Spanish armament; and the duke of Orleans made a proffer to king George of twenty battalions for his service. His majesty, having communicated to both houses of parliament the repeated advices he had received touching this projected descent, they promised to support him against all his enemies. They desired he would augment his forces by sea and land; and assured him they would make good the extraordinary expense. Two thousand men were landed from Holland, and six battalions of imperialists from the Austrian Netherlands. The duke of Ormond sailed from Cadiz, and proceeded as far as Cape Finisterre, where his fleet was dispersed and disabled by a violent storm, which entirely defeated the purposed expedition. Two frigates, however, arrived in Scotland, with the earls Marischal and Seaforth, the marquis of Tullibardine, some field-officers, three hundred Spaniards, and arms for two thousand men. They were joined by a small body of Highlanders, and possessed themselves of Donan castle. Against these adventurers general Wightman marched with a body of regular troops from Inverness. They had taken possession of the pass of Glenahiel; but, at the approach of the king's forces, re-

tired to the pass at Strachell, which they resolved to defend. They were attacked and driven from one eminence to another till night, when the Highlanders dispersed; and next day the Spaniards surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Marischal, Seaforth, and Tullibardine, with some officers, retired to one of the western isles, in order to wait an opportunity of being conveyed to the continent.

Still the unsuccessful issue of all these ill-conducted enterprises did not extinguish the hopes of the friends to the house of Stuart in Scotland. They looked forward to the period when some favourable opportunity would occur, and their efforts to restore his family to the throne would be crowned with success. The existing government, however, watched with such anxious care every movement of its supposed enemies, that it crushed in embryo all the attempts that were made to disturb the public tranquillity. Notwithstanding its vigilance, a secret correspondence was kept up between the chevalier and his friends, in which he encouraged them to hope that their expectations would be realized; he flattered them also with being soon able to join them, backed by all the power of France; and to bind them still closer to his interest, supplied them occasionally with money and arms. They were ready, therefore, on the first intimation of a descent, to take the field, and support with all their means the fortunes of the exiled family.

The free discussion of the measures of government, and the loud clamours raised by the people against what they deem an infringement of their privileges, impress foreigners with the idea that the country is often ripe for a revolt, when it is nothing more than the effect of that freedom, the pride and boast of our country, and which is so well calculated to correct the follies of those in power. The parliamentary disputes in 1743 were carried on with so much acrimony, and the people gave such implicit confidence to the assertions of those who represented the nation as being uselessly burdened and oppressed for purposes destructive of British liberty, that a general dissatisfaction prevailed throughout the country, and it appeared to the French ministry a favourable period for assisting the chevalier de St George to recover his crown.

This project was agreeable to cardinal de Tencin, who had succeeded Fleury as prime minister of France. He was of a violent enterprising temper. He had been recommended to the purple by the chevalier de St George, and was warmly attached to the Stuart family. His ambition was flattered with a prospect of giving a king to Great Britain, of performing such eminent service to his benefactor, and of restoring to the throne of their ancestors a family, connected by the ties of blood with all the greatest princes of Europe. He foresaw, that even if his aim should miscarry, a

descent upon Great Britain would make a considerable diversion from the Continent in favour of France, and embroil and embarrass his Britannic majesty, who was the chief support of the house of Austria and all its allies. Actuated by these motives, he concerted measures with the chevalier de St George at Rome, who, being too much advanced in years to engage personally in such an expedition, agreed to delegate his authority and pretensions to his son Charles, a youth of promising talents, sage, secret, brave, and enterprising; amiable in his person, grave, and even reserved, in his deportment. He approved himself in the sequel composed and moderate in success, wonderfully firm in adversity; and, though tenderly nursed in all the delights of an effeminate country and gentle climate, patient, almost beyond belief, of cold, hunger, and fatigue. Count Saxe was appointed by the French king commander of the troops designed for this expedition, which amounted to fifteen thousand. They began their march to Picardy, and a great number of vessels was assembled for their embarkation, at Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne. It was determined that they should be landed in Kent, under convoy of a strong squadron equipped at Brest, and commanded by monsieur Roquefeuille, an officer of experience and capacity. The chevalier de St. George is said to have required the personal service of the duke of Ormond, who excused himself on account of his advanced age: be that as it will, prince Charles departed from Rome about the end of December, in the disguise of a Spanish courier, attended by one servant only, and furnished with passports by cardinal Aquaviva. He travelled through Tuscany to Genoa, whence he proceeded to Savona, where he embarked for Antibes, and, prosecuting his journey to Paris, was indulged with a private audience of the French king: then he set out incognito for the coast of Picardy. The British ministry, being apprised of his arrival in France, at once comprehended the destination of the armaments prepared at Brest and Boulogne. Mr. Thomson, the English resident at Paris, received orders to make a remonstrance to the French ministry, on the violation of those treaties by which the chevalier was excluded from the territories of France. But he was given to understand that his most christian majesty would not explain himself on that subject, until the king of England should have given satisfaction on the repeated complaints which had been made to him, touching the infractions of those very treaties which had been so often violated by his orders. In the month of January M. de Roquefeuille sailed from Brest, directing his course up the English channel, with twenty ships of war. They were immediately discovered by an English cruiser, which ran into Plymouth; and the intelligence was conveyed by land to the board of admiralty. Sir John Norris was forthwith ordered to take the command of the squadron at Spithead, with which he

sailed round to the Downs, where he was joined by some ships of the line from Chatham, and then he found himself at the head of a squadron considerably stronger than that of the enemy.

Several regiments marched to the southern coasts of England: all governors and commanders were ordered to repair immediately to their respective posts; the forts at the mouth of the Thames and the Medway were put in a posture of defence; and directions were issued to assemble the Kentish militia, to defend the coast in case of an invasion. A requisition was made of the 6000 auxiliaries which the states-general were by treaty obliged to furnish on such occasions; and these were granted with great alacrity and expedition. The earl of Stair, forgetting his wrongs, took this opportunity of offering his services to the government, and was reinvested with the chief command of the forces of Great Britain. His example was followed by several noblemen of the first rank. The duke of Montague was permitted to raise a regiment of horse, and orders were sent to bring over 6000 of the British troops from Flanders, in case the invasion should actually take place. King George was exhorted by parliament to augment his forces by sea and land; the habeas corpus act was suspended for six months, and several persons of distinction were apprehended on suspicion of treasonable practices: a proclamation was issued for putting the laws in execution against papists and nonjurors, who were commanded to retire ten miles from London; and every precaution taken which seemed necessary for the preservation of the public tranquillity.

Meanwhile the French court proceeded with their preparations at Boulogne and Dunkirk, under the eye of prince Charles; and seven thousand men were actually embarked. M. de Roquefeuille sailed up the channel as far as Dungeness, a promontory on the coast of Kent, after having detached M. de Barreil with five ships to hasten the embarkation at Dunkirk. While the French admiral anchored off Dungeness, he perceived, on the 24th of February, the British fleet under Sir John Norris doubling the South Foreland from the Downs; and, though the wind was against him, taking the opportunity of the tide to come up and engage the French squadron. Roquefeuille, who little expected such a visit, could not be altogether composed, considering the great superiority of his enemies; but the tide failing, the English admiral was obliged to anchor two leagues short of the enemy. In this interval M. Roquefeuille called a council of war, in which it was determined to avoid an engagement, weigh anchor at sunset, and make the best of their way to the place whence they had set sail. This resolution was favoured by a very hard gale of wind, which began to blow from the north-east, and carried them down the channel with incredible expedition. But the same storm, which in all probability saved their fleet from destruction,

utterly disconcerted the design of invading England. A great number of their transports were driven ashore and destroyed, and the rest so damaged that they could not speedily be repaired. The English were now masters at sea, and their coast was so well guarded, that the enterprise could not be prosecuted with any probability of success. The French generals nominated to serve in this expedition returned to Paris, and prince Charles resolved to wait a more favourable opportunity. The French king no longer preserved any measures with the court of London; the British resident at Paris was given to understand, that a declaration of war must ensue; and this was actually published on the 20th of March.

A like denunciation of war against France was proclaimed on the 31st of March, with the usual solemnities. On the 5th of June sir Hector M'Lean, George Bleau of Castlehill, and Lachlan M'Lean, sir Hector's servant, were apprehended in Canongate of Edinburgh, on suspicion of being in the French service, and of enlisting men there. After several hours' examination by the king's advocate and solicitor, and some gentlemen of the army, they were committed;—sir Hector to the castle, Mr Bleau to the jail of that city, and Lachlan M'Lean to that of the Canongate. They were sent under a strong guard to London, where they underwent a long examination, and were afterwards remanded back into the messenger's custody.

Although the design of invasion on a large scale was laid aside by the French ministry, they nevertheless foresaw, that the appearance of Charles in Great Britain would embarrass the government, and make a considerable diversion in their favour; and had they been hearty in his cause, a more favourable opportunity could not have been found, for Scotland was quite unfurnished with troops, King George was in Germany, and the Highland chiefs were eager for insurrection. The measures which were adopted for dissolving the system of clanship, and crushing their power, were viewed as innovations which they exerted themselves to discourage, and endeavoured to maintain their influence over their vassals by every means in their power.

They viewed the proceedings of the existing government that were levelled against them, as acts of tyranny, and considered their acquiescence as rivetting the chains which were already forged for them; the recollection of their power, the glory of their forefathers, inspired them with hatred to the government, and they earnestly solicited the appearance of Charles, who, they flattered themselves, would restore their lost rights. The young prince, entering into their views, resolved to make a vigorous effort to ascend the throne of his ancestors. Being furnished with a sum of money and a supply of arms by the French ministry, he embarked on board of a small frigate of eleven guns at Port St

Lazare, on the 15th of July 1745, accompanied by the marquis of Tullibardine, sir Thomas Sheridan, who had been his tutor, sir John M'Donald, an officer in the Spanish service, Francis Strickland, an English gentleman, Mr. Kelly, a clergyman, Aeneas M'Donald, a banker in Paris, Kinloch Moidart's brother-in-law, and Buchanan, the messenger sent to Rome by cardinal de Tencin. When off Belleisle he was joined by his convoy the Elizabeth, formerly an English man of war, mounted with sixty-six guns, and having on board L,400,000, and arms for several thousand men. Their design was to sail round Ireland, and land in the western part of Scotland; but falling in with the Lion, an English ship of the line, a very obstinate and bloody action ensued. The Elizabeth was so disabled that she could not prosecute the voyage, and with difficulty reached the harbour of Brest; and the Lion was shattered to such a degree, that she floated like a wreck upon the water. Prince Charles in the frigate continued his course to the western isles, and after hovering about several days, put into Boradale in Lochaber, where he landed, and went directly to the house of Mr Macdonald of Kinloch-Moidart. Here he remained in private several weeks, while some of the Highland chiefs were getting the clans together, in order to declare openly for him, and by the middle of August had assembled about 1800 men, consisting of the Stuarts of Appin, the M'Donalds of Glengary, the Camerons of Lochiel, and others.

The first intelligence of his arrival was not credited by the lords of the regency, who even suspected the integrity of those by whom it was conveyed. But they were soon seriously alarmed when they learned that the information was true; a courier was despatched to Holland to hasten the return of king George, who arrived in England about the latter end of August, and a proclamation was issued, offering a reward of L.30,000 to any one who should take prince Charles either dead or alive. This proclamation was contrasted by prince Charles offering the like sum for securing the person of king George:—

“ Charles prince of Wales, &c. regent of the kingdoms of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging.

“ Whereas we have seen a scandalous and malicious paper, published in the style and form of a proclamation, bearing date the 1st instant, wherein, under the pretence of bringing us to justice, like our royal ancestor king Charles I. of blessed memory, there is a reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling, promised to those who shall deliver us into the hands of our enemies; we could not but be moved with a just indignation at so insolent an attempt. And though, from our nature and principles, we ab-

hor and detest a practice so unusual among Christian princes, we cannot but, out of a just regard to the dignity of our person, promise the like reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling to him or those who shall seize and secure, till our farther orders, the person of the elector of Hanover, whether landed, or attempting to land, in any part of his majesty's dominions. Should any fatal accident happen from hence, let the blame lie entirely at the door of those who first set the infamous example.

CHARLES, P. R.

Given in our camp, at Kinlocheill, August the 22d, 1745,

By his highness's command,

JO. MURRAY."

In the beginning of August accounts reached Edinburgh of the debarkation of prince Charles, and that several Highland chiefs had taken arms in his cause. On the first notice of this, lieutenant-general Sir John Cope, commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, gave the necessary orders to the troops; several parties, which were at work upon the roads, were ordered forthwith to rejoin their respective regiments: arms and ammunition were sent to the troops and garrisons from the castle of Edinburgh; that fortress was ordered to be stored with provisions, and the garrison reinforced with two companies of Lascelles's foot; a camp was formed at Stirling; all military persons whatever in Scotland were required forthwith to repair to their respective posts; and the out-pensioners of Chelsea hospital to present themselves before lieutenant-general Guest at Edinburgh; who, as they appeared, were ordered for Stirling, or joined to the garrison of Edinburgh castle. Two new levied companies of Sinclair's royal Scots foot, quartered at Perth, received orders, on the 10th of August, to march to Fort William. Having passed Fort Augustus, they were attacked, on the 16th, by the indefatigable Keppoch and a handful of his clan, and made prisoners, after a stout resistance, in which two men were killed, and captain Scot and several wounded. They were carried to the young chevalier's quarters, and in a few days the officers and some of the men were liberated upon their parole. Meantime captain Campbell of Inveraw, with his company, one of the three additional companies of the old Highland regiment, got safe into Fort William, having gone the west road.

On the 19th, Cope, accompanied by the earl of Loudoun, and a great many officers, set out from Edinburgh for Stirling, to put himself at the head of the army. Next day, and the day following, all the infantry, amounting to between 1500 and 2000, with provisions, some field-pieces, cohorns, &c. crossed the Forth by Stirling bridge, and marched by the way of Tay bridge to Inver-

ness, where they arrived on the 29th. The duke of Athol, accompanied by the laird of Glengary, visited the general, &c. when encamped at Crieff.

It was expected that Cope would have attacked prince Charles but having received accounts, when at Dalwhinnie, that he was much superior in number, and that he lay at an advantageous pass, in expectation of his coming the Fort Augustus road, his excellency sent a detachment that way as a blind, but marched the main body, with the baggage, &c. the Inverness road; ordering the detachment to follow at an appointed time. This was effected with such expedition, as to prevent his being intercepted at another pass on the Inverness road.

As there was nothing now to oppose the Highlanders, their main body, not exceeding 2500, with prince Charles at their head, accompanied by the marquis of Tullibardine, &c. reached the braes of Athol, and several Perthshire and Fife gentlemen removed to Edinburgh.

All this while the magistrates and inhabitants of Edinburgh were very attentive to what passed. About the 9th of August proper orders were given to the officers of the trained-bands, constables, &c. A little after the city-guard was augmented with 30 men, and all stablers, innkeepers, &c. were required to give the captain of the guard an account of all strangers, immediately on their coming to lodge with them, on pain of £5 for each offence. On the 26th, and some days after, strict search was made through the printing-houses, but without making any discovery, for some papers, said to be entitled "a Declaration"—"a Commission of Regency"—a Manifesto," &c. copies of which had been dropt at Perth, inclosed in blank covers, addressed to the sheriff-depute, &c.

Nor were the ministers of state less vigilant. Besides those formerly taken up, Alexander Frazer, sometime servant to John Drummond, a captain in the French service, just come over from Holland, was committed to Edinburgh jail on the 11th of August; John M'Leod, also from Holland, on the 13th; and James Rollo of Powhouse, to Edinburgh castle on the 23d; all by warrant of the lord advocate, on suspicion of treason.

When these commotions began, the duke of Argyle, who was one of the lord's justices, was in the west of Scotland. His grace came to Edinburgh on the 16th of August, and set out for London on the 21st.

General Blakeney, who came post from London, arrived at Edinburgh on the 27th, and proceeded to Stirling. Gardiner's dragoon's lay at that town, and Hamilton's in Canongate and Leith.

A detachment of the Highlanders entered Perth on the 3d of September. Next day, at noon, some papers were read at the

cross, supposed to be those above mentioned. In the afternoon Charles entered that town, where the main body soon rendezvoused, and set up a standard, with the motto, "*Tandem Triumphans*," i.e. "At length triumphant." On the 7th a detachment entered Dundee, where they read the papers formerly read at Perth, searched the town for horses, arms, and ammunition, and levied the public money, giving receipts. Next day, however, the ministers of the established church preached as usual, prayed for king George, and exhorted the people to be steadfast in their allegiance to him, all without molestation, though some of the Highlanders were present. The ship of William Graham of Perth was seized by them at Dundee, and carried up to Perth, supposed to have had some gunpowder on board. Parties of them were said to have visited some towns in Fife. The main body was at Perth on the 9th, whence the magistrates had retired to Edinburgh before, or soon after their arrival. Travelers got passes, which run in these terms: "Charles, Prince of Wales, &c. Regent of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and of the dominions thereunto belonging," which were subscribed by a secretary, and had a royal seal.

Accounts of the Highlanders having entered Athole, came to Edinburgh on the 31st of August, in the evening. At six the drum beat to arms, and Hamilton's dragoons encamped that night in St Ann's yards. The town-council likewise met, and ordained the keys of the gates to be lodged with the captain of the guard, sentries to be placed at each, and a second augmentation of the city guard to be made. Next night, and for some time after, a company of trained bands mounted guard. Arms were sent from the city magazine to Leith, to arm the inhabitants.—The city walls were ordered to be repaired, cannon to be placed on them, and a ditch to be thrown up from the north side of the castle to the north loch. To hasten these fortifications, the workmen were busied even on Sunday the 8th. That day, the latter part of 6000 stands of arms, from London, were carried to the castle from Leith. A great many of the principal inhabitants having offered to defend the city at the hazard of their lives, together with the regular trained bands, under the command of the lord provost, his majesty's lord lieutenant—his lordship, by the advice of the crown lawyers, accepted their offer; and, upon a proper application, a royal sign-manual, dated September 4, came to town, authorising the lord provost, magistrates, and council, to raise, form, discipline, and maintain, at their own proper charge, by voluntary subscription of the inhabitants, 1000 foot, for the defence of the city and support of the existing government. A subscription was accordingly opened on the 9th of September, and, in two hours, money for maintaining 600 men was subscribed for, and a month's pay advanced. The same day

a subscription for volunteers was opened, to which a great number of the inhabitants crowded to sign. Both subscriptions, and the enlisting of the men for the Edinburgh regiment, went on successfully. The volunteers received arms and ammunition from his majesty's magazine, and were daily exercised. Some ministers filed among them. Glasgow, Aberdeen, and the other principal towns, were likewise taking proper measures for their own security.

Hamilton's dragoons moved their camp from St Ann's yards to Beardford's Park, to the north of the castle, on the 4th, thence to Leith Links on the 6th. All the vessels in the Forth lay on the south side. Fasts were observed on account of these commotions; that by appointment of the presbytery of Edinburgh was on the 5th. Three episcopal ministers and two gentlemen were apprehended at Stirling on the 7th, and committed on suspicion of their intending to join the prince's army.

About the beginning of September a royal sign-manual came down, for raising twenty independent companies in Scotland, under the direction of the lord president.

The Highland army were at Perth on the 9th of September; thence they marched on the 11th, and on the 13th crossed the Forth, a few miles above Stirling. On their approach, Gardiner's dragoons retired to Falkirk. When this news reached Edinburgh, the magistrates, &c. assembled immediately, the trained bands mounted guard in the parliament house, the volunteers in the exchequer, and the Edinburgh regiment in the justiciary hall. The trained bands consisted of sixteen companies, different in number, some sixty, and some one hundred men, but at that time they were fewer, as several of them had joined the gentlemen volunteers. Of these there were six companies, in number about four hundred, commanded by captain provost George Drummond, one of the commissioners of excise; provost Archibald Macaulay, conservator of the Scottish privileges at Campvere; dean of guild James Nimmo, receiver-general of the excise duties; James Ker, jeweller, engraver in the mint; bailie Alexander Blackwood, merchant in Edinburgh; and Sir George Preston of Valleyfield. Besides these, there were above two hundred seceders volunteers, commanded by Mr Bruce of Kennet: they were divided into three companies, under captain John Moubray, wigmaker, William Beveridge and Richard Jermant, shipmasters. Upwards of 200 men were raised for the Edinburgh regiment, but none of the officers were appointed, except Allan Burn, adjutant. The city guard amounted to about 120 trained men, and had three captains. The trained bands had the city's arms and ammunition; and the volunteers and Edinburgh regiment got arms and ammunition from the castle.

Next day, the 14th, the banks, public offices, and the most

valuable effects of some private persons, were removed to the castle. On the 14th and 15th the workmen were busied in completing the scaffolding upon the ramparts, erecting palisadoes and barricades at the gates, and planting cannon on the bastions and other proper places. Positive information was received on the 15th, in the morning, that the van of the Highland army was arrived at Linlithgow; and it was reported, that detachments of them were come to Kirkliston, Wainsburgh, and Gogar, about five or six miles west of the city. Gardiner's dragoons retired as they advanced, and drew up at Corstorphine, two miles from the city. On receiving this news, it was proposed to general Guest, who had the chief command in the absence of Cope, that 250 of the volunteers should march out and join the dragoons. The general accepted of them, and sent to ask fifty of the city-guard likewise. The lord provost at first thought it absolutely necessary, for the safety of the place, that all the city-guard should be kept within the town; but upon its being remarked, that if, by complying with the general's request, the enemy's progress should be stopped, the city would thereby be effectually preserved, his lordship, instead of fifty, ordered the whole city-guard, and all the men of the Edinburgh regiment, that were not on guard in the town, to march out, and receive orders from the commanders of the king's troops. Hereupon general Guest ordered Hamilton's dragoons to decamp from Leith Links, and join Gardiner's at Corstorphine. At eleven o'clock the fire-bell rung, as the signal for the volunteers to arm, and a little after twelve the whole city-guard, together with a detachment of the Edinburgh regiment, marched out, and halted on the east side of Colt-bridge, in expectation of being joined by the body of volunteers, who by this time began to demur, conceiving, that as they had engaged to defend the town, they ought not to march out of it. One or two companies of them, however, marched to the West-Port, but proceeded no farther. Then the Lord Provost sent orders to the city-guard, &c. to march forward and join the dragoons, which they did, and continued under arms till night. At nine o'clock the dragoons retired to the east side of Colt-bridge, and lay upon their arms all night; and the city-guard, &c. returned to town. All the volunteers, a great part of the trained bands, and those of the Edinburgh regiment that had not marched to Corstorphine, continued under arms all day within the town; and at night, after placing the proper guards, consisting of about 700 men, the remainder received orders to be ready to appear at their respective alarm-posts whenever they should hear the fire-bell. Two small bodies of men from about Dalkeith and Musselburgh, came in by order of the duke of Buccleuch's factors and Sir Robert Dickson of Carberry, to assist in defending the city, and got arms and ammunition delivered to them. Next morning, the city-guard,

and a detachment of the Edinburgh regiment, marched out again and joined the dragoons. Meantime the Highland army continued its march toward Edinburgh. On its approach, a party of dragoons, posted near Corstorphine, retired to the main body at Colt-bridge, which they all quitted about three o'clock in the afternoon. The soldiers came into the town, and the dragoons rode off by the north side of the city towards Leith, then took the road to Musselburgh, and thence to Haddington, leaving behind them their baggage and their tents, which were carried into the castle.

This precipitate flight occasioned a great consternation in the city. There was certain notice got, that Cope, with the troops under his command, was to have embarked at Aberdeen on the 14th or 15th; and the news of his landing in Lothian was hourly expected. But as no account of him was come, as the regular forces had fled, and as all the ministers of state had withdrawn from the impending danger, a great many of the inhabitants thought it high time to consult the safety of the city likewise. Accordingly, a petition, signed by several citizens of great property, was presented to the magistrates and council, then assembled in the goldsmiths' hall, craving that a meeting of the inhabitants should be instantly called, in order to determine what was proper to be done. The lord provost seemed not to relish this petition. He said, that as all the inhabitants were well-armed, as some people from the country had likewise come to their assistance, and as great expenses had been laid out in fortifying the city, there was no doubt but they ought to stand to their defence; and that he himself should first mount the ramparts. To this the petitioners answered, that a great many of the trained bands were of opinion that the city was not tenable; that the sudden flight of the regular forces made it evident that they were of the same opinion; and that, if standing out for an hour or two, which was all that could be done, would bring the lives and properties of the inhabitants into certain hazard, without doing any real service to the cause that was intended to be served, it was certainly more eligible to capitulate upon the best terms that could be got. On this the lord provost, seeing a gentleman who possessed a considerable place under the government, and was formerly in the army, asked his advice. The gentleman, after commiserating his lordship's situation, in being at the head of a city so much divided in their sentiments about their own strength, gave it as his opinion, that, if all the inhabitants were of one mind, the city might perhaps hold out for a short time, but as they were divided, care should be taken that the king's arms should not fall into the hands of the enemy. His lordship, after a great deal of reasoning, agreed to call a meeting of the inhabitants, as desired by the petition. Hereupon all concerned were

invited to attend in the new church aisle. When the lord provost, magistrates, and a great number of the inhabitants were assembled, his lordship told them that the magistrates had called them together for their advice; that the city had been put to very great expense in preparing for a defence; that, for his own part, he had not got a military education, and was altogether unskilled in these matters; that therefore he entreated his fellow-citizens to advise what should be done in the present exigency, and he would cheerfully do what should be agreed upon by them. The point in debate was, whether or not the city should stand out. In the course of the reasoning, mention having been made of the assistance to be expected from the dragoons, the lord provost said, that he had been present at a council of war the night before, in which it was the opinion of all the officers, that bringing the dragoons into the town would be cooping them up to their destruction. In a little time, a secretary came with a message from general Guest, from which it appeared, that a warrant had been sent to the general a few hours before, signed by the lord provost and lord advocate, empowering him, if he thought proper, to send in 100 dragoons to assist in the defence of the city, and his excellency now wanted to know, whether the lord provost desired that the 100 dragoons, or a greater number, and what number, should enter the town. When the opinion of the meeting was asked, they answered, "No dragoons." The lord provost then desired the secretary to tell the general, that, after what had passed in the council of war, it was to be feared, if he should call in the dragoons, and any ill consequence follow, it might be said that he had drawn them into a snare; that therefore he would not desire them: but if the general thought proper to order the whole or any number in, the gates should be open for their reception. No dragoons, however, came. The question was then put, whether the town should be defended? and only three or four said "Yes." It was then agreed to capitulate upon the best terms that could be got, and that in the mean time the king's arms should be returned to the castle. When they were about to name deputies to treat with the Highland army, a letter was handed in, addressed to the lord provost and magistrates, which was ordered to be read. It began, "Whereas we are now ready to enter the beloved metropolis of our ancient kingdom of Scotland"—Here the reader was stopped, and asked by whom the letter was signed, and upon his answering that it was superscribed, "Charles, prince of Wales," &c. the lord provost would not hear it read; so the meeting broke up. The magistrates and council returned to the goldsmiths' hall, and sent off the deputies. Meantime the volunteers and Edinburgh regiment marched up to the castle, and returned their arms; and a party of the trained bands and city guard kept watch all night.

About an hour after the deputies had gone out of town, a gentleman assured the council (but his information was premature), that Cope, with the troops, was landed at Dunbar, twenty miles east of the city. The magistrates, &c. regretted that the intelligence had not come an hour sooner; and the Lord Provost and some others so far renewed their thoughts of making a defence, that a gentleman was immediately despatched to call back the deputies; but he did not come up with them. According to their instructions, they waited on the chiefs of the Highland army at Gray's Mill, about two miles south-west of Edinburgh, and proposed terms. The chiefs answered, that the declaration and manifesto emitted by their king and prince contained the only terms any city or person was to expect; and desired to know the magistrates' resolution against two o'clock next morning. In order to protract time, deputies were again sent, to ask a few hours to consider of the terms proposed: but this was refused. A detachment of 900 Highlanders thereupon got orders, and marched before day, undiscovered, close to the Netherbow. They brought some barrels of powder along with them in order to blow up the gate; but a little after their arrival, a coach happening to come down the street, the sentinels, though they had orders not to let the gate be opened, permitted the porter to let out the coach, suspecting no ill consequences, when, as soon as the gate was opened, the Highlanders rushed in, took possession of it, then of the main guard, making the soldiers on duty prisoners, and forthwith placed guards at all the gates, and at the weigh-house, &c. This surprised the magistrates and council, and put an end to their deliberations.

Immediately after the detachment entered the Netherbow, the castle hung out a flag, fired some guns as a signal, and required the inhabitants not to appear on the castle-hill.

About noon the main body of the army came into the King's Park, by the way of Duddingston, having made a circuit to avoid being within reach of the castle guns. The young prince, in Highland dress, with some of the chiefs, went into the royal palace of Holyrood-house, and the troops lay in the park. Vast numbers of people of all persuasions crowded to see him.

The Highland army seized all the cannon, arms, and ammunition belonging to the city, and issued a proclamation, dated September 18, requiring all persons in Mid-Lothian forthwith to deliver up, at the palace of Holyrood-house, all the arms and ammunition they had in their custody, on pain of being treated as rebels. On the 19th a message was sent to the city of Edinburgh, superscribed "Charles, P. R." and subscribed "C. P. R." requiring, on pain of military execution, that 1000 tents, 2000 targets, 6000 pairs of shoes, and a proportional number of water cantines, should be furnished to the army against the 23d; and

promising payment so soon as the present troubles should be over. A meeting of the inhabitants was called thereupon, and the tents, &c. ordered to be got ready. They were accordingly furnished, and 2s. 6d. laid on each pound of real rent within the city, Canongate, and Leith, for defraying the charge. About the same time some printers were compelled to print several papers for them.

The friends of the government, however, expected that a stop would soon be put to the progress of the Highland army. Brigadier Fowkes, who had arrived at Edinburgh from London on the 15th, marched next day with the dragoons eastward. General Cope, with the transports, arrived off Dunbar the same day. Next day the troops were landed there; and the artillery, &c. on the 18th. The army marched from Dunbar towards Edinburgh on the 19th, and was joined by the two regiments of dragoons. The Highland army, which lay at Duddingstone, a mile east of Edinburgh, marched off on the morning of the 20th, to meet Cope, without leaving any men in Edinburgh. That night the two armies came in sight of each other, and next morning came to an action, a little to the north of Tranent, to the east of Prestonpans, and to the west of Seton, about seven miles east from Edinburgh. The best description of this battle that ever was written, and which likewise accords very nearly with the truth, is to be found in Waverley; but the following short official account, published immediately after the battle, cannot be omitted:—

“ The Grants of Glenmoriston joined the prince’s army, September 20. That morning his royal highness the prince put himself at the head of the army at Duddingstone, and presenting his sword, said, ‘ My friends, I have flung away the scabbard.’ This was answered with a cheerful huzza. The army marched and drew up on Carberry-hill, where we learned that general Cope had fallen down to the low country east of Prestonpans. This directed our march along the brow of the hill, till we descried the enemy, upon which the Highlanders gave a shout by way of defiance, expressing such eagerness to run down upon them, that nothing less than authority could restrain them from coming to action immediately.

“ Some gentlemen went out to observe their camp, and reconnoitre the ground, while the army advanced till it came opposite to, and at half a mile’s distance from, the enemy. These gentlemen returning, informed, that they had got into a fastness, having a very broad and deep ditch in front, the town of Prestonpans on the right, some houses and a small morass on the left, and the Frith of Forth on the rear. This made it impracticable to attack them in front but at the greatest risk.

“ That evening Mr Cope discharged several cannon at us. A gentleman, who had seen their army that day, advised us, that

they were above four thousand strong, besides volunteers, seceders, &c. from Edinburgh, and several gentlemen at the head of their tenants; that general Hamilton's dragoons stood on their right, colonel Gardiner's on the left; the regiments of Lascelles and Murray, five companies of Lees's, four of Guise's, three of the earl of Loudoun's, and a number of recruits for regiments abroad and at home, formed the centre, and that they were all in top spirits.

"Both armies lay upon their arms all night. Mr Cope's threw off several cohorts, to let us understand they were alert, and had large fires at several places round their camp. Our men continued very silent, not one word was heard.

"About three in the morning of Saturday the 21st, we got off the ground, and marched eastward; then turning north, formed a line in order to prevent the enemy's retreat through the east country, while another body of men was posted to provide against their stealing a march upon us towards Edinburgh.

"The disposition being made, his royal highness the prince addressed his army in these words, "Follow me, gentlemen; by the assistance of God I will this day make you a free and happy people." We marched cheerfully on, and engaged the enemy. The right wing was led on by his grace the duke of Perth, lieutenant-general, and consisted of the regiments of Clan-Ronald, Keppoch, Glengary, and Glencoe. The left by the right honourable lord George Murray, lieutenant-general, consisting of the battalions of Camerons, commanded by Lochiel, the Stuarts of Appin by Ardsheill; one body of the Macgregors, with Glencairneg, and the rest of the Macgregors, with the duke of Perth's men, under major James Drummond. The enemy's artillery played furiously upon our left, especially on Lochiel's battalions, yet only one private man was killed, and one gentleman wounded; their cannon also raked our right wing, but did no great execution. Their cannon were followed by a very regular fire of the dragoons on right and left, and this again by close platoons of all their infantry, which our men received with intrepidity, and an huzza; nor did we return the enemy's fire, till we approached them so near as that the colfin of our shot might set their whickers on fire. The Highlanders then drew their swords, and carried all before them like a torrent, killing or making prisoners every officer of the infantry, except major Moesman, and either one or two more, who escaped with their general."

The prince's army found £4000 sterling, in Cope's military chest.

A second account of the battle gives the following particulars:—

"The signal having been given to form and attack, nothing could parallel the celerity and dextrousness with which the High-

landers performed that motion, except the courage and ardour with which they afterwards fought, and, pulling off their bonnets, looking up to heaven, made a short prayer, and ran forward. They received a very full fire from right to left of the enemy, which killed several; but advancing up, they discharged and threw down their muskets, and drawing their broadswords, gave a most frightful and hideous shout, rushing most furiously upon the enemy, so that in seven or eight minutes, both horse and foot were totally routed and drove from the field of battle; though it must be owned that the enemy fought very valiantly, but they could not withstand the impetuosity or rather fury of the Highlanders, and were forced to run when they could no longer resist.

"Some dragoons formed soon after on a neighbouring eminence, but observing our men marching to attack them, fled to Dalkeith, others took shelter in the neighbouring villages, others again got to Leith; some dragoons and foot fled into Edinburgh, who discharged their loaded pistols at people in the street.

"As the second line, which was commanded by the lord Nairn, and consisted of the Athol men, Strowan's people, the MacLachlans, &c. could not come up to have a share of the honour, and the nobility, gentry, &c. stood on horseback as a reserve, it may in justice be said, that 2000 Highland foot, unsupported by horse, and charged in front and flank with artillery and small arms, routed a regular army of above 4000 horse and foot, in an open plain, and obtained a most signal and complete victory, with a very inconsiderable loss.

"We had killed on the spot in this battle,—captain Robert Stuart of Ardsheill's battalion; captain Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch's; lieutenant Allan Cameron of Lindevra, and ensign James Cameron of Lochiel's regiment; captain James Drummond, *alias* Macgregor, mortally wounded, of the duke of Perth's regiment; and about thirty private men; and seventy or eighty wounded.

"It is computed about 500 of the enemy were killed; and that 900 were wounded, and that we have taken about 1400 prisoners. All their cannon, mortars, several colours, standards, abundance of horses and arms, were taken, as was all their baggage, equipage, &c.

"The prince, as soon as victory declared for him, mounted his horse, and put a stop to the slaughter; and finding no surgeons amongst the enemy, despatched an officer to Edinburgh, with orders to bring all the surgeons to attend; which was accordingly done."

After the most strict inquiry, it appeared that only 1456 of the Highland army were engaged.

The strokes given by the Highlanders with their swords in this action evinced proofs of their strength; not only men's hands and

feet were cut off, but even the legs of horses; and what many saw may be affirmed for truth, viz. that a Highland gentleman, who led up a division, after breaking through Murray's regiment, fetching a blow at a grenadier, the poor fellow naturally got up his hand over his head, and not only had his hand lopped off, but also his scull cut above an inch deep, so that he expired on the spot.

Prince Charles lay the 21st at Pinkie-house, and next night returned to Holyrood-house. The army lay the first night about Musselburgh; afterwards came to Duddingston, Canongate, &c. kept guard again in the city as before, and in some days after encamped at Duddingston. The prince lay in the camp likewise.

All the prisoners taken at the battle of Gladsmuir (so called by the Highland army) were carried to Edinburgh. The officers were liberated upon their parole,—not to depart from the city, nor correspond with the enemies of the prince; the soldiers were confined in the church and prisons of Canongate, &c.; and the wounded were taken care off. Some serjeants, corporals, and several private men, enlisted in the Highland army, but a good many of them afterwards deserted. Towards the end of the month, the private men were sent to Logiriate in Athol, and the officers to Perth. About seventy or eighty of Loudoun's Highland regiment, that could not be prevailed upon to enlist, were liberated, upon their swearing they would never carry arms against the house of Stuart, and received some money each from the prince to carry them home.

The following curious Chaldee Manuscript, intituled, "The Chronicles of Charles the Young Man," was published about this time:—

CHAP. I.

1 And it came to pass in the eighth month, even in the month of August, in the year 1745, that the young man landed at Moidart, in the wilderness of Lochaber.

2 That the prophecies of John the scribe might be fulfilled, who prophesied, saying,

3 In the eighth month, that is, in the month of August, the young man will come again, and many will go out after him.

4 But the people laughed him to scorn, and believed not the words of John the scribe; for they said, he is a false prophet, and prophesieth for filthy lucre; for their hearts were hardened.

5 Howbeit the young man landed, and seven more men with him, without foreign force, or the assistance of strangers; for he reposed his trust in the affections of the subjects of his father, and many resorted to him.

6 And he numbered his hosts, and lo they were two thousand.

7 Now the young man was a great prince, and of a goodly countenance, and all they that saw him loved him, and they called his name, Charles.

8 Moreover he had been trained up in arms, in exercise, and in studies, even from his youth, in such as were becoming the son of a great king, and the heir-apparent of the crowns of three kingdoms.

9 Yet he humbled himself in his host; he did eat as the soldiers did eat, and he lay as they did, he marched on foot before them, and encamped with them, saying, I will not dwell in ease whilst they who fight for me suffer hardships.

10 So the soldiers conceived great love for him, and his fame spread itself abroad, for his wisdom, for his courage, and for his beauty.

11 And the hearts of all men were turned towards him, and the hearts of all women.

12 Now it came to pass that George the usurper had taken unto himself a concubine, wife to one of the captains of his host, and the concubine's name was Wolmate.

13 And in the spring of the same year, 1745, George spake unto his concubine, saying,

14 Lo we are here perplexed with affairs of state, and with the burden of a land war, which John the scribe has brought me into, that the troops of mine own country might be brought upon British pay, and that they might be at hand when I wanted to put a bridle into the mouth of my parliament.

15 Saying unto me, we will make a war on the continent, where the whole host of Britain will be too small to avail thee.

16 The kings likewise, and the rulers of other states will refuse to hire thee their armies, lest they fall under the wrath of Lewis, king of France, and he wax angry with them, and smite them.

17 Thy parliament will, therefore, concur with thee, to take the troops of thine own country into British pay, when none other can be found.

18 We will spread abroad a report, saying, the young man is coming with great aid from Lewis, and our troops must be called home.

19 But we will leave the troops of Britain abroad, and we will call home those of thine own nation, who will be obedient to thy will, and whose strength will overpower the land.

20 Thus shall thy power be established, and thou shalt do with thy people whatsoever seemeth good in thine eyes.

21 So we made war, and mine own troops were taken into pay of Britain.

22 We fought likewise, but mine own troops joined not in the fight, neither did they go forward to the battle, saying within

themselves, let the English fight and be slain, there will fewer remain alive to oppose the will of our master.

23 Wherefore the English soldiers became wroth with my soldiers, and their spirits were filled with indignation exceedingly.

24 The nation likewise murmured, and the parliament refused to keep my troops in pay, and John the scribe fell with them.

25 Howbeit the war still continueth, and Lewis is waxen strong, I will, therefore, send my son William to go forth with the hosts of Britain and the allied hosts, and he shall have the power and the authority over them all, and he shall discomfit the host of Lewis. Did he not fight under me at Dettingen?

26 As for us, we will go to Herenhausen, and live in ease, and there will be peace in our dwellings.

27 I will appoint rulers over the land, who shall govern the people till our return, that we may enjoy rest.

28 And Wolmate, the concubine, answered and said, thy will be done, O king, we will go to Herenhausen, and have our fill of love.

CHAP. II.

1 And it came to pass when the rulers, who were left by George the usurper, heard that Charles was landed, and that many had resorted to him, they sent a messenger unto Cope, the commander of the host in Scotland, saying,

2 Behold the young man is come, and an host is gathered unto him, go thou, therefore, with the armies of our king, seek him out wherever he is to be found, and fight him, and bring him unto us bound.

3 Now after the messenger had delivered the will of the rulers unto Cope, one of the rulers, who, peradventure, sojourned in the north, and had heard the tidings, went to Cope, and they two communed together.

4 And the ruler said unto Cope, go not beyond the pass, even the strong pass of Stirling, lest the young man get between thee and it, and open his way unto the low countries, or cause thee to fight at a disadvantage.

5 But Cope answered the ruler, and said, nay, but my orders are to fight; what are they of the young man's host? are they not naked and unarmed? I will smite them hip and thigh, and I will deliver them into the hand of my master.

6 So Cope passed over the strong pass of Stirling, and went forward unto the road as thou goest unto Fort Augustus; all the foot he carried with him, but those who rode upon horses he left behind him at Edinburgh and Stirling.

7 Now Wright was commander of the horse that was left in

Edinburgh, and Gardiner was commander of the horse that was left in Stirling.

8 And a messenger came unto Charles in the wilderness, and said unto him, lo ! Cope hath passed over the pass of Stirling, and marcheth towards thee—and his host numbereth two thousand men on foot.

9 And Charles rejoiced, and was exceeding glad, and his courage was kindled within him.

10 And he said unto his men, arise, let us make haste, that our enemies may not escape out of our hands.

11 And the armies of Charles were of great courage, and they made haste and ran towards Cope ; and Charles marched at their head on foot.

12 And tidings were brought to Cope that Charles was coming to meet him.

13 And great fear came upon Cope and all his host ; and they said one unto another, what shall we do ? if we go back he will overtake us ; and if we stay, we shall be slain : So Cope and his host were sorely dismayed.

14 And Cope said, we will not go back, neither will we tarry here ; we will turn off to another road, and get by him ; peradventure we may escape out of his hands.

15 So Cope led his host to Inverness, and Charles went on his way to the great river of Forth, and passed the river unto the low country, and all men flocked unto him as he went, and his host increased exceedingly.

16 And the people in Stirling, and in the low country, feared greatly, for they had been told that Charles would take away their wives, and their children, and their cattle, and their goods, and they came unto Gardiner, and said, lo, we shall all perish, unless thou protectest us, we shall all be cut off, and there shall not be left one that pisses against the wall.

17 But Gardiner bade them be of good cheer, for he would protect them.

18 Howbeit, when the host of Charles approached, great fear came on Gardiner, and he fled before Charles, even unto the gates of Edinburgh.

19 But Charles came not as a conquering enemy, but as a deliverer and a father to his people ; yea, his host gave money for all things they got, and Charles entreated all men kindly.

20 So the fame of his moderation reached unto the utmost corners, and he made himself many friends.

21 Now when Gardiner came near unto Edinburgh, he called unto Wright, the commander of the horse, and there said unto him,

22 Albeit, when I was alone I did not dare to encounter the host of Charles ; yet when thou art with me, and thy horse, we

will tread them under foot, and preserve this chief city for our master.

23 And Wright hearkened unto Gardiner, and said unto him, so be it, even as thou hast said, we will tread them under foot.

24 So they two marched out with their horse to meet Charles, and to intimidate his soldiers.

25 But when the host of Charles appeared, terror entered into Gardiner and into Wright, and into their men, and a great trembling seized upon them, and they turned to the right, and fled into Musselburgh, which is beyond Edinburgh about a Sabbath day's journey.

26 And Charles entered into Edinburgh, the chief city of Scotland, and ancient residence of his ancestors.

27 Now it came to pass, that while Cope sojourned at Inverness he was very sad, and his heart was sorrowful within him; and he said unto his councillors, and to his great men that were with him,

28 What shall we now do? If we return by the way we came, lo, the young man is before us; if we stay here, our masters will take vengeance upon us for our disobedience to their command.

29 Let us get ourselves ships, and transport ourselves to the Frith of Forth—so shall we be beyond the young man, and we may either fight or flee to England.

30 So Cope embarked his host in a fleet of ships, and landed at Dunbar, on the Frith of Forth, one day after Charles entered into Edinburgh, the chief city.

31 And men came unto Cope, saying, surely thou knewest not the young man's army when thou fledst from them in the Highlands.

32 They are unarmed and undisciplined, and thy soldiers are armed and trained, and now thy men on horses will tread them under foot—up, then, and fight, and show thyself a man—victory waiteth for thee.

33 So Cope marched with his host toward Edinburgh, and encamped in the valley near unto Prestonpans; and Charles gathered together his host at Duddingston, and he mounted on his horse, and drew forth his sword from the scabbard, and he flung the scabbard from him, and said unto them, this day I will make my people a free and a happy people, or I will perish in the attempt; and the whole host shouted, and said, we will follow thee, and we will deliver thine enemies into thine hand.

34 And Charles led his host out from Duddingston, and lay on the hill above Cope, on the south as thou goest to Tranent, about the distance of eight furlongs.

35 And Cope had arms, and ammunition, and cannon, and horses ; and Charles had few arms, and no cannon, and no horses.

36 But the Lord was with Charles, and his host ran furiously down upon the host of Cope, and rooted them out, and the Lord delivered the host of Cope into the hands of Charles in that day.

37 And Charles took all the baggage, and ammunition, and cannon, of Cope, and likewise his military chest ; but he saved the men, and would not allow them to be destroyed.

38 And Cope fled, and the ministers of the usurper fled, and the great ones of Cope's host fled, and they all fled three hundred and twenty furlongs, even unto Berwick.

39 Now the rest of the acts of Charles, and the mercy that he showed, and why he warred, are they not known throughout all the land of cakes ?

Both the sets of "Johnnie Cope" are taken from Gilchrist's collection—a work in two volumes, published lately, and beyond all comparison, the best that has ever appeared of the same description. It consists of poetical tales, songs, and ballads, and they are all of the first order, as well as accompanied by curious and interesting notes.

SONG LX.

© my bonny Highland Laddie,

Is another on the same topic, or, at least, concluding with it, after a short narrative of the preceding campaign. The vapouring of Sir John Cope and the officers of his army, previous to the battle of Prestonpans, was notorious to all the attendants on his camp ; his total defeat, therefore, rendered him a butt, to which the shafts of ridicule were directed both by friends and foes. His bravadoes, when there was no enemy in view, fear on beholding the Highlanders, and precipitate flight, are delineated with much humour in the song. The following elegant speech is said to have been addressed by Cope to the army under his command, a short time before the engagement :

"Gentlemen, you are just now to engage with a parcel of rabble, a parcel of brutes, being a small number of Scots Highlanders. You can expect no booty from such a poor despicable pack. I have authority to declare, that you shall have eight full hours liberty to plunder and pillage the city of Edinburgh, Leith, and suburbs, (the places which harboured and succoured them), at your discretion, with impunity."

The song is from Mr Hardy's MSS. collated with one from Mr John Wallace of Peterhead.

SONG LXI.

Glasgow.

Is rather too much overcharged for a Scottish song, and one may truly say of it, as one bard lately said to another, who asked his opinion of the merits of a poem he had sent him, "I dinna like it ava, man, it's far ower sublime." William Hamilton of Bangour, the author of this song, was of an ancient family in Ayrshire. He was liberally educated, and his genius and delicate constitution seemed to mark him out for pacific pursuits alone; but he thought fit to join the standard of Prince Charles in 1745, celebrated the blaze of his success in this song, and finally escaped to France, after much wandering and many hardships in the Highlands. He made his peace, however, with the government, and came home to take possession of his paternal estate; but the state of his health requiring a warmer climate, he returned to the continent, where he continued to reside, till a slow consumption carried him off at Lyons, in his 50th year.—*Campbell*. The air was composed by M^cGibbon.

SONG LXII.

Battle of Prestonpans.

This popular song was made by Mr Skirving, a Lothian farmer, father to the late whimsical Mr Skirving, the celebrated painter.

The bluff dragoons swore blood an' coons,

They'd make the rebels run, man:

In the march from Haddington to Prestonpans, the officers of Cope's army assured the spectators, of whom no small number attended them, that there would be no battle; for, as the cavalry and infantry were joined, the Highlanders would not venture to attack so complete an army.

Monteith—The minister of Longformacus, a volunteer, who, happening to come, the night before the battle, upon a Highlander easing nature at Prestonpans, threw him over, and carried his gun as a trophy to Cope's camp.

Simpson.—Another volunteer presbyterian minister, who said he would convince the rebels of their error by dint of his pistols; having, for that purpose, two in his pockets, two in his holsters, and one in his belt.

Myrie.—Mr Myrie was a student of physic from Jamaica; he entered as a volunteer in Cope's army, and was miserably mangled by the broad swords.

Lieutenant Smith.—After the publication of this song this gentleman came to Haddington, and sent a challenge to the author to meet him there, and answer for the unworthy manner in which he had noticed him in his song. "Gang awa back," said the honest farmer to the bearer of the challenge, "and tell Mr Smith, that I havena leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here, and I'll tak a look o' him, an' if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; and if no, I'll do as he did—I'll rin awa."

SONG LXIII.

The Highland Laddie,

Is from Cromek, and is said, by Allan Cunningham, to have been copied from the mouth of a young girl, who learned it from an old woman, who was a Roman catholic. There are six different airs designated, "*Highland Laddie*." This is the oldest. It was sung to a very old song, beginning,

"I canna get my mare ta'en,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Master had she never nane,
My bonny Highland laddie.

"Take a rip an' wile her hame,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Nought like heffing by the wame,
My bonnie Highland laddie."

I think it probable that this had, likewise, been a Jacobite song, but I do not remember any more of it.

SONG LXIV.

Cluck up your Weaver,

Is a clever old song, with an original air, something like
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"Hooly and Fairly." There are various sets of it sung in the country. Johnson, in his Museum, has made sure of leaving out all that may be misconstrued, by publishing only one verse to suit the air.

SONG LXV.

To your Arms, to your Arms, my bonnie Highland Lads,

Is one rather of the street style. It was taken from the mouth of old Lizzy Lamb, a cottager at Ladhope, on Yarrow. This is the air to which she sung it; though I think it must have been composed to "*The king shall enjoy his own again.*"

SONG LXVI.

By the side of a Country Kirk Wall,

Is from Moir's MS. and there said to have been written by the Rev. and ingenious John Skinner on Mr Forbes of Pitney Cadell, minister of Old Deer.

SONG LXVII.

The Mayor of Carlisle,

Is likewise from Mr Moir's collection, and relates to the battle of Prestonpans, and the subsequent surrender of Carlisle to Prince Charles; so that I must now take up the narrative where we left off at the battle of Prestonpans, and, for brevity's sake, shall follow Smollet rather than the other diffuse collectors of that period. I find that about the middle of November Prince Charles published a list of his troops, and the officers that led them; these were, no doubt, rather overrated, as it was published in order to encourage his friends to join him.

List of PRINCE CHARLES's officers and troops.

Regiments.	Colonels.	Men.
Lochiel, - - - -	Cameron of Lochiel, - - - -	740
Appin, - - - -	Stuart of Ardshiel, - - - -	360
Athol, - - - -	Lord George Murray, - - - -	1000

Carry forward 2100

Regiments.	Colonels.	Brought forward	Men.
Clanronald, - - - -	Clanronald of Clanronald, junior, - -	- -	200
Keppoch, - - - -	Macdonald of Keppoch, - - - -	- -	400
Glenco, - - - -	Macdonald of Glenco, - - - -	- -	200
Ogilvie, - - - -	Lord Ogilvie, - - - -	- -	500
Glenbucket, - - -	Gordon of Glenbucket, - - - -	- -	427
Perth, - - - -	Duke of Perth, (and Pitsligo's foot,) -	-	750
Robertson, - - - -	Robertson of Strowan, - - - -	- -	200
Maclachlan, - - - -	Maclachlan of Maclachlan, - - - -	- -	260
Glencarnick, - - -	Macgregor, - - - -	- -	300
Glengary, - - - -	Macdonald of Glengary, junior, - - -	- -	300
Nairn, - - - -	Lord Nairn, - - - -	- -	200
Edinburgh, - - - -	John Roy Stuart, (and Lord Kelly's,) -	-	450
	In several small corps, - - - -	- -	1000
Horse, - - -	{ Lord Elcho, - - - -	- -	160
	{ Lord Kilmarnock, - - - -	- -	
	Lord Pitsligo's horse, - - - -	- -	140

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Charles bore his good fortune with moderation. He prohibited all rejoicings for the victory he had obtained : The wounded soldiers were treated with humanity ; and the officers were sent into Fife and Angus, where they were left at liberty on their parole, which the greater part of them shamefully broke in the sequel. From this victory the chevalier reaped manifold and important advantages. His followers were armed, his party encouraged, and his enemies intimidated. He was supplied with a train of field artillery, and a considerable sum of money, and saw himself possessed of all Scotland, except the fortresses, the reduction of which he could not pretend to undertake, without proper implements and engineers. After the battle he was joined by a small detachment from the Highlands ; and some chiefs, who had hitherto been on the reserve, began to exert their influence in his favour. But he was not yet in a condition to take advantage of that consternation which his late success had diffused through the kingdom of England.

Charles continued to reside in the palace of Holyroodhouse ; and took measures for cutting off communications between the castle and the city. General Guest declared, that he would demolish the city, unless the blockade should be raised, so as that provision might be carried into the castle. After having waited the return of an express, which he had found means to despatch to court, he began to put his threats in execution, by firing upon the town. Some houses were beaten down, and several persons killed even at the market-cross. The citizens, alarmed at this disaster, sent a

deputation to the prince, intreating him to raise the blockade, and he complied with their request. He levied a regiment in Edinburgh and the neighbourhood. He imposed taxes; seized the merchandise that was deposited in the king's warehouses at Leith and other places; and compelled the city of Glasgow to accommodate him with a large sum, to be repaid when the peace of the kingdom should be re-established. The number of his followers daily increased; and he received considerable supplies of money, artillery, and ammunition, by single ships that arrived from France, where his interest seemed to rise in proportion to the success of his arms. The greater and richer part of Scotland was averse to his family and pretensions; but the people were unarmed and undisciplined, consequently passive under his dominion. By this time, however, he was joined by the earl of Kilmarnock, the lords Elcho, Balmerino, Ogilvie, Pitsligo; and the eldest son of lord Lovat had begun to assemble his father's clan, in order to reinforce the victor, whose army lay encamped at Duddingston, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Kilmarnock and Balmerino were men of broken and desperate fortune: Elcho and Ogilvie were sons to the earls of Wemyss and Airly; so that their influence was far from being extensive. Pitsligo was a nobleman of a very amiable character, as well as of great personal interest; and great dependance was placed upon the power and attachment of lord Lovat, who had entered into private engagements with the chevalier de St George, though he still wore the mask of loyalty to the government, and disavowed the conduct of his son when he declared for Prince Charles. This old nobleman is the same Simon Fraser who was a partisan and emissary of the court of St Germain in the year 1703. He had renounced his connexions with that family; and, in the rising immediately after the accession of George I. approved himself a warm friend to the Protestant succession. Since that period he had been induced, by disgust and ambition, to change his principles again, and was in secret an enthusiast in Jacobitism. He had greatly augmented his estate, and obtained a considerable interest in the Highlands, where, however, he was more dreaded than beloved. He was bold, enterprising, vain, arbitrary, rapacious, cruel, and deceitful; but his character was chiefly marked by a species of low cunning and dissimulation, which, however, overshot his purpose, and contributed to his own ruin. While Charles resided at Edinburgh, the marquis de Guilles arrived at Montrose, as envoy from the French king, with several officers, some cannon, and a considerable quantity of small arms for his army.

While the young chevalier endeavoured to improve the advantages he had gained, the ministry of Great Britain took every possible measure to retard his progress. Several powerful chiefs in the Highlands were attached to the government, and exerted

themselves in its defence. The duke of Argyle began to arm his vassals; but not before he had obtained the sanction of the legislature. Twelve hundred men were raised by the earl of Sutherland; the lord Rae brought a considerable number to the field; the Grants and Monroes appeared under their respective leaders for his majesty; Sir Alexander Macdonald declared for king George; and the laird of Macleod sent two thousand hardy islanders from Sky to strengthen the same interest. These gentlemen, though supposed to be otherwise affected, were governed, and directed by the advice of Duncan Forbes, president of the college of justice at Edinburgh; a man of extensive knowledge, agreeable manners, and unblemished integrity. He procured commissions for raising twenty independent companies, and some of these he bestowed upon individuals who were either attached by principle or engaged by promise to prince Charles. He confirmed several chiefs who began to waver in their principles; Some he actually converted by the energy of his arguments, and brought over to the assistance of the government which they had determined to oppose: Others he persuaded to remain quiet without taking any share in the present troubles. Certain it is, this gentleman, by his industry and address, prevented the insurrection of 10,000 Highlanders, who would otherwise have joined the chevalier; and therefore he may be said to have been one great cause of that prince's miscarriage. The earl of Loudon repaired to Inverness, where he completed his regiment of Highlanders, directed the conduct of the clans who had taken arms in behalf of his majesty, and by his vigilance overawed the disaffected chieftains of that country, who had not openly engaged in the cause of the Stuarts. Immediately after the defeat of Cope, 6000 Dutch troops arrived in England; and three battalions of guards, with seven regiments of infantry, were recalled from Flanders for the defence of the kingdom. They forthwith began their march to the north under the command of general Wade, who received orders to assemble an army, which proceeded to Newcastle. The enterprising prince Charles, having collected about 5000 men, resolved to make an irruption into England, which he accordingly entered by the west border on the 6th of November. Carlisle was invested, and in less than three days surrendered; the keys were delivered to him at Brampton, by the mayor and aldermen on their knees.

The following is the account given by the Highland army of its operations:—

“The trenches were opened before Carlisle on Wednesday the 13th, in the evening, and were conducted under the direction of Mr Grant, chief engineer, (whose skill is very much extolled) with such success, that on Friday morning the batteries were erected within forty fathoms of the walls. All that time the cannon and small arms from both city and castle played most fu-

riously ; but with no loss to the besiegers, other than of a French ganner and a private man killed. The duke of Perth and the marquis of Tullibardine wrought at the trenches in their shirts, though the weather was so excessively cold, that none of the army but the Highlanders, who were accustomed by their climate, could easily endure it. On Friday, when the cannon began to play, and the scaling ladders brought forward in order to an assault, a white flag was hung out, and the city offered to surrender upon terms for themselves. On this an express was sent to the prince, who was at Brampton with a great part of the army, in order to oppose marshal Wade, in case he should advance with design to raise the siege. He answered that he would not do things by halves, and that the city had no terms to expect unless the castle surrendered at the same time. When this answer was reported, colonel Durand consented to surrender the castle also. The terms were, that the town and castle, with the artillery and magazines, should be delivered up ; that the men should lay down their arms in the market-place, after which they should have passes to go where they pleased, upon taking an oath not to carry arms against the house of Stuart for a twelvemonth ; that the city of Carlisle should retain its privileges ; that they should deliver up all arms, &c. and also the horses of such as had appeared in arms against the prince ; and that all the deserters, particularly the soldiers enlisted with the Highlanders after the late battle, who had fled to Carlisle, should be delivered up. On Friday afternoon the duke of Perth took possession of the place in the chevalier's name, and next day they proclaimed his and his son's manifestoes, &c. attended by the mayor and other magistrates, with the sword and mace carried before them. They found in the castle and city a great number of cannon, about fifteen cohorn mortars, a great quantity of cannon balls, grenades, small bombs, pick-axes, and other military stores ; likewise many of the broadswords that were taken at Preston in 1715, and about 100 barrels of gunpowder. It was said, that all the plate and valuable effects lodged in the castle for security were ordered to be delivered to the owners.

The mayor and aldermen were, by the capitulation, obliged to assist at the ceremony of reading the declarations, &c. It was observed, that the day before the Highland army returned from Brampton, the mayor wrote to lord Lonsdale, lord lieutenant of the county, that he had done more than Edinburgh, and even all Scotland. This, indeed, it was remarked at the time, proved true, by his surrender of a strong and important fortress, which was what the Highlanders never got possession of in Edinburgh, nor in all Scotland.

General Wade being apprised of prince Charles's progress, de-camped from Newcastle, and advanced across the country as far

as Hexham, though the fields were covered with snow, and the roads almost impassable. There he received intelligence that Carlisle was reduced, and forthwith returned to his former station. In the mean time, orders were issued for assembling another army in Staffordshire, under the command of Sir John Ligonier. Prince Charles, notwithstanding this formidable opposition, resolved to proceed. He had received assurances from France that a considerable body of troops would be landed on the southern coast of Britain, to make a diversion in his favour, and he never doubted but that he should be joined by all the English malecontents, as soon as he could penetrate into the heart of the kingdom. Leaving a small garrison in the castle of Carlisle, he advanced to Penrith, marching on foot in the Highland garb, at the head of his forces; and continued his rout through Lancaster and Preston to Manchester, where, on the 29th of the month, he established his head-quarters. There he was joined by about 200 Englishmen, who were formed into a regiment under the command of colonel Townley. The inhabitants seemed to receive him with marks of affection, and his arrival was celebrated by illuminations and other public rejoicings. His supposed intention was to prosecute his march by the way of Chester into Wales, where he hoped to find a great number of adherents: But all the bridges over the river Mersey being broken down, he chose the rout to Stockport, and forded the river at the head of his division, though the water rose to his middle. He passed through Macclesfield and Congleton; and on the 4th of December entered the town of Derby, in which his army was quartered, and his father proclaimed with great formality. He had now advanced within one hundred miles of the capital, which was filled with terror and confusion. Wade lingered in Yorkshire: The duke of Cumberland had assumed the command of the other army assembled in the neighbourhood of Litchfield; he had marched from Stafford to Stone; so that the Highlanders, in turning off from Ashborne to Derby, had gained a march between him and London. Had Charles proceeded in his career with that expedition which he had hitherto used, he might have made himself master of the metropolis, where he would have been certainly joined by a considerable number of his well-wishers, who waited impatiently for his approach; yet this exploit could not have been achieved without hazarding an engagement, and running the risk of being enclosed within three armies, each greatly superior to his own in number and artillery. Orders were given for forming a camp on Finchley-common, where the king resolved to take the field in person, accompanied by the earl of Stair, field-marshal and commander-in-chief of the forces in South Britain. Some Romish priests were apprehended: The militia of London and Middlesex were kept in readiness to march: Double watches were posted at the city

gates, and signals of alarm appointed. The volunteers of the city were incorporated into a regiment: The practitioners of the law, headed by the judges, weavers of Spitalfields and other communities, engaged in associations; and even the managers of the theatres offered to raise a body of their dependents for the service of the government. Notwithstanding these precautions and appearances of unanimity, the trading part of the city, and those concerned in the money corporations, were overwhelmed with fear and dejection. They reposed very little confidence in the courage or discipline of their militia and volunteers: They had received intelligence that the French were employed in making preparations at Dunkirk and Calais, for a descent upon England: They dreaded an insurrection of the Roman catholics, and other friends of the house of Stuart; and they reflected that the Highlanders, of whom by this time they had conceived a most terrible idea, were within four days march of the capital. Alarmed by these considerations, they prognosticated their own ruin in the approaching revolution; and their countenances exhibited the plainest marks of horror and despair. On the other hand, the Jacobites were elevated to an insolence of hope, which they were at no pains to conceal; while many people who had no private property to lose, and thought no change could be for the worse, waited the issue of this crisis with the most calm indifference.

This state of suspense was of short duration. The young chevalier found himself miserably disappointed in his expectations. He had now advanced into the middle of the kingdom, and except a few that joined him at Manchester, not a soul appeared in his behalf. One would have imagined that all the Jacobites of England had been annihilated. The Welsh took no step to excite an insurrection in his favour: The French made no attempt towards an invasion: His court was divided into factions: The Highland chiefs began to murmur, and their clans to be unruly: He saw himself with a handful of men hemmed in between two considerable armies, in the middle of winter, and in a country disaffected to his cause. He knew he could not proceed to the metropolis without hazarding a battle, and that a defeat would be attended with the inevitable destruction of himself and all his adherents: And he had received information that his friends and officers had assembled a body of forces in the North, superior in number to those by whom he was attended. He called a council at Derby, and proposed to advance towards London: The proposal was supported by lord Nairn with great vehemence; but, after violent disputes, the majority determined that they should retreat to Scotland with all possible expedition. Accordingly, they abandoned Derby on the 6th of December, early in the morning, and measured back the route by which they had advanced. On the 9th their vanguard arrived at Manchester: On

the 18th they entered Preston, and continued their march northwards. The duke of Cumberland, who was encamped at Meriden, when first apprised of their retreat, detached the horse and dragoons in pursuit of them; while general Wade began his march from Ferrybridge in Lancashire, with a view of intercepting them in their route; but at Wakefield he understood that they had already reached Wigan: He therefore repaired to his old post at Newcastle, after having detached general Oglethorpe, with his horse and dragoons, to join those who had been sent off from the duke's army. They pursued with such alacrity, that they overtook the rear of the Highlanders, with which they skirmished in Lancashire. The militia of Cumberland and Westmoreland were raised and armed by the duke's order, to harass them in their march. The bridges were broken down, the roads damaged, and the beacons lighted to alarm the country. Nevertheless, they retreated regularly with their small train of artillery. They were overtaken at the village of Clifton, in the neighbourhood of Penrith, by two regiments of dragoons. These alighted, and lined the hedges, in order to harass part of the enemy's rear-guard, commanded by lord George Murray; who, at the head of the Macphersons, attacked the dragoons sword in hand, and repulsed them with some loss. On the 19th of the month, the Highland army reached Carlisle, where the majority of the English in the service of the chevalier were left, at their own desire. Charles, having reinforced the garrison of the place, crossed the rivers Eden and Solway into Scotland, having thus accomplished one of the most surprising retreats that ever was performed. But the most remarkable circumstance of this expedition was the moderation and regularity with which those ferocious people conducted themselves in a country abounding with plunder. No violence was offered, no outrage committed; and they were effectually restrained from the exercise of rapine. Notwithstanding the excessive cold, the hunger, and fatigue to which they must have been exposed, they left behind no sick, and lost a very few stragglers; but retired with deliberation, and carried off their cannon in the face of their enemy. The duke of Cumberland invested Carlisle with his whole army on the 21st of December, and on the 30th the garrison surrendered on a sort of capitulation made with the duke of Richmond. The prisoners, amounting to about 400, were imprisoned in different jails in England, and the duke returned to London.

The chevalier proceeded by the way of Dumfries to Glasgow, from which last city he exacted severe contributions, on account of its attachment to the government, for whose service it had raised a regiment of 900 men, under the command of the earl of Home. Having continued several days at Glasgow, he advanced towards Stirling, and was joined by some forces which had been

assembled in his absence by lords Lewis Gordon and John Drummond, brothers to the dukes of Gordon and Perth. This last nobleman had arrived from France in November, with a small reinforcement of French and Irish, and a commission as general of those auxiliaries. He fixed his head-quarters at Perth, where he was reinforced by the earl of Cromarty, and other clans, to the number of 2000, and he was accommodated with a small train of artillery. They had found means to surprise a sloop of war at Montrose, with the guns of which they fortified that harbour. They had received a considerable sum of money from Spain. They took possession of Dundee, Downcastle, and laid Fife under contribution. The earl of Loudoun remained at Inverness, with about 2000 Highlanders in the service of his majesty. He convoyed provisions to Fort Augustus and Fort William: He secured the person of lord Lovat, who still temporised, and at length this cunning veteran accomplished his escape. The laird of Macleod and Mr Monro of Culcairn, being detached from Inverness towards Aberdeenshire, were surprised and routed by lord Lewis Gordon at Inverary; and that interest seemed to preponderate in the north of Scotland. Prince Charles, being joined by lord John Drummond, invested the castle of Stirling, in which general Blakeney commanded: But his people were so little used to enterprises of this kind, that they made very little progress in their operations.

By this time a considerable body of forces was assembled at Edinburgh, under the conduct of general Hawley, who determined to relieve Stirling castle, and advanced to Linlithgow on the 13th day of January: Next day his whole army rendezvoused at Falkirk, while the Highlanders were cantoned about Bannockburn. On the 17th of the month, they began their march in two columns to attack the king's forces, and had forded the water of Carron, within three miles of Hawley's camp, before he discovered their intention. Such was his obstinacy, self-conceit, or contempt of the enemy, that he slighted the repeated intelligence he had received of their motions and design, firmly believing they durst not hazard an engagement. At length, perceiving they had occupied the rising ground to the southward of Falkirk, he ordered his cavalry to advance and drive them from the eminence; while his infantry formed and were drawn up in order of battle. The Highlanders kept up their fire, and took aim so well, that the assailants were broke by the first volley: They retreated with precipitation, and fell in among the infantry, which were likewise discomposed by the wind and rain beating violently in their faces, wetting their powder and disturbing their eye-sight. Some of the dragoons rallied, and advanced again to the charge, with part of the infantry which had not been engaged: Then the chevalier marched up at the head of his corps-de-

reserve, consisting of the regiment of lord John Drummond and the Irish piquets. These, reinforcing the Camerons and the Stuarths in the front line, immediately obliged the dragoons to give way a second time; and they again disordered the foot in their retreat. They set fire to their camp, and abandoned Falkirk with their baggage and train, which last had never reached the field of battle. The Highlanders followed their first blow, and great part of the royal army, after one irregular discharge, turned their backs, and fled in the utmost consternation. In all probability few or none of them would have escaped, had not general Huske and brigadier Cholmondeley rallied part of some regiments, and made a gallant stand, which favoured the retreat of the rest to Falkirk, from whence they retired in confusion to Edinburgh, leaving the field of battle, and part of their tents and artillery to the enemy: But their loss of men did not exceed 300, including Sir Robert Monro, colonel Whitney, and some other officers of distinction. It was at this period that the officers, who had been taken at the battle of Prestonpans, and conveyed to Angus and Fife, finding themselves unguarded, broke their parole, and returned to Edinburgh, on pretence of their having been forcibly released by the inhabitants of those parts.

SONG LXVIII.

The Battle of Falkirk Muir,

Is a severe one on general Hawley, who was reputed to be a natural son of king George. By "Highland Geordie" is meant the lord George Murray who that day led the attack. It is an excellent jocular song to the favourite tune of "*Up an' waur them a', Willie.*"

SONG LXIX.

The Highlandmen came Down the Hill,

Is one on the same subject, and highly descriptive of the ease with which the Whig army was overcome. The Highlandmen came boldly to the attack, and there is no doubt began with intrepidity: but when their enemies wheeled and fled, they only took it for some sage manœuvre, and expected to have the brunt of the battle to abide at the bottom of the descent. This made them march onward with caution toward the camp, but when they came there no enemy was to be seen: They looked to one ano-

ther, and oft repeated the question in Gaelic, "What is become of the men? Where are they?" The tune is a popular reel, bears the same name with the song, and is well known.

SONG LXX.

Arms and the Man,

Is also on the same engagement, and the last I shall admit. I got it on two single folios, printed, the one the same week the battle happened, the other the week following. I got also the following account of the battle, printed on a folio, the day after the engagement:—

"Falkirk, January 17, 1746.

"Early this morning, his royal highness CHARLES, prince regent, having left his grace the duke of Perth, with several battalions, to push on the siege of the castle of Stirling, drew up his army in line of battle, a mile east from Bannockburn, which was the head-quarters, being informed that the enemy, who were encamped at four miles distance, a little below the town of Falkirk, were advancing to give him battle; but finding about mid-day they did not move, he resolved, in a council of war, to march and attack them. And immediately lord George Murray marched at the head of the army in two columns, holding above the Torwood; as the high-road leading from Stirling to Falkirk was too narrow. The army past the water of Carron at Duniepace, the two columns keeping always an equal distance of about two hundred yards; they were then in sight of the enemy, being about two miles and a half distant. At the same time lord John Drummond, who commanded the left wing, had gone with most of the horse to reconnoitre the enemy, and made a movement, as intending to march the high-way through the Torwood.

"The two columns continued their march without the least stop, and went up the hill of Falkirk, to take advantage of the wind and the rising ground. The enemy were perceived to be in motion from the time we past the water, and were marching up the hill. Their cavalry being in the front and a good way before them, had now taken possession of a rising ground opposite to our right, and within half cannon shot; upon which we immediately formed, it being betwixt three and four o'clock in the afternoon. As it was believed their foot was forming close behind them, orders were given by his royal highness for the first line to march softly forwards, the second line keeping the usual distance, to drive them from that eminence; which was done accordingly, with the utmost regularity and exactness; for when they were

within pistol shot, the dragoons bore down towards us at the trot, in order to break us; then our men gave part of their fire so apropos, that they entirely broke them, doing great execution.

" So soon as our men, who had fired, charged their muskets again, which they did in their march, they advanced to attack the infantry; but the ground was so unequal, being interspersed with risings and hollows, that they could not perceive what was doing on their left, but only heard the firing upon that side.

" Our left not being fully formed when the attack began on the right, a considerable body of the enemy's horse came up also to attack them; but receiving part of their fire, they broke and ran off. Their infantry coming in upon that side with six pieces of cannon, were attacked by some battalions, who, receiving the fire of the enemy, went in sword in hand, and drove them down the hill with great impetuosity and slaughter: but not perceiving our right, by reason of the unevenness of the ground, they made a stop till such time as the two wings should join to the centre, and the second line come up.

" His royal highness, who was mostly in the centre, attended by the French ambassador, and whose attention was turned to all parts, seeing that the enemy had outlined us on the left wing, sent brigadier Stapleton with the picquets of the Irish brigade, with some other troops, to take up that space upon the left. Then the whole army marched down towards the enemy, who were retreating on all sides in great disorder: but by reason of the unevenness of the ground, and night coming on, with great wind and rain, they could not overtake them, as they were positively ordered to keep their ranks. Had the enemy staid a quarter of an hour longer on the ground, they must have inevitably been cut to pieces; however, they went off with the utmost precipitation, and were just got to the east end of the town of Falkirk, when lord John Drummond entered on that side, lord George Murray in the middle, and Lochiel in the west end. Lord John Drummond was slightly wounded in the arm by a musket shot, at the end of the town, by one of the soldiers, whom he was taking prisoner. We took all their cannon, consisting of two large ones, five field pieces, all of brass, three iron cannon, several mortars and cohorns; with a great number of shells, all their ammunition, waggons, tents,* three standards, two stand of colours, a kettle drum, many small arms, their baggage, clothing, and generally every thing they had not burnt or destroyed.† We made above seven hundred prisoners, beside officers, and we reckon above six hundred were

* Which we found almost all standing, few of them having been consumed by the fire which they had themselves set to their camp.

† The most valuable part of the effects are continually exposed to view, and shall be forthcoming whenever the late owners shall think proper to present themselves and put in their claim.

killed in the field of battle, besides what we are told were drowned in fording the river Carron.

"We had not above forty men killed on our side, among which were two or three captains and some subaltern officers. There was near double that number wounded, among whom was young Lochiel, on the ankle, but so slightly, that it did not hinder him from marching in pursuit of the enemy to the town of Falkirk. His brother was likewise wounded.

"His royal highness's first care early next morning, was to send up to the field of battle to cause bury the dead, as well those of the enemy as our own people; and some of their officers that could be distinguished (of which, it is said, are Sir Robert Monro and colonel Whitney) were brought down to the town to be decently interred, in the same manner as our own officers were. Had not the night come on, and so stormy, his royal highness's army would have got betwixt them and Linlithgow, and would have utterly destroyed them. All the officers and private men behaved with invincible courage; and the order which they kept in their marching and attack surprised even the officers who had been in the former and present wars abroad. The Irish officers were of vast use, in going through the different posts of the army, and assisting in the various dispositions that were made."

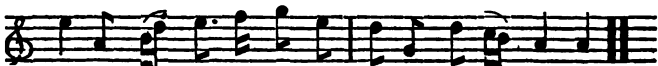
SONG LXXI.

Welcome, Royal Charlie.

THERE are many editions of this song, which is popular all over the country, both south and north. This was communicated by Mr Fairley of Tweedsmuir. It is generally sung to the air given; but the original one is better; I cannot find it, but remember the chorus runs thus:—



O ye've been lang o' coming, O ye've been lang o' coming,



O ye've been lang o' coming, Welcome, roy - al Charlie.

SONG LXXII.

Second Set,

Is copied from the Scots Magazine for February 1817, and has the signature "F. C. Banks of Clyde."

SONG LXXIII.

Kane to the King.

THIS seems to have been made by some Highland minstrel, to instigate the chiefs of the prince's army to a foray on the Grants, and others of their Whig friends, after the retreat of the army to the north. I can make nothing of the chiefs that were to be robbed. They seem to have been gentlemen of the shires of Banff and Moray; and it must be an interesting amusement for the people of that traditionary country to find out who is meant. "The lady of Moy" was herself in the prince's army, at the head of 200 brave Mackintoshes. The laird having refused to engage in the cause, she raised these men herself, and put them under the command of Donald Macgillavry; but kept mostly in the camp to encourage them in their fidelity to the prince. Another still more celebrated heroine, Miss Jenny Cameron of Glendessery, likewise attended the prince in all his warlike exploits. This lady, finding her nephew, the laird, a minor, and a youth of no capacity, as soon as she heard of the prince's arrival, set about raising the men herself, and on the summons being sent by Lochiel to her nephew, she set off to Charles's head-quarters, at the head of 250 well armed men. She was dressed in a sea-green riding habit, with a scarlet lapell, trimmed with gold, her hair tied behind in loose buckles, with a velvet cap, and scarlet feather; she rode on a bay gelding decked with green furniture, which was fringed with gold; instead of a whip, she carried a naked sword in her hand, and in this equipage arrived at the camp. A female officer was a very extraordinary sight, and it being reported to the young chevalier, he went out of the lines to meet this supply; Miss Jenny rode up to him without the least concern, and gave him a soldier-like salute, and addressed him in words to the following effect:—"That as her nephew was not able to attend the royal standard, she had raised his men, and brought them to his highness; that she believed them ready to hazard their lives in his cause, and though at present they were commanded by a woman, yet she hoped they had nothing womanish about them; for she found, that so glorious a cause had raised in her breast every manly thought, and quite extinguished the woman; what an effect, then," added she, "must it have on those who have no feminine fear to combat, and are free from the incumbrance of female dress? These men, sir, are yours, they have devoted themselves to your service; they bring you hearts as well as hands: I can follow them no further, but I shall pray for your success." This speech being ended, she ordered her men to pass in review before the chevalier, who expressed himself pleased with their appearance, but much more so with the gallantry of their female

leader. He conducted her to his tent, and treated her in the most polite manner; her humour was extremely free, and as full of gayety as if she had been but fifteen; the young chevalier was much delighted with her conversation, and while she continued in the camp, he spent several hours with her, and frequently called her colonel Cameron, by which name she was often jocularly distinguished afterwards. She continued with the army till they marched into England, and joined it again in Annandale on its return; and being in the battle on Falkirk Muir, she was there taken prisoner, and committed to the castle of Edinburgh. She afterwards got free, and was chosen guardian to her nephew as long as she lived.

The song has a beautiful and most original Gaelic air. Frazer, in his Collection, calls it "*Brigus mhic Ruaridh*," which, I suppose, has originated from some circumstance the same as the song; that is, *stealing from the men with the breeks*.

SONG LXXIV.

Culloeden Day,

Is the first of a long series of mournful and affecting ditties on that battle, in which all the hopes of the bold assertors of the right of the Stuarts were for ever annihilated. The song is the address of a Highland bard to the lady of his chief; and he comforts her with the horrid proposal of killing her, and hiding her in the grave of her father, rather than suffer her to be taken or disgraced by the enemy, a strong feature of the despair to which the country was reduced. The air bears the same name with the song. Frazer calls it "*N' cual sibh mar thackair dhuin*."

SONG LXXV.

Young Airly.

TRUSTING to a note in Cromek's Collection, I never doubted that this was a song of 1745, and reserved it for this volume, and even for this latter division of it. I find, however, in searching for the event to which it relates, that it is the very oldest Scots song in the collection, being one of 1640: In that year James, earl of Airly, left Scotland, to avoid being compelled to subscribe the covenant. The estates of parliament being informed of his departure, ordered the earls of Montrose and Kinghorn to take possession of his house. On their coming to Airly castle, in June 1640, they summoned Lord Ogilvy to surrender it, being a place of very great natural strength, well manned, with all sorts of am-

munition and provisions. Lady Ogilvy answered, that her husband was absent, and had left no orders with her to give up the house to any subject, and that she would defend the same to the utmost of her power till her husband returned from England. After interchanging some shots, the assailants desisted from the attack. The estates of parliament then ordered the marquis of Argyle to proceed against it; he accordingly raised no less than 5000 men for that purpose: but when lord Ogilvy heard of his coming with such irresistible force, he wisely left Airly castle with all his men. Argyle demolished Airly and Forther, the two principal seats of the earl of Airly, destroyed every thing he could, and plundered the tenants of all their goods, corn, and cattle.

SONG LXXVI.

Another Set,

Is one on the same subject from the verses in Cromek, and a street ballad collated.

SONG LXXVII.

Bonnie Charlie,

Is a beautiful and highly popular song and air. It seems either to have been made by or in the name of Captain Stuart of Invernahoyle. I took these verses from the singing of my friend, Mr James Scott, but I heard a girl term the glen Inverneil. The air bears the same name with the song.

SONG LXXVIII.

Callum-a-Glen.

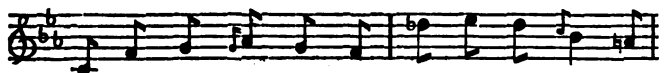
It is a pity that I have too much hand in these songs from the Gaelic to speak of them as I feel; and though this is indebted to me for the rhyme, I could take it against any piece of modern poetry. I see that my friend, Mr Stenhouse, has changed the air to which I set it, doubtless with the kindest intentions in the world; for seeing the song a good song, he had chosen to set it to

an appropriate air, and one of the best extant ; but then it is an Irish one ; and unluckily the song has an original tune of its own, and bearing the same name. It is to be found in Frazer's Collection.

AIR FROM CAPTAIN FRASER'S COLLECTION.



Was e-ver old warrior of suff'ring so weary? Was



e-ver the wild beast so bay'd in his den? The



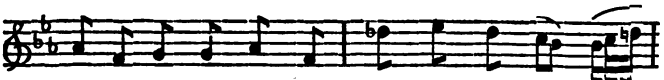
Southron blood-hounds lie in ken-nel so near me, That



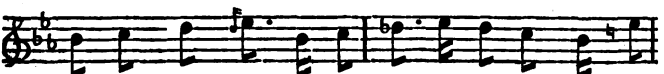
death would be free-dom to Cal-lum-a - Glen.



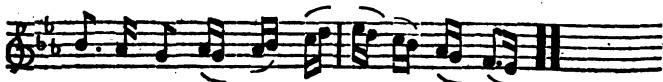
My sons are all slain, and my daughters have left me, No



child to pro-tect me, where once there were ten ; My



chief they have slain, and of stay have be-reft me, And



wo to the gray hairs of Callum - a - Glen !

SONG LXXIX.

The Sun rises bright in France,

Is a sweet old thing, very popular both in Scotland and England. I got some stanzas from Surtees of Mainsforth; but those printed are from Cromek. It is uncertain to what period the song refers.

SONG LXXX.

The old Man's Lament,

Is likewise from Cromek, and very like what my friend, Allan Cunninghame, might write at a venture.

SONG LXXXI.

Now Charles asserts his Father's Right,

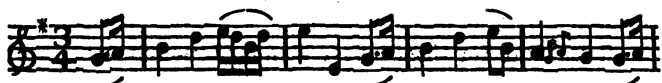
Was copied from Sir W. Scott's collection of loose papers. The air is taken at random, I have forgot from whence.

SONG LXXXII.

Farewell to Glen Shalloch.

THIS beautiful Highland ditty has likewise an original air of its own, one of the most simple and sweet things existing; but Mr Stenhouse, in his friendly exertions to put every thing to rights, has changed it for "*M'Gregor-a-Ruara*," that every one might know it, and be able to sing it with due effect. The true air is however to be found in Captain Frazer's work, where it is called, I think, "*Bodhan an Eassain*." The verses are closely from the original, and there are few that can compare with them.

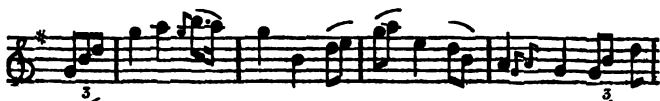
AIR FROM CAPTAIN FRASER'S COLLECTION.



FAREWELL to Glen-Shalloch, A farewell for e - ver; Fare-



well to my wee cot, That stands by the ri -- ver.



The fall is loud sounding, In voices that va -- ry, And the



echoes surrounding Lament with my Ma - ry.

SONG LXXXIII.

The Lovely Lass of Inberness.

THIS beautiful song is from Cromek. Who can doubt that it is by Cunninghame, or suppose that such a song really remained in Nithsdale unknown to Burns? The music is by Oswald.

SONG LXXXIV.

Modern set,

Is by Burns, altered from some old lines.

SONG LXXXV.

The Frasers in the Corrie.

I must beg pardon of the Highlanders for adding so much to the original ideas in this song, by which it is nothing improved. Frazer has a fuller set of the air, I believe, to the same name.

SONG LXXXVI.

A Ballad for those whose Honour is sound, &c.

I HAD one copy of this from Dr Traill of Liverpool, and another from Mr Hardy of Glasgow, singular title and all. The air is "*Auld lang syne.*"

SONG LXXXVII.

The Highlander's Lament,

HAS often been published, both song and air, with the exception of the stanzas reprobating some Highland chiefs. The curses are doubtlessly pronounced on the two chiefs of Skye who departed so woefully from the tenets and loyalty of their fathers. The song is likely to have been made by some of the sennachies of Appin, the old inveterate foe of the Campbells, whose prevailing power crushed and finally ruined him.

SONG LXXXVIII.

Prince Charles and Flora Macdonald's Welcome to Skye,

WAS copied verbatim from the mouth of Mrs Betty Cameron from Lochaber; a well-known character over a great part of the Lowlands, especially for her great store of Jacobite songs, and her attachment to Prince Charles, and the chiefs that suffered for him, of whom she never spoke without bursting out a-crying. She said it was from the Gaelic; but if it is, I think it is likely to have been translated by herself. There is scarcely any song or air that I love better. I cannot possibly take in all Charles's adventures after the battle of Culloden; but, for the sake of explaining this song, and one that follows, namely, song 92, I must give the history of his meeting with Flora Macdonald, and of the time he remained under her protection; that being the most romantic part of the whole. After a thousand perils by land and water, he was at last so closely beset in the island of South Uist, that escape seemed impracticable. In this perplexity, his only attendant, O'Neil, thought proper to apply to a young lady, of the name of Flora Macdonald, who was at her brother's at Milton, in South Uist, upon a visit from the isle of Skye. O'Neil, having some little acquaintance with this young lady, proposed to her to assist the prince in his escape; and requested her to go

with him to the prince, to concert what was best to be done, to which she at first objected, with specious reasons ; but being apprised of the situation in which Charles was placed, which would not admit either of his coming to her, or of long delay, she at last consented, and taking her faithful servant, Neil M'Echan, with her, accompanied O'Neil to the place where the prince was. They there concerted two plans, the one of which was to be put in execution without her farther interference, and in the event of its failing, Flora promised to do her utmost in order to bring the other to bear. O'Neil, finding it impossible to get off the prince in the manner intended, was by him despatched to Milton, whither Flora had returned, to make her acquainted with this ; and came back again, charged with a message to him from Miss Macdonald.

Pursuant to the plan which had been laid down, Flora Macdonald set forwards, on Saturday the 21st of June, for Clanronald's house, to get what was necessary for the prince's disguise, and other things in readiness ; but when going to cross a ford, she and her man were taken prisoners by a party of militia, because they had no passports to show. She demanded to see their officer ; but being told that he would not be there till next morning, she asked his name, and finding that it was her own stepfather, she chose to remain till he should arrive, rather than answer their questions. She was accordingly kept a prisoner in the guard-room till relieved by her father-in-law, who arrived in the forenoon of next day, and was not a little surprised to see her in custody. Flora took him aside, and telling him what she was about, desired a pass-port for herself, her man M'Echan, and one Betty Burke, a woman who was a good spinner ; and as her mother had a quantity of linen to spin, requested also a letter recommending Betty Burke to her, all which her father-in-law consented to. Flora then proceeded to Clanronald's house, where she informed lady Clanronald of her design, who was ready to give her all the assistance in her power. She remained there till Friday the 27th, during which time O'Neil passed and repassed several times with messages betwixt the prince, lady Clanronald, and Flora : Lady Clanronald, another Macdonald, Flora, and her man, conducted by O'Neil, then went to the prince, who was eight miles distant, and carried with them a new dress, and some other things to serve him in his voyage : particularly a part of a bottle of white wine, which was all that the soldiers had left Clanronald. This the prince would not taste a drop of, but preserved with great care for his female guide. When they arrived they found prince Charles Stuart in a small hut, cheerfully engaged in roasting for his dinner, the heart, liver, and kidneys of a sheep, on a wooden spit. When O'Neil introduced the visitors to him, they expressed their compassion and sorrow at seeing him in such a situation, but he cheered them with an affable piece of mirth, and a contempt

of his sufferings: "The wretched to-day," said he, "may be happy to-morrow;" and then growing serious, he said, "All great men would be the better to feel a little of what I do." They dined here, and at table Charles placed Flora on his right hand, and lady Clanronald on his left. The rest of the company sat by chance, and ate very heartily, and he smoked a pipe with them. Next morning they heard of general Campbell's arrival at Benbecula, and soon after a servant of lady Clanronald's came in a great hurry, and informed her that captain Ferguson, with an advanced party of Campbell's men, were at her house, and that the captain lay there all night. She was therefore obliged to take leave of the prince, and return to her own house, where she was examined very strictly by Ferguson, but contrived to excuse herself, by saying, that she had gone to see a child that had been sick. After the departure of lady Clanronald and the other Macdonald, Flora bade the prince prepare himself, for it was now time to go. The faithful O'Neil begged hard to accompany them, but to this Flora objected, on account that there would be too many of them together, and they might, therefore, be the more taken notice of. So prince Charles and he parted, having taken leave of one another in an affectionate manner. O'Neil then went and met Sullivan, who was yet upon the island. About two days after, a French cutter, having 120 men on board, arrived at the isle of South Uist, to carry off the prince, who, they had been informed, was there. Sullivan immediately went on board, and O'Neil went back for the prince, hoping that he and Flora Macdonald might still be somewhere on the island; but finding that they had left it two days before, he returned to the place where he had left the cutter. Two small wherries, filled with armed men, and which had been sent out by an English officer after the cutter, had just come within sight of her, when the wind being fair, she had set sail at the instigation of Sullivan, who, having an opportunity of saving his own life, deemed it as convenient to leave the prince and O'Neil to their shifts. O'Neil was soon after taken, but being a foreign officer, he was only kept as a prisoner of war; he was put on board of a man of war, where, in a short time, he saw Flora Macdonald also a prisoner, for doing what he had been the means of bringing about. He was conveyed to Berwick-upon-Tweed, and thereafter sent home according to the cartel. After the company were gone, Miss Macdonald desired the prince to put on his new attire, which being done, they, with their crew, removed their quarters to be somewhat nearer the water side, where their boat was a-float, to be ready in case of any surprise from the shore. They arrived in a very wet condition, and made a fire upon a piece of a rock to dry themselves, and keep them warm till night. They had not been long there till they were alarmed by seeing four wherries, full of armed men, ap-

proaching towards the shore; they extinguished their fire, and concealed themselves among the heather, but the wherries sailed by to the southward, within gun-shot, not perceiving them. On the 28th of June, about eight o'clock in the evening, they set sail in very clear weather, but had not gone above a league before the sea became rough, and, at last, tempestuous. The prince finding Flora and the sailors begin to be uneasy at their situation, sung them several Highland songs; among others, an old song, made for the 29th of May, called "The Restoration." By this, and telling them merry stories, he contrived to keep up their spirits. Notwithstanding the night storm, Miss Macdonald was so fatigued that she fell asleep in the bottom of the boat; prince Charles observing it, covered her to save her as much as he could from the cold, and sat by her, lest any thing should hurt her, or lest any of the boat-men, in the dark, should trample upon her; but the sea was so rough that she did not sleep long. Next morning, though it was clear and calm, the boat-men knew not where they were, the wind having varied several times in the night; however, they made a point of Waternish, in the west corner of Skye, where they tried to land, but found the place possessed by a body of forces, who had also three boats near the shore; and several men of war were in sight. A man on board of one of these boats fired at the prince and crew to make them bring to—but they rowed off. They would, to a certainty, have been taken, had it not been providentially very calm, and the ships at some distance; the militia on shore could not stir for want of the oars that were hauled up and flung among the ling by their crew; but, however, they sent up to alarm the people in a little town not far off. The prince's boat got safe into a creek or cliff in a rock, and remained there to rest the men, who had been at work all night, and to get some refreshment; however, as soon as they could, they set forwards again, lest the alarm should bring down the people of the village upon them, and they had not proceeded far till they observed them approaching the place they had so lately quitted. At length they landed safely at Kilbride, in Trotternish, in the isle of Skye, about twelve miles north from the above-mentioned point, and just at the foot of the garden of Mouggestot. In this neighbourhood there were also several parties in search of the prince. Miss Macdonald left the prince in the boat, and went with her man to Mouggestot, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald, who was then with the duke of Cumberland. She sent a message to Lady Margaret Macdonald, to let her know she was come, having before apprised her of her errand, by a Mrs Macdonald, who went for that purpose.

Flora was introduced into a room where company were, among whom chanced to be the commanding officer of the forces in the neighbourhood. He asked her several questions, all of

which she answered as she thought proper, and readily enough, so that he had no suspicion of what she was about. Flora having told Lady Macdonald where she had left the prince, and the situation he was in, her ladyship, at a loss how to act in so critical a conjuncture, sent off directly an express to Donald Roy Macdonald, brother to Balshar, in north Uist, who was at a surgeon's house about two miles off, under cure of a wound he had received through his foot at Culloiden, requiring his immediate attendance. She applied, in the mean time, to Mr Macdonald of Kingsborough, a relation of Sir Alexander's, and his factor, who happened to be then in the house, and was walking in close conference with him when Donald arrived. It was then agreed that the prince should be conducted that night to Port Rei, or king's port, about seven miles from Kingsborough, by way of that house; that Donald Roy should ride directly to Port Rei, and endeavour to find out the old laird of Rasay, to whose care the prince was to be entrusted; and that Neil M'Echan should return immediately to the prince, inform him of the scheme concerted for his preservation, and direct him to the back of a certain hill, about a mile distant, where he was to wait for Kingsborough for his conductor. Kingsborough, taking some wine and other refreshments, set out, soon after, for the place appointed. He had, at first, some difficulty to find out the prince, who, however, soon made up to him very briskly, with a thick short cudgel in his hand, and asked, "are you Mr Macdonald of Kingsborough?" "Yes, sir," answered Kingsborough. "All is well then," replied the prince, "come, let us be jogging." Mr Macdonald told him he must first partake of the refreshments he had brought, which he accordingly did, the top of a rock serving for a table. This done, they proceeded together; and in conversing, Kingsborough told his fellow-traveller, with no less admiration than joy, that he could recollect no cause, either of business or duty, for his being at Mougestot that day. "I'll tell you the cause," said the prince, "Providence sent you thither to take care of me." The country people were just returning from church, and Kingsborough had some difficulty in getting rid of their conversation, as they came up one party after another; however, they passed by all at last, and the prince and he proceeded alone.

When Flora thought the prince and Kingsborough might be got to some distance, she made a motion to go, and ordered her horses out directly. Lady Macdonald pressed her much before the officer to stay, but Flora excused herself, and all things being got ready, she set forwards, attended by Mrs Macdonald above-mentioned, and her man and maid. When they overtook the prince and Kingsborough, Mrs Macdonald was very desirous of seeing the prince's face, which he as carefully avoided, by looking away from her, but, however, she had several opportunities of ob-

serving it. In wading a rivulet, the prince lifted his petticoats so high, that Neil M'Echan called to him for God's sake to take care, else he would discover himself. The prince laughed heartily, and thanked him for his kind concern. Mrs Macdonald's maid could not keep her eyes off the prince, and said to Flora, "I think I ne'er saw sic an impudent-looking woman as Kingsborough is a-walking with; I dare say she is an Irish-woman, or a man in woman's claes." Miss Macdonald replied, she was an Irish-woman, for she knew her, and had seen her before. "Bless me," quoth the maid, "what lang strides she takes, and how awkwardly she wurks her petticoats. I believe those Irish-women could fecht as weel as the men." Miss Macdonald, not liking the maid's observations, and knowing they were near the place where the prince and Kingsborough were to turn out of the common road, and that it was not proper to let Mrs Macdonald's man and maid servant see what route they should take, called out to Mrs Macdonald to ride faster; "for," said she, "we shall be late out." This was complied with, and they soon lost sight of the two on foot, who, presently after, turned out of the common road to avoid the militia, and went over the hills S.S.E. till they arrived at Kingsborough's house, which they did about eleven o'clock at night, on Sunday, June the 29th, in a very wet condition, having walked seven long miles in almost constant rain. Miss Macdonald arrived about the same time along the highway, having parted with her three companions. Lady Kingsborough, not expecting her husband home at that time of night, was undrest, and just going into bed, when one of her maid-servants went up and told her that Kingsborough was returned, and had brought some company with him. "What company?" said Mrs Macdonald. "Milton's daughter," said the maid, "and some company with her." "Milton's daughter," replied Mrs Macdonald, "is very welcome here, with any company she pleases to bring; but, make my compliments to her, and tell her to be free with any thing in the house, for I am sleepy, and undrest, so I cannot see her to-night." In a short time, Kingsborough's daughter ran up in a great hurry, crying out, "mamma, mamma, my father has brought hither a very odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife, as ever I saw; nay, and has taken her into the hall too." She had scarcely said this before Kingsborough himself entered the room, and desired his wife to dress again as fast as she could, and get what meat she had ready for supper. "Who have you with you?" said Mrs Macdonald. "You shall know that in good time," replied he, "only make haste." Mrs Macdonald then desired her daughter to go and fetch the keys, which she had left in the hall; the girl went, but came running back again, crying, "I canna gang in for the keys, mamma, because the muckle woman is walking up and down the hall, and I am afraid o' her." Mrs Macdo-

nald then went herself, but was so frightened, as she said, "at seeing sic a muckle trollop o' a carlin mak sic lang strides through the hall, that she did not like her appearance." She then desired her husband to fetch them, but he would not, and she was obliged, at last, to go herself. When she went into the room, the prince was sitting, but got up immediately and saluted her. Mrs Macdonald then began to tremble, having found a rough beard; imagining it was some distressed nobleman or gentleman in disguise, but never dreamed that it was the prince. She, therefore, went directly out of the room, with the keys in her hand, without saying one word to the prince, and greatly importuned Kingsborough to tell her who it was; and if he, meaning the person in disguise, could tell anything of what was become of the prince. Kingsborough smiled at her naming the beard, and told her, "My dear, it is the prince." "The prince!" cried she, "then we are a' ruined; we will a' be hanged now." "Hut," said he, "we will die but once, and if we are hanged for this, we die in a good cause, doing only an act of humanity and charity. But go, make haste with supper; bring us eggs, butter, cheese, and whatever else is ready." "Eggs, butter, and cheese!" quoth she, "what a supper is that for a prince!" "Oh, wife," replied he, "you little know how this good prince has lived of late: this will be a feast to him; besides, to make a formal supper would make the servants suspect something; the less ceremony therefore the better: make haste and come to supper yourself." "I come to supper!" said she, "I know not how to behave myself before majesty." "You must come," replied Kingsborough, "for the prince will not eat one bit without you; and you'll find it no difficult matter to behave before him; so obliging and easy is he in conversation." At supper the prince placed Miss Flora at his right hand, (always paying her the greatest respect, wherever she was, and always rising up whenever she entered the room,) and Mrs Macdonald at his left. He made a plentiful supper, eating four eggs, some collops, bread and butter, drank two bottles of small beer at supper, and then calling for a bumper of brandy, he drank health and prosperity to his landlord and landlady, and better times to us all; and after supper smoked a pipe: he smoked as an antidote against the toothache, and kept the same pipe till it was as black as ink, and worn or broken to the very stump. After drinking a few glasses of wine, and finishing their pipes, the prince went to bed.

When the prince and Kingsborough were going from Mouggestot to Kingsborough, the prince said he proposed going to the laird of Macleod's, as being a place the government's people would not suspect; but Kingsborough would not agree to that, and gave some of his reasons to support his opinion: "What!" said the prince, "do you think that Macleod to his former doings would

add that of thirsting after my blood?" "I am not certain of that," replied Kingsborough, "but I have received a letter from the laird of Macleod, wherein he desires me to deliver you up if you fell into my way; and said I should thereby do a service to my country." The prince thereupon dropt that project, and said, "I hope Macleod will live to see his mistake." Some time after this the laird of Macleod asked for the letter again; but Kingsborough absolutely refused to give it to him, and further said, "he would keep that to show what part Macleod acted, from under Macleod's own hand." Kingsborough, among other things, asked the prince if he looked upon Lord George Murray to have acted a treacherous part; the prince said he hoped not.

After the prince was gone to bed, Mrs Macdonald desired Miss Flora to relate the prince's adventures as far as she knew of them; which she did: and when she had concluded her story, Mrs Macdonald asked her what was become of the boatmen who brought them to that island. Flora replied, "They went back again directly for South Uist." "That was wrong," said Mrs Macdonald, "for you should have kept them on this side for some time, at least till the prince could have got farther from his pursuers." As Mrs Macdonald conjectured, so it proved; for the boatmen were immediately seized on their return, and threatened with torture or death, both which are absolutely contrary to our law, but are always to be expected when people are ruled by those they pay. By these threats of torture, the men were so much intimidated, that they revealed all that they knew, and gave a description of the gown the prince had on, being a linen or cotton gown, with purple twigs, thickly stamped, and a white apron. This thought of Mrs Macdonald determined Flora to desire the prince to change his dress, as we shall find presently he did; being himself not willing to march any further in that dress, having found it too troublesome the day before.

Morning being come and far advanced, Miss Macdonald began to be afraid lest the prince, lying too long, should give his enemies time to overtake him, and therefore desired Kingsborough to go into his room and call him up; who, with much persuasion, went; but finding him in a sound sleep, would not waken him: but every thing being soon after ready for his journey, Miss Macdonald insisted that Kingsborough should call him up, which he did: and having awakened the prince, asked how he had rested. "Never better," he answered, "for I thought I never lay on so good a bed; and, to tell the truth, I almost forgot what a bed was." Kingsborough then begged leave to tell the prince, it was high time to be preparing for another march; that though it would be proper for him to go away in the disguise he came in, "Yet," said he, "Sir, as you are a very bad pretender, and the rumour of your disguise may have taken air, I think it advisable for you

to reassume your proper dress; and if you will stop at the entrance of the wood on yonder hill, I shall take care to bring you thither every thing necessary for that purpose." The prince thanked his good landlord, and approved the proposal. When the prince had dressed himself as well as he could, the ladies went into his chamber to pin his gown and cap. Before Flora put on the cap, Mrs Macdonald desired her, in Erse, to ask the prince for a lock of his hair, which she refused to do, saying, "Can't you ask him yourself?" The prince, finding they were disputing about something, desired to know what it was, and then Mrs Macdonald told him her request, which he immediately granted, and, laying his head on Flora's lap, bade her cut a lock off; which she did, and gave Mrs Macdonald one half, and kept the other to herself.

The prince being dressed, cried, "a lusty wench this is;" and having breakfasted, asked a snuff of lady Kingsborough, who took that opportunity of prevailing with him to accept of a silver snuff-box. He then took leave of his kind landlady, thanking her very courteously for all her civilities. Then he and Kingsborough, with a parcel of Highland clothes under his arm, went to the place appointed, and there changed his dress. This being done, the prince embraced Kingsborough in his arms, and bade him a long and happy adieu, and in a most affectionate manner thanked him for his services, and assured him he would never forget them: "Who knows," said he, "Kingsborough, but you and I may drink a pot of porter together at a certain place, after all this." Tears fell from the eyes of both, and a few drops of blood from the prince's nose. Kingsborough was alarmed at seeing the blood, but the prince told him this was usual with him at parting from dear friends. Kingsborough then sent a guide with him to Port Rei through all the by-ways, while Flora went on horseback by another road, the better to gain intelligence and prevent a discovery. The prince, attended by Neil M'Echan, and having Kingsborough's herd-boy Macqueen, of about eleven years old, for a guide seven long Scots miles, got safe, though very wet, to Port Rei. Here he had the pleasure of meeting once more his female preserver, as well as Donald Roy Macdonald; who, though disappointed in his search after the old laird of Rasay, had got a boat from that island for the prince's reception, and three choice friends to attend him, viz. John and Murdoch, Macleod of Rasay's eldest and third sons, and Captain Malcolm Macleod. The two last gentlemen had been in the prince's service. The prince would fain have persuaded cripple Donald to accompany him, but Donald had the resolution to resist his importunities, as well as to sacrifice his own inclination to the prince's safety; for his wound did not permit him to move without a horse, which he well judged would have rendered him too conspicuous a companion for the prince's privacy. To this faithful friend, therefore, as well as to

his female deliverer, the prince was obliged to bid a tender farewell: regretting much that he had not a Macdonald with him to the last, and said, "Well, Miss Flora, I hope we shall yet be in a good coach and six before we die, though we be now a-foot."

About six or eight days after the prince left Skye, captain Ferguson followed him in hot pursuit; and from the boatmen, who were taken at or in their return to South Uist, having got an exact description of the gown and dress the prince had on, pursued him to Sir Alexander Macdonald's house, and there searched very strictly, and hearing only of Miss Flora Macdonald, went to Kingsborough, and there examined Mr and Mrs Macdonald, and Mrs Ann Macalister, their daughter. He first found Kingsborough, and asked him several questions, some of which he answered, and others he either could or would not, but told the captain he had better ask Mrs Macdonald, who could give him proper answers: Kingsborough accordingly called Mrs Macdonald, and told her that captain Ferguson was come to ask her a few questions about her late guests. "If Ferguson," said she, "is to be my judge, then God have mercy on my soul!" Ferguson asked her why she said so. "Because the whole world says you are a very cruel hard-hearted man; and indeed I don't like to go through such hands." Ferguson then asked Kingsborough where Miss Macdonald, and the person who was with her in woman's clothes, lay; Kingsborough answered, he knew where Miss Flora lay, but as for servants, he never asked any questions about them. The captain then asked Mrs Macdonald whether she laid "the young pretender and Miss Flora in the same bed." She answered, "Sir, whom you mean by the young pretender, I do not pretend to guess; but I can assure you, it is not the fashion in Skye to lay the mistress and the maid in the same bed together." He then desired to see the rooms wherein each lay; which, being shown, he remarked, that that in which the supposed servant-maid slept, was better than the other. Kingsborough was taken prisoner, and carried to Fort Augustus, and was there plundered of his shoe-buckles, garters, watch, and money; and, in a few hours after, thrown into a dungeon heavily loaded with irons. When Sir Everard Falkner examined him, he put him in mind how noble an opportunity he had lost of making himself and his family for ever. To which Kingsborough replied, "Had I gold and silver piled heaps upon heaps, to the bulk of yon huge mountain, that mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own breast, from doing what I have done." While Kingsborough was prisoner at Fort Augustus, an officer of distinction came and asked him if he would know the young chevalier's head if he saw it; Kingsborough said, he would know the head very well if it were on the shoulders. "But what if the head be not on the shoulders, do you think you should

know it in that case?" "In that case," replied Kingsborough, "I will not pretend to know any thing about it." So no head was brought. Kingsborough was removed thence to Edinburgh castle, under a strong guard of Kingston's light-horse, who entered the city with sound of trumpet, and beat of kettle-drums, a thing not very common in such a case. He was, at first, put into the same room with major Macdonald, Mr George Moir, laird of Leckie, Mr Thomas Ogilvie, and others; but was, soon after, removed into a room by himself, under a very close confinement; none was permitted to see him except the officer upon guard, the serjeant, and the keeper, which last, was appointed to attend him as servant. He was kept there until the act of grace, and was then discharged, having been confined a year for one night's lodging.

Miss Macdonald, having taken leave of the prince, left Port Rei immediately, and went to her mother's, in Armadale; but neither told her mother, nor any other person, what she had been about. Little more than a week after she got home, she received a message from a Mr Macdonald, who lived about four miles from Slait, to go to his house as soon as possible. This message had been sent at the desire of Macleod of Taliakar, an officer in one of the independent companies, who wanted to examine her with respect to what had happened. She, suspecting something of their design, communicated the whole matter to her friends, and asked their advice regarding the course of conduct she ought to pursue; they persuaded her not to go till next day. On her way she met her father-in-law, to whom she made known all that had happened since her seeing him last, and the circumstances in which she was then placed. Shortly after parting from whom, she was taken prisoner by an officer and a party of soldiers, who were on their way to her mother's house to search for her, and conveyed on board the *Furnace*, Captain Ferguson, without being permitted to take leave of her friends, or to go for her clothes and linen. She was under terrible apprehensions, on account of Captain Ferguson's great reputed inhumanity and cruelty; but very luckily for her, General Campbell was on board, who gave strict orders that she should be treated with the greatest civility and respect; that she should have a maid-servant to attend her; and that these two should have a lieutenant's cabin to themselves, forbidding every person to go into the same without her leave or consent. This kindness Miss Flora acknowledged many times. About three weeks afterwards, the ship being near her mother's, general Campbell permitted her to go on shore to take leave of her friends, in custody of two officers, and a party of soldiers; and, on condition that she should not say any thing in Erse, or out of hearing of the officers. On her examination, after being taken prisoner, she said that a woman, calling herself a soldier's wife, came to her

as she was stepping into the boat, and intreated to be taken across with her, as she had been left on the island without money or friends; that she had granted her request, and on landing in Skye, she went on her way, thanking her for the favour. When she was examined by General Campbell, however, she told him the whole truth. Miss Macdonald was removed on board Commodore Smith's ship, where she was exceedingly well treated; and she consented to sit for her picture while in London, at his request. The ship on which she was a-board, was some time in Leith roads; and after being conveyed from place to place, she was at last put on board the Royal Sovereign, lying at the Nore, whence, in a short time after, she was removed to London, in the custody of Mr William Dick, a messenger; after being five months on ship board, in this person's custody, she remained until July 1747, when she was discharged, and returned to Edinburgh without being asked a question.

This relation is taken from the journal of O'Neil, and the mouths of Kingsborough, his lady, and Miss Flora Macdonald.

SONG LXXXIX.

The Highland Widow's Lament,

Is a well-known and popular song, which has often been published.

SONG XC.

Here's his Health in Water,

Has likewise been published. The air bears the same name.

SONG XCI.

Up an' rin awa, Willie,

Was taken from Mr Hardy's MSS. It is rather inferior to some previous ones to the same air.

SONG XCII.

The Lament of Flora Macdonald.

I GOT the original of these verses from my friend Mr Niel Gow, who told me they were a translation from the Gaelic, but so rude that he could not publish them, which he wished to do on a single sheet, for the sake of the old air. On which I versified them anew, and made them a great deal better without altering one sentiment.

SONG XCIII.

The Tears of Scotland,

WAS written by the celebrated Dr Smollet ; the air was by James Oswald. Both have often been published.

SONG XCIV.

You're welcome Charlie Stuart.

THIS song has been published several times ; and the air, which bears the same name, in almost every collection of Scottish tunes.

SONG XCV.

The Highlander's Farewell.

I HAVE entirely forgot who it was that translated this beautiful song for me, as well as where I picked up the air ; and now, that I see them in the running copy, they appear to me as if I had never seen either of them before.

SONG XCVI.

Towly's Ghost,

I COPIED this song from the honourable Miss Rollo's papers; and though I got several other copies, yet the name in them all was Towly. I, however, find no such name among those who followed prince Charles. There was a colonel Francis Townly, who led the 200 men that joined the Highland army at Manchester, and who was after taken at the surrender of Carlisle, and executed with the rest.

SONG XCVII.

Lenochan's Farewell,

WAS translated to me by Mr John Stewart, who affirmed it to be an Appin song, and told me the name of the emigrant who was said to have composed it, which, I think, was Macmurich, or some such sounding name. It is highly characteristic. The air is beautiful, a true Highland one, and in Frazer bears nearly the same name with this song, "*Ho cha neil mulad oirn.*"

SONG XCVIII.

Bessy's Baggies,

Is an excellent old song, and never before published that I know of. The tune often occurs in old collections, and is supposed to be older than 1745. I had the song, with other three excellent ones, all of which are published in these volumes, from Mr Gordon, of Ford.

SONG XCIX.

Wae's me for Prince Charlie.

THIS sweet little Jacobite song is said to have been written by a Mr William Glen, about Glasgow. I have seen a poem on the

death of the princess Charlotte, and some small pieces of merit in periodical works, by a Mr Glen, of that country. Whether or not these are by the same I have not been able to learn. The air is "*The Gypsie Laddie*."

SONG C.

Charlie Stuart.

THIS short and pithy song is from Cromek. I hope it is old, yet scarcely think so. The air is "*Barbara Allan*," to which it has evidently been composed.

SONG CI.

Will be no come back again.

THIS old song was never published till of late years. I had it in manuscript; but a copy, scarcely so perfect, is to be found in a late Paisley publication.

SONG CII.

The Battle of Wal.

I GOT this song among Miss Rollo's papers, but do not even know what battle is alluded to, if it was not that at Lafeld, before Maestricht, in which the duke of Cumberland is said to have exerted himself with courage.

SONG CIII.

Carlisle Petts,

Is from Cromek; and if it is not Allan Cunninghame's, is very like his style.

SONG CIV.

Cumberland and Murray's Descent into Hell.

Of all the songs that ever were written since the world began, this is the first ; it is both so horrible and so irresistibly ludicrous. It is copied from Cromek, but the editor makes no mention how or where he came by it. The two last verses he refused to publish, but I thought it a pity that any part of such a morsel should be lost. This secretary, Murray, was a Mr Murray of Broughton, in Tweeddale ; and on being taken and carried to London, he betrayed some secrets, that caused great trouble to several families, who would, otherwise, have escaped ; and from an idea that he did this for a reward, all this obloquy was attached to him by the friends of the prince ; indeed, they had formerly entertained suspicions of his integrity. The following excellent poem of that day was kindly transmitted to me by Mr George Moir, Gallowgate, Aberdeen.

—*Quantum mutatus ab illo.*

To all that virtue's holy ties can boast,
To truth, to honour, and to manhood lost,
How hast thou wandered from the sacred road,
The paths of honesty, the pole to God !
O fallen ! fallen from the high degree
Of spotless fame, and pure integrity !
Where all that gallantry that filled your breast ?
The pride of sentiment, the thought profest,
Th' unbiassed principle, the generous strain,
That warmed your blood, and beat in every vein ?
All, all are fled !—Once honest, steady, brave ;
How great the change to traitor, coward, knave !
O hateful love of life, that prompts the mind
The godlike, great, and good, to leave behind ;
From wisdom's laws, from honour's glorious plan,
From all on earth that dignifies the man,
With steps unhallowed ; wickedly to stray,
And trust and friendship's holy bands betray !
Cursed fear of death ! whose bug-bear terrors fright
Th' unmanly breast from suffering in the right ;
That strikes the man from th' elevated state,
From every character, and name of great,

And throws him down beneath the vile degree
Of galley'd slaves, or dungeon villany.

O Murray! Murray! once of truth approved,
Your prince's darling, by his party loved,
When all were fond your worth and fame to raise,
And expectations spoke your future praise;
How could you sell that prince, that cause, that fame,
For life enchained to infamy and shame?
See gallant Arthur, whose undaunted soul
No dangers frighten and no fears control,
With unconcern, the axe and block surveys,
And smiles at all the dreadful scene displays;
While undisturbed his thoughts so steady keep,
He goes to death as others go to sleep.
Gay, midst their gibbets and devouring fire,
What numbers hardy in the cause expire!
But what are these to thee? examples vain;
Yet see and blush if yet the power remain;
Behold the menial hand that broke your bread,
That wiped your shoes, and with your crumbs was fed,
When life and riches proffered to his view,
Before his eyes the strong temptation threw,
Rather than quit integrity of heart,
Or act, like you, the unmanly traitor's part,
Disdains the purchase of a worthless life,
And bares his bosom to the butch'ring knife,
Each mean compliance gallantly denies,
And in mute honesty is brave, and dies.
While you, though tutored from your early youth
To all the principles of steady truth;
Though station, birth, and character conspire
To kindle in your breast the manly fire,
Friends, reputation, conscience, all disclaim,
To glory lost, and sunk in endless shame,
For the dull privilege to breathe the air;
Let everlasting infamy declare,
And down to late posterity record
A name that's cursed, abandoned, and abhorred!

Go, wretch! enjoy the purchase you have gained,
Scorn and reproach your every step attend,
By all mankind neglected and forgot,
Retire to solitude—retire and rot.
But whither, whither can the guilty fly
From the devouring worms that never die?
Those inward stings that rack the villain's breast,
Haunt his lone hours, and break his tortured rest;

'Midst caves, 'midst rocks, and deserts you may find
 A safe retreat from all the human kind ;
 But to what foreign region can you run,
 Your greatest enemy, yourself, to shun ?
 Where'er thou go'st wild anguish and despair,
 And black remorse attend with hellish stare,
 Tear your distracted soul with torments fell ;
 Your passions, devils, and your bosom, hell !

Thus may you drag your heavy chain along,
 Some minutes more inglorious life prolong ;
 And when the fates shall cut a coward's breath,
 Weary of being, yet afraid of death,
 If crimes like thine hereafter are forgiven,
 JUDAS and MURRAY both may go to heaven !

With regard to Murray's great and illustrious associate in the infernal regions, among a thousand other anathemas that have been presented to me, take the few that follow as specimens :

" Minute of the incorporation of fleshers of Edinburgh, admitting the duke of Cumberland a freeman member of the incorporation.

Convening House, April 10, 1746.

" Which day the whole members being convened by order of the deacon, and they taking into their serious consideration the high qualities, and most eminent and unparalleled services his royal highness, prince William, Duke of Cumberland, &c. &c. &c. has already done for the welfare and prosperity of this kingdom, and of this city in particular, in subjecting the enemys of our religion, laws, and liberties, who had taken up arms against the nation, in favour of a popish pretender to the crown of this realm, thereby preserving our present happy constitution from popery, slavery, arbitrary, despotick, and tyrannical power, to the great danger of his royal person, which must fire the heart of every true Britton with gratitude, loyalty, and zeal ; and that it became them to shew the same on such an occasion so far as was in their power ; and a motion being made to present his royal highness with the freedom of the incorporation. The incorporation accordingly did, and hereby do elect and chuse his royal highness, prince William, Duke of Cumberland, &c. &c. &c. to be a freeman member of this incorporation, and declared, and hereby declare him a freeman thereof, and entituled to all the immunities, privileges, and righteous pertinents thereof, in such manner and form as any other brother or member of the incorporation ever did, or presently does enjoy the same, any law or practice of the incorporation notwithstanding."

Epitaph on WILLIAM, DUKE of CUMBERLAND.

“ When William shall depart this life,
 And from this world be hurled,
 Sure to express into what place,
 Would puzzle all the world.
 In heavenly mansions there's no rest
 For one of such contagion ;
 Nothing unclean can enter in
 Within that blessed region.

“ Where shall we find a place that's fit[?]
 In hell he cannot enter ;
 The devil no equal will admit ;
 Then chain him to the center,
 Until that great and dreadful day,
 When fervent heat will purge him ;
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 May all the furies scourge him !”

AN INSCRIPTION.

“ Here continueth to stink
 The memory of the duke of Cumberland ;
 Who, with unparalleled barbarity,
 And inflexible hardness of heart,
 In spite of all motives to lenity,
 That policy or humanity could suggest,
 Endeavoured to ruin Scotland
 By all the ways a tyrant could invent,
 Nor was he more infamous
 For the monstrous inhumanity of his nature,
 Than fortunate in accumulating
 Titles and wealth ;
 For,
 Without merit,
 Without experience,
 Without military skill,
 He was created a field-marshal, and
 Had the profits of two regiments,
 And a settled revenue of £40,000 a year !
 He was the only man of his time
 Who acquired the name of a hero
 By the actions of a butchering provo't ;
 For, having with 10,000 regular troops,
 Defeated half that number of famished and fatigued militia,

He murdered the wounded,
 Hanged or starved the prisoners,
 Ravaged the country with fire and sword,
 And,
 Having rioted in continued cruelty,
 Posted off at length in triumph,
 With the supposed head
 Of a brave unfortunate prince !
 O, loyal reader,
 Let not this success tempt thee to despair ;
 Heaven, that punisheth us for our sins,
 Never overlooks such crimes as these.
 Having, at last, filled up the measure of his iniquity,
 He floundered in the mud of contempt ;
 His glory vanished like the morning dew ;
 And
 They who once adored him as a hero and a god,
 Did at last curse him
 As a madman and a devil !”

SONG CV.

Geordie sits in Charlie's Chair,

Is near akin to the foregoing masterpiece, highly popular, and sung in many different ways. It appears, from the numberless copies I have got, that the song had been very short at first, and that parts had been added, now and then, by different hands, until some of the most common editions appear rather like a medley than a regular ballad. This set may be received as the most perfect, all the good verses being in it, and a kind of uniformity throughout. I have been told the song was originally composed by an itinerant ballad-singer, a man of great renown in that profession, ycleped “mussel-mou'ed Charlie ;” and that while in his possession, it consisted only of four full stanzas, the two first, the first halves of the third and sixth, and the last verse, was made up of the last four lines of the sixth, and the following four :

But a' the whigs maun gang to hell,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 That sang Charlie made himsel',
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

A very good and judicious hint, as Charles, save in that instance, had only sung songs made by other people.

SONG CVI.

Lowland Lassie.

THIS song should have been placed farther back in the volume, to have suited the arrangement, but was placed here because it sung to the same air with the celebrated one immediately before it. I copied it from the MSS. sent me by John Steuart, Esq. younger of Dalguise.

SONG CVII.

Highland Laddie.

I WROTE this song some time in early youth. It is not much worth, and hardly deserved to appear in such company; but "selfe esteime, thou arte ane forwards jaudde."

SONG CVIII.

On the Restoration of the Forfeited Estates, 1748.

Is the first of a new series, breathing a spirit of acquiescence in measures that could not be remedied, and grateful acknowledgment to a sovereign, whose well-judged clemency restored the gallant exiles to the homes of their fathers. All that relates to Culloden being now finished, and the Jacobite matter of the kingdom so much exhausted as to render all future collections unavailing, it remains only to draw the right onward narrative to a close, which I shall do partly in the words of Smollet, than which nothing can be better said, thought, or written.

SONG CIX.

The Hill of Lochiel,

Is another song of the Camerons, a genuine strain of joy, supposed to be sung by an exile on returning to the scene of his youth.

ful pastimes. It was sent to me by Captain John Stenart. The air is to be found in Frazer's work, under the same title. Here I must once again bear testimony to the inestimable value of that gentleman's collection to all true lovers of the genuine airs and melodies of his country ; I will not say it is worth all the collections that ever were made ; but, certainly, no single collection of Scottish music ever was made like it, for the number, the beauty, and the originality of the tunes.

SONG CX.

Lassie, lie near me,

Is from Cromek ; being an old song, a little varied from the original of "*Laddie, lie near me*:" and with it I shall close this short series of the lays of returning minstrels, and take up the relation where I left off, at the battle of Falkirk.

As some of the foregoing songs fully illustrate, the great general Hawley's boasts came all to nothing. He had vaunted that, with two troops of dragoons, and no more, he would drive the Highlanders before him to the farthest corner of the country, and into the sea, if they durst abide him there ; but behold, at the very first sight he got of them, " a Jacobite storm sent him back with a jerk ;" and on his return to Edinburgh he made as poor a figure as his great prototype Sir John Cope did on his appearance on the border, and finally at London, a few months before. To hide his own cowardice, however, he wreaked his vengeance manfully on others ; for, getting a court martial established at Edinburgh, of which brigadier Mordaunt was chosen president, a number of private men were shot for cowardly behaviour, and a far greater number severely whipped for flinging down their arms and running off as soon as the Highlanders came in sight.

On the day after the battle, the second son of the laird of Glen-garry was accidentally killed, on the streets of Falkirk, by one of the young men belonging to the master of Lovat ; which had nearly bred much strife, and proved a great grief to his clan and all his connexions ; for he was a brave and intrepid youth. I have heard a long Whig song that in one of the verses mentions this accident ;

" A young Highland man had got a new gun,
Wi' rowth o' new bullets to boot, man,

An' though gentles past by, his gun he wad try,
 Some maukins or men for to shoot, man ;
 An' the bauld young Glengarry was shot for a harie,
 A fierce maukin that troubled them a', man," &c.

Prince Charles marched back to Stirling on the 18th, and summoned the castle to surrender, and, on general Blakeney's refusal, began to lay siege to it, but his army was dreadfully distressed for want of provisions, it being the depth of winter, and the roads impassable, and he had no cannon for his batteries, save three small pieces. Forces were gathering around him on all quarters, and the duke of Cumberland was sent to take the command. The chiefs now began to remonstrate with Charles on the necessity of making a retreat to the north, and, though their reasons for that procedure were such as could not be denied, yet the high-spirited prince protested against it, declaring, that with the army he had he was willing to meet and fight the enemy whenever they chose. His reasons, however, were overborne, and an order was of course given to commence a retreat, on the morning of the 3d of February 1745, which was effected with all expedition ; the army crossing unmolested at the ford of Frew, proceeded straight to Crief, and was there divided and marched in three several corps ; the clans, with the prince at their head, went by Aberfeldie, a body of east Lowlanders by Dunkeld, and the third and largest corps turned down by Perth. The prince, in his rout, found great difficulty in maintaining his forces, that part of the country being quite exhausted. He hoped to be reinforced in the Highlands, and to receive supplies of all kinds from France and Spain ; he therefore retired by Badenoch to Inverness, which the earl of Loudon abandoned at his approach. The fort was surrendered to him almost without opposition, and here he fixed his head-quarters. His next exploit was the siege of Fort Augustus, which he in a little time reduced. The duke of Cumberland, having secured the important posts of Stirling and Perth, with the Hessian battalions, advanced with the army to Aberdeen, where he was joined by the duke of Gordon, the earls of Aberdeen and Findlater, the laird of Grant, and other persons of distinction. While he remained in this place, refreshing his troops and preparing magazines, a party of the Highlanders surprised a detachment of Kingston's horse, and about seventy Argyleshire Highlanders at Keith, who were either killed or taken. Several advanced parties of that militia met with the same fate in different places. Lord George Murray invested the castle of Blair, which was defended by Sir Andrew Agnew, until a body of Hessians marched to its relief, and obliged the besiegers to retire. The prince ordered all his forces to assemble, in order to begin their march for Aberdeen, to attack the duke of Cumberland : But, in consequence of a remonstrance from the

clans, who declined leaving their families at the mercy of the garrison in Fort William, he resolved previously to reduce that fortress, the siege of which was undertaken by brigadier Stapleton, an engineer in the French service; but the place was so vigorously maintained by captain Scott, that in the beginning of April they thought proper to relinquish the enterprise. The earl of Loudon had retired into Sutherland, and taken post at Dornoch, where his quarters were beat up by a strong detachment of the Highlanders, commanded by the duke of Perth: A major and sixty men were taken prisoners; and the earl was obliged to take shelter in the Isle of Sky. These little checks were counterbalanced by some advantages which his majesty's arms obtained. The sloop of war which the Highlanders had surprised at Montrose was retaken in Sutherland, with a considerable sum of money and a great quantity of arms on board, which she had brought from France for the use of the chevalier. In the same county, the earl of Cromarty fell into an ambuscade, and was taken by the militia of Sutherland, who likewise defeated a body of Highlanders at Golspie. This action happened on the very day which has been rendered famous by the victory obtained at Culloden.

In the beginning of April, the duke of Cumberland began his march from Aberdeen, and on the 12th passed the deep and rapid river Spey without opposition, though a detachment of the prince's army appeared on the opposite side. Why they did not dispute the passage is not easy to be conceived; but, indeed, from this instance of neglect, and their subsequent conduct, we may conclude they were under a total infatuation. His royal highness proceeded to Nairn, where he received intelligence that the enemy had advanced from Inverness to Culloden, about the distance of nine miles from the royal army, with intention to give him battle. The design of Charles was to march in the night from Culloden, and surprise the duke's army at day-break. For this purpose the English camp had been reconnoitred; and on the night of the 15th the Highland army began to march in two columns. Their design was to surround the enemy, and attack them at once on all quarters; but the length of the columns embarrassed the march, so that the army was obliged to make many halts: the men had been under arms during the whole preceding night, were faint with hunger and fatigue, and many of them overpowered with sleep. Some were unable to proceed, others dropped off unperceived in the dark; and the march was retarded in such a manner that it would have been impossible to reach the duke's camp before sunrise. The design being thus frustrated, the prince was with great reluctance prevailed upon, by his general officers, to measure back his way to Culloden; at which place he had no sooner arrived than great numbers of his followers dispersed in quest of provisions; and many, overcome with weariness and sleep, threw themselves

down on the heath and along the park walls. Their repose, however, was soon interrupted in a very disagreeable manner. Their prince, receiving intelligence that his enemies were in full march to attack him, resolved to hazard an engagement, and ordered his troops to be formed for that purpose. On the 15th of April, the duke of Cumberland, having made the proper dispositions, decamped from Nairn early in the morning, and, after a march of nine miles, perceived the Highlanders drawn up in order of battle, to the number of 4000 men, in thirteen divisions, supplied with some pieces of artillery. The royal army, which was much more numerous, the duke immediately formed into three lines, disposed in excellent order; and about one o'clock in the afternoon the cannonading began. The artillery of the Highlanders was ill served, and did very little execution; but that of the duke's army made dreadful havoc among the enemy. Impatient of this fire, their front line advanced to the attack, and about 500 of the clans charged the duke's left wing with their usual impetuosity. One regiment was disordered by the weight of this column; but two battalions of the second line advancing, sustained the first, and soon put a stop to their career by a severe fire, that killed a great number. At the same time, the dragoons, under Hawley, and the Argyleshire militia, pulled down a park wall that covered their flank, and the cavalry, falling in among the Highlanders, sword in hand, completed their confusion. The French piquets on their left covered the retreat of the Highlanders by a close and regular fire; and then retired to Inverness, where they surrendered themselves prisoners of war. An entire body of the Highlanders marched off the field in order, with their pipes playing, and the prince's standard displayed; the rest were routed with great slaughter; and the prince was with reluctance prevailed upon to retire. In less than thirty minutes they were totally defeated, and the field covered with the slain. The road, as far as Inverness, was strewed with dead bodies; and a great number of people, who, from motives of curiosity, had come to see the battle, were sacrificed to the undistinguished vengeance of the victors: 1200 of the prince's adherents were slain or wounded on the field and in the pursuit. The earl of Kilmarnock was taken; and in a few days lord Balmerino surrendered to a country gentleman, at whose house he presented himself for that purpose. The glory of the victory was sullied by the barbarity of the soldiers. They had been provoked, by their former disgraces, to the most savage thirst of revenge. Not contented with the blood which was so profusely shed in the heat of action, they traversed the field, after the battle, and massacred those miserable wretches who lay maimed and expiring; nay, some officers acted a part in this cruel scene of assassination, the triumph of low illiberal minds, uninspired by sentiment, untinged by humanity. The vanquished

prince rode off the field, accompanied by the duke of Perth, lord Elcho, and a few horsemen; he crossed the water of Nairn, and retired to the house of a gentleman in Strutharick, where he conferred with old lord Lovat; then he dismissed his followers, and wandered about, a wretched and solitary fugitive, among the iales and mountains, for the space of five months, during which he underwent such a series of dangers, hardships, and misery, as no other person ever outlived. Thus, in one short hour, all his hope vanished, and the rising in his favour was entirely suppressed. One would almost imagine the conductors of this desperate enterprise had conspired their own destruction, as they certainly neglected every step that might have contributed to their safety or success. They might have opposed the duke of Cumberland at the passage of the Spey; they might, by proper conduct, have afterwards attacked his camp in the night, with a good prospect of success. As they were greatly inferior to him in number, and weakened with hunger and fatigue, they might have retired to the hills and fastnesses, where they would have found plenty of live cattle for provision, recruited their regiments, and been joined by a strong reinforcement, which was actually in full march to their assistance. But they were distracted by dissensions and jealousies. They obeyed the dictates of despair, and wilfully devoted themselves to ruin and to death. When the news of the battle arrived in England, the nation was transported with joy, and extolled the duke of Cumberland as a hero and deliverer. Both houses of parliament congratulated his majesty on the auspicious event. They decreed, in the most solemn manner, their public thanks to the duke, which were transmitted to him by the speakers; and the commons, by bill, added £25,000 per annum to his former revenue.

Immediately after the decisive action of Culloden, the duke took possession of Inverness, where six and thirty deserters, convicted by a court martial, were ordered to be executed; then he detached several parties to ravage the country. One of these apprehended the lady Mackintosh, who was sent prisoner to Inverness. They did not plunder her house, but drove away her cattle, though her husband was actually in the service of government. The castle of Lord Lovat was destroyed. The French prisoners were sent to Carlisle and Penrith. Kilmarnock, Balmerino, Cromarty, and his son, the Lord Macleod, were conveyed by sea to London; and those of an inferior rank were confined in different prisons. The marquis of Tullibardine, together with a brother of the earl of Dunmore, were seized and transported to the tower of London, to which the earl of Traquair had been committed on suspicion. In a few months after the battle of Culloden, Murray, the prince's secretary, was apprehended; and the eldest son of lord Lovat, having surrendered himself, was imprisoned in the castle of Edin-

burgh. In a word, all the gaols of Great Britain, from the capital northwards, were filled with these unfortunate captives ; and great numbers of them were crowded together in the holds of ships, where they perished in the most deplorable manner, for want of necessaries, air, and exercise. Some chiefs escaped in two French frigates, which had arrived on the coast of Lochaber, about the end of April, and engaged three vessels belonging to his Britannic majesty, which they obliged to retire. Others embarked on board of a ship on the coast of Buchan, and were conveyed to Norway, whence they travelled to Sweden. In the month of May, the duke of Cumberland advanced with the army into the Highlands, as far as Fort Augustus, where he encamped ; and sent off detachments on all hands to hunt down the fugitives, and lay waste the country with fire and sword. The castles of Glengary and Lochiel were plundered and burned ; every house, hut, or habitation, met with the same fate without distinction : all the cattle and provisions were carried off : the men were either shot upon the mountains, like wild beasts, or put to death in cold blood, without form of trial : the women, after having seen their fathers and husbands murdered, were subjected to brutal violation, and then turned out naked, with their children, to starve on the barren heaths. One whole family was inclosed in a barn, and consumed to ashes. Those ministers of vengeance were so alert in the execution of their office, that in a few days there was neither house, cottage, man, nor beast, to be seen in the compass of fifty miles ; all was ruin, silence, and desolation.

The humane reader cannot reflect upon such a scene without grief and horror ; what, then, must have been the sensation of the prince, when he beheld these spectacles of woe, the dismal fruit of his ambition ? He was now surrounded by armed troops, that chased him from hill to dale, from rock to cavern, and from shore to shore. Sometimes he lurked in caves and cottages, without attendants, or any other support but that which the poorest peasant could supply. Sometimes he was rowed in fisher-boats from isle to isle, among the Hebrides, and often in sight of his pursuers. For some days he appeared in woman's attire, and even passed through the midst of his enemies unknown. But, understanding his disguise was discovered, he assumed the habit of a travelling mountaineer, and wandered about among the woods and heaths, with a matted beard, and squalid looks, exposed to hunger, thirst, and weariness, and in continual danger of being discovered. He was obliged to trust his life to the fidelity of above fifty individuals, and many of these were in the lowest paths of life. They knew that a price of £30,000 was set upon his head ; and, that by betraying him, they should enjoy wealth and affluence ; but they detested the thought of obtaining riches on such infamous terms, and ministered to his necessities with the

utmost zeal and fidelity, even at the hazard of their own destruction. In the course of these peregrinations, he was more than once hemmed in by his pursuers, in such a manner as seemed to preclude all possibility of escaping; yet he was never abandoned by his hope and recollection; he still found some expedient that saved him from captivity and death; and through the whole course of his distresses, maintained the most amazing equanimity and good humour. At length, a privateer of St Malo, hired by the young Sheridan, and some other Irish adherents, arrived in Lochnannach; and on the 20th of September, this unfortunate prince embarked in the habit which he wore for disguise. His eye was hollow, his visage wan, and his constitution greatly impaired by famine and fatigue. He was accompanied by Cameron of Lochiel, and his brother, with a few other exiles. They set sail for France, and after having passed unseen, by means of a thick fog, through a British squadron commanded by admiral Leatock, and been chased by two English ships of war, arrived in safety at Roscau, near Morlaix, in Bretagne. Perhaps he would have found it still more difficult to escape, had not the vigilance and eagerness of the government been relaxed, in consequence of a report that he had already fallen among some persons that were slain by a volley from one of the duke's detachments.

Thus have we summed up the last efforts of the falling dynasty of the Stuarts. They are like the struggles of a dying man waxing weaker and weaker, and the last the most violent of all, with the least power remaining. From the fateful day of Culloden, the clans had no more strength to exert in support of those rights which they venerated: their spirits were broken; for they saw that the hand of Heaven was against them: and well might they say with their bard, in song 83, "The hand of God hung heavy here." Much as every lover of his country must deprecate the arbitrary principles of that exiled-house, an hereditary disease of which it expired, he must have a cold and selfish heart, who sheds not a tear at its misfortunes. The series of calamities that attended that family, are without example in the annals of the unfortunate calamities of which those they experienced after their accession to the throne of England were only a continuation. Their misfortunes began with their royalty, adhered to them through ages, increased with the increase of their dominions, and did not forsake them when dominion was no more.

The only documents that I have now to add, relate to their last day on the field; for as no official account of that ruinous day was ever published on the part of prince Charles, all that relates to it must be interesting to the descendants of those brave men who perished in an attempt so chivalrous and disinterested. It is well-known, for one thing, that the remnant of the clans attached a great deal of blame to Lord George Murray, for the

disasters that befel them that day, and even made out the following articles of impeachment against him :

" I. That he (Lord George Murray) was suspected and accused of mal-practices by the public, and, particularly, by John Murray, secretary ; and that it was destructive to the prince's interest, that he (Lord George Murray) should, under such accusations, and after the interception of the letters at Derby, solicit and retain command, to the great discontent of the prince's friends and forces, especially after he (Lord George) had lost the confidence of the people.

" II. That he did not pay proper deference to wise counsels ; and that he acted presumptuously and arrogantly, without calling councils of war.

" III. That he wantonly urged the battle of Culloden, though he well knew that a considerable number of as good men as any the prince had, were absent.

" IV. That, in the night-expedition, he acted contrary to the plan set down, in filing-off in the dark, without giving advice to the second line, by which the prince's scheme was disconcerted, and the lives of his men endangered.

" V. That the prince's army was by his (Lord George's) means kept under arms, marching and counter-marching without rest, and half-starved for want of meat and drink, for forty-eight hours before the battle ; and therefore could not exert their wonted strength ; on which, with their usual way of fighting, much depended.

" VI. That, just before the battle, the Lord Elcho asked him (Lord George) what he thought of the event ; to which he answered, " we are now putting an end to a bad affair.

" VII. That in forming the order of battle, he suddenly altered the plan by which they were drawn up the day before, commanding the Macdonalds to the left, the Camerons to the right ; well knowing that the Macdonalds, who, time immemorial, held the right, would not fight under such an indignity.

" VIII. That he wilfully marched the front line out of an advantageous situation, and refused to level some huts and walls, which apparently would prove an obstruction to the second line in supporting the first ; or ruinous in case of a necessity for a retreat ; although he (Lord George) was solicited to remove these evils.

" IX. That, by his neglect, the artillery was ill served, and ill executed.

" X. That when the right of the Highlanders had broke the left of the crown army, he (Lord George) neglected his duty in not having them duly supported, whereby they were attacked in flank by the crown horse.

" XI. That he had industriously put himself in the advance-

posts upon the night expedition, and on the day of battle; and had, without any necessity, put himself in posts of danger, and therewith prevented the execution of all designs.

"XII. That it is evident that the duke of Cumberland, who commanded the crown army, would never draw off his horse from his right, and weaken that wing where the Highland force was most powerful against him, if he had not had intelligence that such an alteration would be suddenly made in the Highland army, as would create such disgust as to render their left wing quite inactive and useless; which intelligence could not be given by any but him (Lord George Murray) as he had made such sudden alterations, without the approbation of a council of war, and without the previous knowledge, consent, or advice of the prince, or any of the prince's faithful friends and general officers.

"All which actings and doings manifestly demonstrate, that the said Lord George Murray hath not faithfully discharged the trust and confidence reposed in him; and that he has been an enemy to the prince, and to the good people of the British dominions, by swerving from his duty and allegiance.

The following letter was written from Lochaber only a month after the battle, and is apparently designed to obviate the above charges. It is supposed to be written by Lord George Murray himself, but I think it more probable that it was written by one of his friends:—

"Sir,—In answer to what you wrote about the Highland army having not behaved with their usual bravery, or that some of their principal officers had not done their duty, which might be the occasion of their late misfortune, I must inform you, that by all I can learn, the men shewed the utmost eagerness to come to action; nor did I hear of one officer but behaved well, so far as the situation and circumstances would allow. The truth seems to be, that they were overpowered by a superior force, and their field of battle was ill chosen, which gave the duke of Cumberland great advantage, especially in his cannon and horse. Another misfortune they lay under was a total want of provisions, so that they were reduced to the necessity either of fighting an enemy a third stronger, starve, or disperse.

"I shall let you know what happened the day of the battle, and the preceding day, so far as consists with my knowledge.

"On the 15th, all those of the Highland army who were assembled, were drawn up in line of battle upon a moor, south from Culloden, facing eastward; this was done very early in the morning, as it was known that the duke of Cumberland had come to Nairn the night before; but as he did not move in the morning, it was judged that he would not march that day, it being his birth-day, and as his troops had made no halt from the time they

left Aberdeen, it was reasonable to think he would give them a day's rest.

"About ten o'clock lord George Murray desired brigadier Stapleton and colonel Ker to cross the water of Airn, near where the army was drawn up, (not far from the place where the battle was fought next day,) to take a view of the hilly ground on the south side of the water, which, to him, seemed to be steep and uneven, consequently much more proper for Highlanders; for the ground they were drawn up on was a large plain moor, and though in some parts it was interspersed with moss and deep ground, yet, for the most part, it was a fair field, and good for horse. After two or three hours they returned, and reported that the ground was rough and rugged, mossy and soft, so that no horse could be of use there: that the ascent from the water side was steep, and there were but two or three places in about three or four miles where the horse could cross, the banks being inaccessible; they could not tell what kind of ground was at a greater distance, but the country people informed them, that for a great way it was much the same. Upon this information, lord George Murray proposed that the other side of the water should be the place for the army to be drawn up in line of battle next day; but this was not agreed to; it was said, that it looked like shunning the enemy, being a mile farther than the moor they were then upon, and at a greater distance from Inverness, which it was resolved not to abandon, a great deal of ammunition and baggage being left there.

"It was then proposed to make a night attack upon the duke of Cumberland's army in their camp, which, if it could be done before one or two o'clock in the morning, might (though a desperate attempt) have a chance of succeeding; several of the officers listened to this, as they knew the duke of Cumberland was much superior in number to the Highlanders. The objections to it were, that a great many of the army had not yet joined, particularly Keppoch, master of Lovat, Clunie, Glengyle, the Mackenzies, and many of Glengary's men, and other regiments, which were all expected in two or three days, or sooner, and if they should fail in the attempt, and be repulsed, it would not be easy rallying the Highlanders in the dark: that if the duke of Cumberland was alarmed by any of the patrols (suppose no spy should give him intelligence), he might have time to put his army in order in their camp, place his cannon, charged with cartouch shot, as he had a mind, and his horse might be all in readiness, so as to pursue, if the Highlanders were beat off. And, lastly, the difficulty of making the retreat, with perhaps many wounded men, whom the Highlanders will never leave behind, if it is possible to bring them off. It is to be observed, that there was no intelligence of the situation of the enemy's camp; add to this,

how fatiguing it would be to march backward and forward twenty miles, and probably be obliged to fight next day, even could they make a safe retreat, and not be attacked before they joined the rest of their army.

“ On the other hand, the prince was very much bent for the night attack, and said he had men enough to beat the enemy, who, he believed, were utterly dispirited, and would never stand a brisk and bold attack. The duke of Perth and lord John Drummond seemed to relish it, and lord George Murray, Lochiel, with others, were induced to make a fair trial of what could be done, though they were sensible of the danger, should it miscarry. They observed, with much concern, the want of provisions; the men had only got that day a biscuit each, and some not that, and it was feared they would be worse next day, except they could take provisions from the enemy; and they had reason to believe, that if the men were allowed to disperse to shift for some meat, which many of them would do, if the army continued there all night, that it would be very difficult to assemble them in the event of a sudden alarm; which, considering the nearness of the enemy, might reasonably be supposed; and as they must have lain that night upon the moors near Culloden, as they had done the night before, they knew many of the men would disperse without liberty, to several miles distance, for provisions and quarters, and that it would be far in the day before they could be assembled again; and as Keppoch came up and joined the army that afternoon, they flattered themselves the men they had might do, if they could make the attack by one or two in the morning; especially if they were undiscovered, as they had great hopes they might, for having examined the different roads, of which they had perfect intelligence from the Mackintoshes, who lived in those very parts, they found they could keep upon a moor the whole way, so as to shun houses, and be a considerable way from the high road that leads from Inverness to Nairn. They also considered, that, in the event of making the attack, should they be beat off, without the desired success, they might before day-break get back as far as Culraick, which was very strong ground, and from thence by a hill they could retire the whole way on the south side of the water of Airn, till they were joined by their friends, whom they expected, and by the stragglers; nor did they believe the enemy would follow (suppose the Highlanders were beat back) till it was good day-light, so as they could see about them, and send out reconnoitering parties to prevent their falling into snares and ambuscades; and before all this could be done, the Highland army might have reached Culraick, and the hilly ground on the south side of the said water, where regular troops could not easily overtake them, and where their cannon and horse, in which would have been their greatest superiority, would have been of little use.

That they found the prince was resolved to fight the enemy, without waiting for the succours that were soon expected, and without retiring to any stronger ground, or endeavouring to draw the duke of Cumberland's army any farther from the sea, from whence he got all his provisions that were brought in ships, that sailed along as the army marched near the shore.

"For these reasons, the above gentlemen, and most, if not all others, who were spoke to upon the subject, seemed to think that the night attack might be attempted; but most of them thought they were in very bad circumstances at any rate; and no attempt could well be more desperate than their present situation.

"About seven at night an incident happened that had like to have stopped the designed attempt, and thereupon many were designed to have given it up as impracticable. The thing was this, numbers of the men went off to all sides, especially towards Inverness; and when the officers, who were sent on horseback to bring them back, came up with them, they could by no persuasion be induced to return, giving for reason, that they were starving, and said to the officers, they might shoot them if they pleased, but they would not go back till they got some provisions. "But the prince continued keen for the attack, and positive to attempt it; and said, that there was not a moment to be lost, for as soon as the men should see the march begin, not one of them would flinch. It was near eight at night when they moved, which could not be sooner, else they might have been perceived at a considerable distance, and the enemy have seen them on their march. Lord George Murray was in the van, lord John Drummond in the centre, and the duke of Perth towards the rear, where was also the prince, having Fitzjames's horse and others with him. Proper directions were given by small parties to possess all the roads, that intelligence might not be carried to the enemy. There were two officers and about thirty men of the M'Intoshes in the front as guides; and some of these men were in the centre and rear, and in other parts, to prevent any of the men from losing their way in the dark. Before the van had marched a mile, which they did as slow as could well be, to give time to the line to follow, there was express after express sent to stop them, the rear being far behind; upon this the van marched still slower; but in a short time after there came aid-de-camps, and other officers, to stop them, or at least to make them go slower; and of these messages I am sure there came near one hundred before the front got as far as Culraick, which retarded them to such a degree, that the night was far spent; for from the place the army began the march to Culraick, was but six miles, and they had still four long miles to Nairn.

"It was now about one o'clock in the morning, when lord John Drummond came up to the van, and said, that several were far

behind, and if they did not stop or go slower, he was afraid the rear could not get up. In a little time after, the duke of Perth came also to the front, and assured them, that if there was not a halt, the rear could not join. There was a stop accordingly; Lochiel had been mostly in the van all night, and his men were next to the Athol-men, who were in the front. There were also several other officers that came up, there being a defile a little way behind, occasioned by a wall at the wood of Culraick, which also retarded the march of those who were behind.

"The officers, talking of the different places of making the attacks, it was said by some, that it was better to make the attempt with four thousand men before day-break, as with double that number after it was light. Mr Sullivan was also come up to the front; and it being now evident, by the time the army had taken to march little more than six miles, it would be impossible to make the other part of the road, which was about four miles, before it was clear day-light, besides the time that must be spent in making the disposition for the attack, as it could not be done by the army in the line on their long march. Mr Sullivan said, he had just then come from the prince, who was very desirous the attack should be made; but as lord George Murray led the van, and could judge of the time, he left it to him whether to do it or not. There were several gentlemen, having joined the Athol-men as volunteers, had walked all night in the front, and as the duke of Perth, lord John Drummond, and the other officers, seemed much diffculted what to resolve upon, lord George Murray desired them to give their opinion; for they were all deeply concerned in the consequence. The young gentlemen were all for marching on; and eager to come to an engagement; which opinion showed abundance of courage, for they must have been in the first ranks had there been an attack; but most of the officers were of a different opinion, as several of them expressed. Lochiel and his brother said, that they had been as much for the night attack as any body could be, and it was not their fault that it was not done, but blamed those in the rear who had marched so slow, and retarded the rest of the army. Lord George Murray was of the same way of thinking, and said, if they could have made the attack, it was the best chance they had, especially if they could have surprised the enemy; but to attack a camp that were near double their number in day-light, when they could be prepared to receive, must be reckoned madness by every body.

"At this very time, Mr John Hay came up, and said, that the line was joined; being informed that the resolution was taken to return, he began to argue upon the point, but it was too late. This was the gentleman the army blamed for want of provisions, (he having the superintendency of those things,) but with what justice I shall not take it upon me to say. It was about two o'clock in the morn-

ing (the halt not being above a quarter of an hour) when they went back in two columns, the rear facing about, and the van taking another way at a little distance. They had a view of the fires in the duke of Cumberland's camp; and as they did not shun passing near houses, as they had done in advancing, they marched very quick; day light began to appear in about an hour; they got to Culloden pretty early, so that the men had three or four hours rest; they killed what cattle and sheep they could find; but few of them had time to make any thing ready, before the alarm came of the enemy being on their march and approaching. The horse of the prince's army had been all on so hard duty for several days and nights before, that none of them were fit for patrolling at that time: Fitzjames's horse, and several others, had gone to Inverness to refresh; so that at first it was not known whether it was an advanced party, or the duke of Cumberland's whole army; however, the Highlanders got ready as quick as possible, and marched through the parks of Culloden in battalions, just as they happened to be lying, to the moor on the south side, facing eastward, and about half a mile farther back than where they had been drawn up the day before.

"Lord George Murray once more proposed to pass the water of Airn, as being the strongest ground, and much the fittest for Highlanders, and Clunie, who was expected every moment, was to come on that side; but this was not agreed to, for the same reason that was given the day before, namely, that it was like shunning the enemy, and abandoning Inverness. Speaking to Mr Sullivan, he told him he was afraid the enemy would have great advantages in that plain moor, both in their horse and cannon. But he answered, that he was sure horse could be of no use there, because there were several bogs and morasses; but, I am sorry to say it, the event proved otherwise. Mr Sullivan drew up the army in line of battle, being both adjutant and quarter-master-general, the right near to some inclosures near the water of Airn, and the left towards the parks of Culloden. I cannot justly tell what order they were drawn up in; there had been some disputes a day or two before about the rank, but nobody who had any regard for the common cause insisted upon such things on that occasion.

"Those who had gone off the night before, and early that morning, to Inverness and other parts, had now joined, and the master of Lovat was come up with a considerable recruit of his men. It was observed, that upon the right there were park walls, under which so many of the enemy could draw up and flank the Highlanders; lord George Murray, who commanded that wing, was very desirous to have advanced and thrown them down; but, as this would have broke the line, and the enemy forming their line of battle very near that place, it was judged, by those about him, too dangerous to attempt.

" Both armies being formed, the cannonading began on both sides, after which, there were some alterations made in the dispositions of the two armies, by bringing troops from the second line to the first, as both endeavoured to out-flank one another. The Highlanders were much galled by the enemy's cannon, and were growing so impatient, that they called out for the attack ; upon which it was judged proper to attack, and orders were given accordingly. The right wing advanced first, as the whole line did much at the same time, and gave the onset with their usual intrepidity. The left wing did not go in sword in hand, imagining they should be flanked by a regiment of foot, and some horse which the enemy brought up about that time from their second line, or corps-de-reserve. When the right wing were within pistol-shot of the enemy, they received a most terrible fire, not only in front, but also in flank, from a side battery supported by the Campbells, &c.; notwithstanding which they went in sword in hand, after their giving their fire close to the enemy: and though they were received by them with their spontoons and bayonets, the two regiments of foot that were upon the enemy's left, would have been entirely cut to pieces, had they not been immediately supported by two other regiments from their second line. As it was, these two regiments (being Barrel's and Monroe's) had above two hundred men killed and wounded. Two regiments of dragoons coming up on the same side, entirely broke that wing of the Highlanders ; and though three battalions of the right of the second line were brought up and gave their fire very well, yet, the ground and every thing else was so favourable to the enemy, that nothing could be done, but a total rout ensued.

" I am positively informed, that the whole Highland army did not consist of above five thousand fighting men, and the duke of Cumberland's must have been at least above eight thousand. In the one army there were not above one hundred and fifty horses, of which one-half was of the regiment of Fitzjames's; in the other army they had eleven or twelve hundred. When a misfortune happens, people are apt to throw the blame upon persons and causes, which frequently are the effects of malice and ignorance, without knowing the real springs of motives.

" Some are of opinion that the night attack could have been made, but I am convinced of the contrary, for the following reasons:—

" The Highland army, when they halted near Culmick, were not above four thousand men ; they had four miles to march, part of them were to have made a considerable circumference, so that it would have been sun-rise before they could have made the attack. The ground about Nairn, where the enemy was encamped, was a hard dry soil, and plain moors for three miles round, except where the sea intervened, the nearest strong and uneven

ground being the wood of Culraick. Let it be supposed that the Highlanders had made an attack in broad day light upon the enemy, double their number, in their camp, who were well refreshed by a day and two nights' rest, with plenty of all kinds of provisions, with their cannon pointed as they thought proper, and their horse drawn up to their wish, in a fine plain, what must the consequences have been? What must be said of officers who led men on in such circumstances and in such situation? Would it not have been certain death and destruction to all who had made the attack? Would it not have been said (and justly too) why go on in so desperate an attempt, seeing it could not be done by surprise and undiscovered, as was projected? Why not try the chance of a fair battle by retiring and being joined by the rest of the army, as well as those who had withdrawn the night before, as a great many others who were hourly expected, where also they would have cannon, and might have the choice of the field of battle? by this means, there was a fair chance; by the other, there was none.

“As to the above-mentioned facts, you may rely upon them. I saw the duke of Perth, the duke of Athol, lord John Drummond, lord George Murray, lord Ogilvie, colonel Stuart of Ardchie, colonel John Roy Stuart, Lord Nairn, and several others at Ruthven in Badenoch, on the Friday after the battle; they all agreed on the same things. There is one thing I must take notice of, that from the beginning of the whole affair, till that time, there had never been the least dispute or misunderstanding among any of the officers. Some found fault that the night march was undertaken, seeing there was not a certainty of reaching Nairn in time to make the attack before daylight; as also that they had too few men. In answer to this, there was nobody doubted, when the march was begun, but that there would be abundance of time; their greatest precaution was to take care not to be discovered. The Highlanders had often made very quick marches in the night-time. The French piquets, I believe, were in the rear, and were not so clever in marching. The moor they went through was more plashy than was expected, and they were obliged to make some turns to shun houses, and there were two or three defiles that took up a good deal of time to pass. The guides, though they knew the ground very well, yet were not judges what time it would take to march those ten miles, as they were called, though, by reason of the indirect line, the distance must have been much more. Notwithstanding all this, I am persuaded that the clans (had they not been retarded by repeated orders and messages,) would have reached Nairn by two o'clock in the morning. As for their numbers, though not half that of the enemy, they might very probably have succeeded; for had they made the attack un-

discovered, so as to have got in sword in hand, they had undoubtedly cut the enemy to pieces. Nothing, indeed, is more uncertain than the events of war? Night attacks are most of all subject to disappointments. This march and countermarch was too sure, as things turned out a great disadvantage; it fatigued the men much, and the time might have been much better employed; a council of war might have been obtained, in which, doubtless, a resolution would have been taken to chuse a more advantageous field of battle, and, perhaps, have postponed fighting till the succours that were coming up, with the utmost expedition, should join. Councils of war were seldom held, and were out of request from the time the army marched into England. I remember only two that were held there, one at Brampton in regard of besieging Carlisle, or going to attack general Wade, the other was at Carlisle, where it was resolved to march forward. What happened at Derby was accidental; most of the officers being at the prince's quarters, and taking into their consideration their situation, they were all unanimous in advising the prince to retreat, rather than come to an engagement, without almost a certainty of success, in a country that stood waiting to declare for the conquerors; in which case a defeat to his army there must have proved fatal.

"I think there was but one council of war called after they returned to Scotland, and that was near Crieff, the day after the retreat from Stirling, where there was some difference of opinion; some, at first, being for the army going all one road, but it was at last agreed to march for Inverness, in two separate bodies, the one by the Highland road, and the other by the coast. The day of the battle of Falkirk the officers were called together in the field, where the army was drawn up betwixt Bannockburn and Torwood, and they all agreed to march straight to the enemy. As to retreat from Stirling, it was advised by many of the principal officers, particularly the clans. They drew up their reasons, and signed them at Falkirk, three days before the retreat was made; the chief of which was, a vast number of their men had gone home, after the battle, and were not returned, and that as the siege of Stirling castle was not advancing, they did not think it adviseable to fight in such circumstances.

"This letter has been much longer than I intended; but before I conclude, I must acquaint you with a proposal that was made six weeks before the battle of Culloden; some officers proposed sending up meal to several places in the Highlands, and in particular towards Badenoch, that in the event of the duke of Cumberland's marching to Inverness, before the army was gathered, they might retreat for a few days, till they could assemble; or, if a misfortune should happen by a defeat, there might be some provisions in those parts; but this was reckoned a timorous advice, and was rejected as such; though I have reason to think

it was the opinion of almost all the Highland officers, who were not for precipitating any thing. There is no doubt to be made but that the Highlanders could have avoided fighting, till they had found their advantage by so doing: they could have made a summer's campaign, without running the risk of any misfortune. They could have marched through the hills, to places in Banffshire, Aberdeenshire, the Mearns, Perthshire, Lochaber, and Argyllshire, by ways that regular troops could not have followed; and if they ventured among the mountains, it must have been attended with great danger and difficulty; their convoys might have been cut off, and opportunities might have offered to attack them with almost a certainty of success; and though the Highlanders had neither money nor magazines, they would not have starved in that season of the year, so long as there were sheep and cattle; they could also have separated themselves in two or three different bodies, got meal for some days provisions, met again at a place appointed, and might have fallen upon the enemy where they least expected; they could have marched in three days what would have taken regular troops five; nay, had those taken the high roads (as often they would have been obliged, upon account of their carriages) it would have taken them ten or twelve days; in short they might have been so harassed and fatigued, that they must have been in the greatest distress and difficulties, and at length probably been destroyed; at least much might have been expected by gaining of time, perhaps the Highlanders might have been enabled to have made an offensive instead of a defensive war. This was the opinion of many of the officers who considered the consequences of losing a battle; they knew well that few Highlanders would join heartily against them so long as they continued entire; but would upon a defeat.

“One great objection to this was, that the Irish officers (who were as brave men, and zealous in the cause as any could be) and some of the low country gentlemen, could not well endure the fatigue of a Highland campaign; and as to the common soldiers that came from France, there were not above four hundred of them remaining: they and their officers (even though a battle had been lost) had only to surrender, and were prisoners of war. It was very different with the Scots, whose safety depended upon their not venturing a battle, without great probability of success: but any proposition to postpone fighting, was ill received, and was called discouraging the army. I have nothing more to add, but that I am, Sir, yours, &c.

“*Lochaber, 16th May, 1746.*”

I have searched all the documents I can find, and my own opinion is, that lord George was altogether blameless; I take him to have been a noble, generous, and gallant officer, but he had some-

thing arbitrary in his manner that the Highland chiefs could ill brook; and he had given high offence in the way of ordering the battle, by changing the M'Donalds from the right to the left of the line. The privilege of fighting on the right of the line may have been always claimed by the M'Donalds; but it was a rule that was as often honoured in the breach as in the observance; for I find that they fought at least twice on the left under Montrose; and they fought on the left under Clavers at the battle of Killiecrankie. Yet in none of all these fields can I find that they fought with their usual intrepidity. At Killiecrankie they rather lost than won ground, when the M'Leans and Camerons carried all before them; and at Culloden they certainly did not advance with the intrepidity of the rest of the clans. Some small columns of them rushed from their places, brandished their broad swords at their enemies, and in apparent fury bowed up the heather on the moor, and a short hedge that was before them; but these, not being supported or followed up by the rest, were obliged to fall back into their places; and if these had pierced and shaken the regiments on the right of the king's army, as much as the men of Athol and the Camerons did Barrell's on the left, it is probable the day might have terminated otherwise than it did. The clans who exerted themselves most were the M'Intoshes, the Camerons, and the men of Appin. These rushed headlong on the regulars, either for death or victory; every man in the front line of these clans fell, and the grape shot from the cannon levelled their close columns every moment. The M'Intoshes were the first that made the attack, sword in hand, and all from that regiment to the right did the same, except the Athol men, who could not close with the king's troops, by reason of the destructive fire to which that flank was exposed; but the five clans next to them closed, piercing both Barrell's and Price's regiments, and making them to reel. The confusion, however, was but temporary, and both breaches were soon filled up.

Most of the chiefs who commanded these five regiments were killed, and almost every man in the front rank of each regiment. M'Lachlan, colonel of the united regiment, was killed by a cannon-ball, and the lieutenant-colonel, M'Lean of Drimnin, who succeeded to the command, bringing off his shattered regiment, and missing two of his sons, for he had three in the field, turned back to look for them, and was killed by a random shot. M'Gillivray of Drumnaglass, colonel of the M'Intosh regiment, was killed in the attack, with the lieutenant-colonel, the major, and all the officers of his regiment, three excepted, Charles Fraser, younger of Inverallachie, who was lieutenant-colonel, and commanded the Fraser regiment, was killed. The master of Lovat, (afterwards general Fraser) colonel of the Fraser regiment, was not present at the battle; but having gone to his father's country;

which is near Inverness, to bring up the men wanted to complete his regiment: (to which a second battalion had been added) he was coming up with three hundred men; and when half way between Inverness and Culloden, he met the Highlanders flying from the field. The Stuart regiment had a number, both officers and men, killed in the attack; but Stuart of Appin, their chief, never having joined the standard of prince Charles, the regiment was commanded by Stuart of Ardsheel, who escaped from the field. Cameron of Lochiel, advancing at the head of his regiment, was so near Barrel's that he had fired his pistol and was drawing his sword, when he fell, wounded with grape shot in both ankles. The two brothers, between whom he was advancing, raised him up, and carried him off in their arms. When the Macdonalds' regiment retreated, without having attempted to attack, sword in hand, Macdonald of Keppoch advanced with his drawn sword in one hand and his pistol in the other; he had got but a little way from his regiment, when he was wounded by a musket shot, and fell. A friend who had followed, conjuring him not to throw his life away, said, that the wound was not mortal, that he might easily join his regiment, and retreat with them. Keppoch desired him to take care of himself, and going on, received another shot, and fell to rise no more.

The Macdonald officers said, and Macdonald of Morar (eldest cadet of Clanronald) has left it in writing, that their men were affronted at being deprived of the right, (the post of honour) which the Macdonalds had at the battles of Preston and Falkirk, and have had, they say, from time immemorial. The duke of Perth in the battle of Culloden, stood at the head of the Glengary regiment; and hearing the men murmur, (for they murmured aloud) said to them, that if the Macdonalds behaved with their usual valour, they would make a right of the left, and he would call himself Macdonald.

Patullo, muster-master of prince Charles's army, makes the number of their men in the field to have been only 5000; for, says he, although there were 8000 upon paper, 3000 were absent; Lord Cromarty was in Sutherland with his own regiment. He had also with him Glengyle, Mackinnon, Barrisdale, and their men. Clunie, with the Macphersons, was on his march to Culloden, and at no great distance when the battle was fought. Besides these regiments and considerable bodies of troops, a good number of men from every regiment, when they came back to Culloden, after the night march, had gone to Inverness and other places in quest of food, and were not returned when the duke of Cumberland's army came in sight of the Highlanders.

The wanderings of prince Charles have been so often published that it would be superfluous to give them all here; but there is not an incident recorded in the various narratives that does not

reflect rays of honour on the character of the Highlanders, and rays of no ordinary splendour. No mercenary consideration could induce the meanest peasant to swerve from the high principles of honour for which that people have so often been lauded. The trust confided in them was held sacred, though imprisonment and death threatened on the one side, and riches and power beckoned on the other. Whoever reads through these Jacobite Relics without acquiring additional admiration of the Highland clans, their chiefs, bards, and steady principles, partakes in no degree of the feelings of the collector; and I cannot dismiss the subject for ever without testifying with what enthusiasm I have contemplated their acts of chivalry performed in a sinking cause. Honoured be the names of the brave who have fallen in it!

The remainder of the life of prince Charles is a tissue of the most lamentable disgrace and misfortune. His heart, that had been proud of his exalted lineage, was broken, his high and chivalrous spirit crushed in the dust, and, from the time of his leaving Scotland, it may be observed, that all his future acts are those of a man driven to desperation. When we look back at the reign of the Stuarts in Scotland, it is something like the journey of the sun over that boisterous clime in a winter day. He rises in blood, and struggles through clouds of storm, at times only lighting the land with a brilliant and transitory gleam, till at last he sinks down in the evening amid clouds of utter darkness and dismay. So rose, reigned, and set, the star of the house of STUART; but not like the luminary of heaven: it sank to arise no more for ever.

APPENDIX.

PART I.

Jacobite Songs.

SONG I.

The Bee-Hive.

For the Air, see Song LVI. Vol. I.

*THERE WAS an old woman that had a bee-hive,
And three master bees about it did strive;
And to each master bee she did give a name.
It was for to conquer each other they came.
With a fal de ral, &c.

There was one they called Geordie, and one they called Fed,
The third they called Jamie; pray who was the head?
Jamie and Geordie together did strive
Who should be the master bee of the bee-hive.
With a fal de ral, &c.

Says Geordie to Jamie, "I'd have you forbear,
From ent'ring my hive; if you do, I declare,
My bees in abundance about you shall fly,
And if they do catch you, you surely shall die."
With a fal de ral, &c.

Says Jamie to Geordie, "'Twas very well known
Before you came hither the hive was my own,
And I will fight for it as long's I can stand,
For I've forty thousand brave bees at my command.
With a fal de ral, &c.

" But you've clipped all their wings, and shorn all their backs :
 Their stings they hing down with a devilish relax ;
 But the summer will come and restore the green plain,
 And something may hap that will rouse them again."
 With a fal de ral, &c.

Then bee Geordie said, " Sir, I'd have you be gone
 Abroad with your hive, for 'tis very well known
 Yours is not true honey, nor gathered at noon,
 But sucked up abroad by the light of the moon."
 With a fal de ral, &c.

" Thou vulgar marsh bee," then said Jamie again,
 " For the hive have my fathers long travelled in pain ;
 And the whole world knows, and the old woman owns,
 That mine is THE BEE-HIVE, but thine are THE DRONES."
 With a fal de ral, &c.

SONG II.

Over the Seas an' far awa.

For the Air, see Song XXXII. Vol. I.

* WHEN we think on the days o' auld,
 When our Scots lads were true as bauld,
 O weel may we weep at our foul fa',
 An' grieve for the lad that's far awa !
 Over the seas, an' far awa,
 Over the seas, an' far awa,
 O weel may we maen for the day that's gane
 An' the lad that's banished far awa.

Some traitor lairds, for love o' gain,
 They drove our true king owre the main,
 In spite o' right, an' rule, an' law,
 An' the friends o' him that's far awa.
 Over the seas, &c.

A bloody rook frae Brunswick flew,
 And gatherit devil's birds anew ;
 Wi' kingsmen's blude they gorge their maw ;
 O dule to the louns sent Jamie awa !
 Over the seas, &c.

An' cruel England, leal men's dread,
 Doth hunt an' cry for Scottish bleid,
 To hack, an' head, an' hang, an' draw,
 An' a' for the lad that's far awa.

Over the seas, &c.

There's a reade in heaven, I read it true,
 There's vengeance for us on a' that crew,
 There's blude for blude to ane an' a',
 That sent our bonnie lad far awa.

Over the seas an' far awa,

Over the seas an' far awa,

He'll soon be here, that I loe dear,

An' he's welcome hame frae far awa!

SONG III.

The wind has blawn my plaid awa.

For the Air, see Song XXXII. Vol. I.

* OVER the hills, an' far away,
 It's over the hills, an' far away,
 O'er the hills, an' o'er the sea,
 The wind has blawn my plaid frae me.
 My tartan plaid, my ae good sheet,
 That keepit me frae wind an' weet,
 An' held me bien baith night an' day,
 Is over the hills, an' far away.

There was a wind, it cam to me,
 Over the south, an' over the sea,
 An' it has blawn my corn an' hay,
 Over the hills an' far away.
 It blew my corn, it blew my gear,
 It neither left me kid nor steer,
 An' blew my plaid, my only stay,
 Over the hills and far away.

But though 't has left me bare indeed,
 An' blawn the bonnet off my head,
 There's something hid in Highland brae,
 It hasna blawn my sword away.
 Then over the hills, an' over the dales,
 Over all England, an' through Wales,
 The braidsword yet shall bear the sway,
 Over the hills an' far away.

SONG IV.

Over the Seas an' far away.

For the Air, see Song XXXII. Vol. I.

MODERN.

THERE's some shall shift their cap an' coat,
There's some shall sit where they wot not,
There's some maun here nae langer stay,
When ane comes hame that's far away.

Over the seas, an' far away,
Over the seas, an' far away,

There's a nest on the tree that maunna be,
When he comes hame that's far away.

There's lint i' the heckle, an' meal i' the mill,
There's somebody comin' owre the hill,
An' somebody else will be here or day,
That will tell us o' ane that's far away.
Over the seas, &c.

There's some crack crouse that'll soon get a claw,
There's ane sits high that'll soon get a fa',
An' some has that he maunna hae,
When ane comes hame that's far away.
Over the seas, &c.

The clans are comin' i' mony a raw,
Wi' braidsword an' wi' targe sae braw;
There's ridin' an' runnin' owre muir an' brae,
An' a' for the laddie that's far away.
Over the seas, &c.

I wear a badge I ne'er shall tine,
You have a sword, an' here is mine;
We'll bear us out as best we may,
An' drink to him that's far away.
Over the seas, an' far away,
Over the seas, an' far away.
A health I'll gie wi' three times three,
To ane ye ken, that's far away.

T. G.

SONG V.

Let misers tremble o'er their wealth.

For the Air, see Song LXVII. of this Vol.

* LET misers tremble o'er their wealth,
 And starve amidst their riches,
 Let statesmen in deceit grow old,
 And pine with envious wishes.
 But we whom no vain passion sways,
 Our mirth from wine arising,
 Our nobler passions will obey,
 Both knaves and fools despising.

Let them lament who have betrayed
 Their king and bleeding nation :
 The rich they always are afraid,
 However high their station.
 But we will chant, and we will sing,
 And toast our bonnie lasses :
 To all we wish, and all we want,
 We'll circulate our glasses.

Fill up once more the sparkling bowl,
 The brave feel no disaster,
 No bold informer dare control,
 Here's a health to our lawful master.
 Our loyalty we will maintain,
 And drink a health to true hearts ;
 We'll ever honour and obey
 The royal race of Stuarts.

SONG VI.

The Gathering of the Clans.

MODERN.

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the
vale, But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael. A
stranger commanded, it sunk on the land; too has
fro-zen each heart, and benumb'd every hand.
The dirk and the tar-get lie sor-did with dust, the
bloodless claymore is but redden'd with rust; On the
hill or the glen if a gun should ap-pear, It is
on-ly to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
 Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse;
 Be mute every string, and be hush'd every tone,
 That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.
 But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
 The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
 Glenaladaie's peaks are illumed with the rays,
 And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray!—the exiled—the dear!
 In the blush of the dawning the Standard appear;
 Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
 Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is high;
 Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
 Mace the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
 That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye,
 But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,
 Proud chiefs of Clan-Ronald, Glengary, and Sleat,
 Combining like three streams from one mountain of snow,
 And, resistless in union, rush down on the foe.
 True sons of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
 Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy steel!
 Blough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
 Till for Corryarrick resound to the knell.

Steward of Lord-Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
 Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale.
 May the race of Clan-Gillecan, the fearless and free,
 Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee.
 Let the clan of gray Fingon, whose offspring has given
 Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
 Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More,
 To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar.

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall display
 The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray!
 How the race of wronged Alpine and murdered Glencoe
 Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!
 Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,
 Resume the pure faith of the great Callain-More!
 Mac-Neill of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
 For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake.

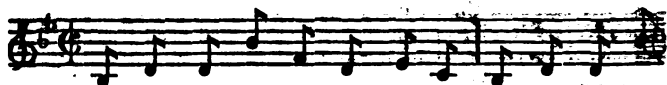
Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
 Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!

'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call;
 'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.
 'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
 When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
 They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
 To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

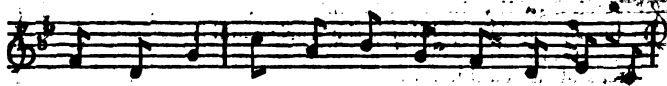
Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
 May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
 Burst the base foreign yoke, as your sires did of yore,
 Or die like your sires, and endure it no more.
 Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
 Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
 'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call;
 'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.

SONG VII.

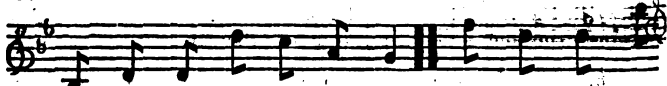
Britons, now retrieve your Glory.



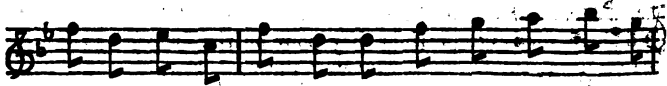
* BRITONS, now retrieve your glo-ry, And your ancient



rights maintain; Drive th' u-surp-ing race be-fore you,



And re-store a Stuart's reign. Load the Brunswick



prancer double, Heap on all your care and trouble,



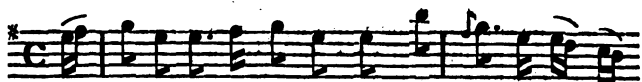
Drive him hence, with all his rabble, Never to return again.

Call your injured king to save you,
 Ere you farther are oppressed;
 He's so good, he will forgive you,
 And receive you to his breast.
 Think on all the wrongs you've done him,
 Bow your rebel necks, and own him,
 Quickly make amends, and crown him,
 Or you never can be blest.

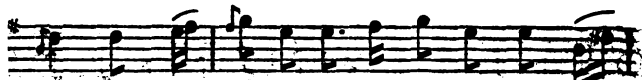
SONG VIII.

The Whigs' Glorp.

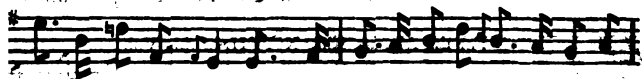
MODERN.



ILK loy-al subject fill his glass, And keep the toast in



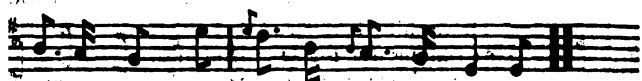
mind, man, "Con--fu-sion to the whining Whigs, The



Gregs of a' mankind, man." You loyal subjects a' rejoice, And



fill a flow-ing can, man, To drink con-fu-sion



to the Whigs, Frae Highland ranks that ran, man.

Who ever saw the Whiggish louns

At ought come better speed, man?

Their shanks were o' the very best,

And stood them in gude stead, man.

The Highlandmen awhile pursued,
 But turned at last, and swore, man,
 "Hersel had peated mony a race,
 "But ne'er was peat pefore, man."

When they could such offence avoid,
 To fight they thought it sin, man;
 And none can say that they did wrang,
 In saving of their skin, man.
 Then all you noble sons of war,
 Let this your maxim be, man,
 No man should ever stand and fight,
 When he has room to flee, man:

'Tis fit you vaunt most manfully
 Of daring deeds of skaith, man;
 But if your en'mies be so mad
 As run the risk of death, man,
 Be sure that you prove wiser men,
 And live while yet you may, man,
 For he that falls is not so safe
 As he that runs away, man.

T. G.

SONG IX.

Scotland's Call.

For the Air, see Song XXVII. of this Vol.

MODERN.

Be kind to me as lang's I'm yours;
 I'll maybe wear awa yet,
 He's coming o'er the Highland hills,
 May tak me frae you a' yet.
 He's coming here, he will be here;
 He's coming here for a' that,
 He's coming o'er the Highland hills,
 May tak me frae you a' yet.

The arm is strong where heart is true,
 And loyal hearts are a' that;—
 Auld love is better aye nor new;—
 Usurpers maunna fa' that.
 He's coming here, &c.

The king is come to Muideart bay,
 And mony bagpipes blaw that;
 And Caledon her white cockade,
 And gude claymore may shaw yet,
 He's coming here, &c.

Then loudly let the piobrach sound,
 And bald advances each true heart;
 The word be, "SCOTLAND'S KING AND LAW!"
 And "DEATH OR CHARLIE STUART!"
 He's coming here, he will be here,
 He's coming here for a' that,
 He's coming o'er the Highland hills
 May tak me frae you a' yet.

SONG X.

Owre the Muir among the Heather.

MODERN.



ON by moss and mountain green, Let's buckle a', and



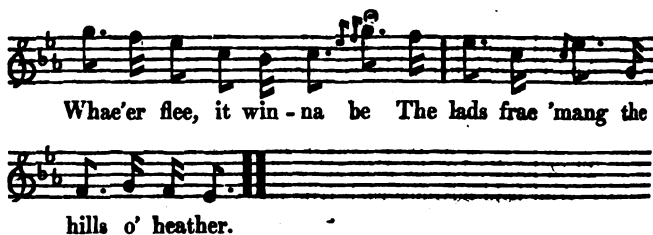
on the-gi-ther, Down the burn, and thro' the dean, And



leave the muir among the heather. Owre the muir a-



mang the heather, Owre the muir among the heather,



Sound the trumpet, blaw the horn,
 Let ilka kilted clansman gather,
 We maun up an' ride the morn,
 An' leave the muir 'amang the heather.
 Owre the muir, &c.

Young Charlie's sword is by his side,
 Come weel, come woe, it makana whether,
 We'll follow him whate'er betide,
 An' leave the muir amang the heather.
 Owre the muir, &c.

Fareweel my native valley; thee
 I'll never leave for ony ither;
 But Charlie king of Scots maun be,
 Or I lie low amang the heather.
 Owre the muir, &c.

Fareweel a while, my auld cot-house,
 When I come hame I'll big anither,
 An' wow but we will be right crèuse
 When Charlie rules our hills o' heather.
 Owre the muir, &c.

Hark! the bagpipe sounds amain,
 Gather, ilka leal man, gather,
 These mountains a' are Charlie's ain,
 These green-sward dells, an' muirs o' heather.
 Owre the muir amang the heather,
 Owre the muir amang the heather,
 Wha wadna fight for Charlie's right,
 To gie him back his hills o' heather?

T. G.

SONG XI.

The lady looked frae her ha'.

For the Air, see Song LXXV. of this Vol.

MODERN.

- THE lady looked frae her ha',
 Her thoughts were sad and dreary,
 To think her lord was far awa,
 O wow! but she was eerie.
 "What means now a' that warlike din,
 "Spears I see glancin' clearly.
 "I wish my lord, wi' kith and kin,
 "Were near the towers o' Airlie.
- "O gin my lord and his brave men
 "Kenned now a fae was near me,
 "Soon wad he speed o'er hill an' glen,
 "Wi' his brave clan to cheer me.
 "O yon's Argyle's proud crest I see
 "Wave on yon hill sae clearly;
 "Weel kens he brave Lord Ogilvie
 "Is far awa frae Airlie."
- "O why now o'er that bloomin' cheek
 "Fa's the bright tear sae pearly?
 "O let me dry that ee sae meek,
 "For I do loe thee dearly.
 "Now gie me but thy milk white hand,
 "An' three sweet kisses fairly,
 "An' I will gie my men command
 "To spare the house o' Airlie."
- "O proud Argyle, great is thy power;
 "Ye ken my lord's wi' Charlie;
 "An' now ye come to waste my bower,
 "But ye may rue it sairly:
 "Gae fight wi' men, but never let
 "The warld at you ferlie!
 "Ae kiss frae me ye ne'er shall get,
 "Though it should save sweet Airlie.

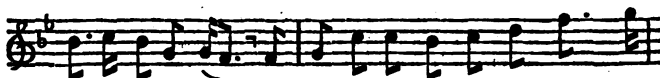
" O bring my plaid o' tartan aheen,
 " And I shall wander berie;
 " Black is the sight to my sad een,
 " An' lang's the gate an' weary:
 " But ten brave sons I now hae born
 " To my dear lord o' Airlie,
 " An they maygar the proud Lord Lorn
 " Rue this black day fu' sairly."

SONG XII.

*The Appearance of Cromwell's Ghost, on the Eve of the
Battle of Culloden.*



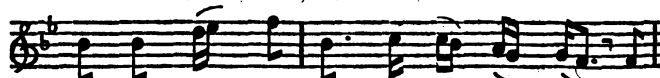
* " FROM whence, and why such im - pu - dence, Thus



boldly to appear, And in our roy-al presence stand? What



mes - sage brought you here?" " I'm one, great sir, of



your own stamp, My name I need not tell, Since



it is so well known on earth, And all the nooks of hell.

" You've heard, no doubt, of mighty Noll,
 " Who kept the world in awe;
 " And made these very walls to shake,
 " Whose word was then a law.

" I come express to you, great sir,
" From our infernal cell,
" Where your great dad, and Nassau's prince,
" And Walpole, greet you well.

" With mighty news I fraughted come,
" Here is a full detail,
" Which Grosset brought express this night
" Straight from the field to hell.
" It much exceeds the power of words,
" Or painting, to describe
" What change these news made on the looks
" Of all our scorched tribe.

" Such a procession, Pluto owns,
" He never saw before,
" What crowds of kings, and mitred heads,
" But of usurpers more.
" Your dad and Nassau first appeared,
" Clad in their royal buff,
" And loyal Sarum next advanced
" With his well singed ruff.

" Then Calvin and Hugh Peters they
" Joined Luther and John Knox ;
" And Bradshaw with his loyal bench,
" A set of godly folks.
" And I was stationed in the rear,
" By right and due my post ;
" Where whigs and independents made
" A most prodigious host.

" These worthies all, great sir, expect
" Right soon to see you there,
" Together with your Cumbrian duke
" And Shelly-coat, your heir.
" Thus my commission I've obeyed,
" And e'er I downward bend,
" Shall wait with pleasure infinite
" What answer you will send."

" Pray make my humble compliments
" To all our friends below ;
" And for these welcome news you brought
" Most grateful thanks I owe.

" We still your principles pursue,
 " And shall subservient be,
 " Till we and all our progeny
 " Our destined quarters see."

SONG XIII.

Culloden.

For the Air, see Song LVIII. of this Vol.

MODERN.

THE heath-cock crawled o'er muir an' dale ;
 Red raise the sun o'er distant vale,
 Our Northern clans, wi' dinsome yell,
 Around their chiefs were gath'ring.
 " O, Duncan, are ye ready yet ?
 " M'Donald, are ye ready yet ?
 " O, Fraser, are ye ready yet ?
 " To join the clans in the morning."

On yonder hills our clans appear,
 The sun back frae their spears shines clear ;
 The Southron trumps fall on my ear,
 "Twill be an awfu' morning.
 " O, Duncan, &c."

" The Prince has come to claim his ain,
 " A stem o' Stuart's glorious name ;
 " What Highlander his sword wad hain,
 " For Charlie's cause this morning.
 " O, Duncan, &c."

" Nae mair we'll chace the fleet, fleet roe,
 " O'er downie glen or mountain brow,
 " But rush like tempest on the foe,
 " Wi' sword an' targe this morning.
 " O, Duncan, &c."

The contest lasted sair an' lang,
 The pipers blew, the echoes rang,
 The cannon roared the clans amang,
 Culloden's awfu' morning.

Duncan now nae mair seems keen,
 He's lost his dirk an' tartan sheen,
 His bannet's stained that ance was clean ;
 Foul fa' that awfu' morning.

But Scotland lang shall rue the day,
 She saw her flag sae fiercely flee ;
 Culloden hills were hills o' wae,
 It was an awfu' morning.
 Duncan now, &c.

Fair Flora's gane her love to seek,
 The midnight dew fa's on her cheek ;
 What Scottish heart that will not weep,
 For Charlie's fate that morning ?
 Duncan now, &c.

SONG XIV.

Bauldy Fraser.

For the Air, see Song XVII. of this Vol.

MODERN.

My name is Bauldy Fraser, man ;
 I'm puir, an' auld, an' pale, an' wae,
 I brak my shin, an' tint a han',
 Upon Culloden lee, man :
 Our Highlan' clans were pauld an' stout,
 An' thought to gie te loons a clout,
 An' laith were they to turn about,
 An' owre the hills to flee, man.

But sic a hurly-burly raise,
 Te fery lift was in a plaze,
 As a' te teils had won ter ways,
 On Highlandmen to flee, man :
 Te cannon an' te pluff tragoon,
 Sae proke our ranks, an' pore us town,
 Her nainsell ne'er cot sic a stoun,
 Sin' she was porn to tee, man.

Pig Satan sent te plan frae hell,
 Or pat our chiefs peside hersel,
 To plant her in te open fell,
 In pase artillery's ee, man :

For had she nae to tarty-dake,
 At ford of Spey or Fane-Culsook,
 Te plood of every foreign peak
 Had dyed the Chessman sea, man.

We fought for a' we loved an' had,
 An' for te right, put Heaven forpade;
 An' mony a pounie Highlan' lad
 Lay pleading on te prae, man.
 Fat could she to, fat could she say,
 Te praif M'Donnell was away;
 An' her ain chief tat luckless day
 Was far ayont Drumboy, man.

Macpherson and Macgregor poth,
 Te men of Muideart an' Glenquoich,
 An' coot Mackenzies of te Doich,
 All absent frae te field, man:
 Te sword was sharp, te arm was true,
 Pe honour still her nainsel's due;
 Impossible she could not do,
 Tho' laithe she pe to yield, man.

When Charlie wi' te foremost met;
 Praif lad, he thought her pack to get;
 "Return, my friends, an' face tem yet,
 We'll conquer or we'll die, man:"
 Put Tonald shumpit o'er te burn,
 An' swore, pe Cot, she wadna turn,
 For ter was nought put shoot an' burn,
 An' hangin' on te tree, man.

O had you seen tat hunt of teath;
 She ran until she tint her praith,
 Aye looking pack on Scotland's skaithe,
 Wi' hopeless, shining ee, man:
 Put Pritain ever may teplere,
 Tat tay upon Culloden more,
 Her praifest sons laid in ter gore,
 Or huntit cruellye, man.

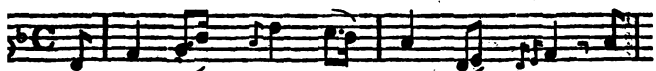
O Cumberland what meant you ten,
 To ravage ilka Highland glen?
 Her crime was truth an' love to aye,
 She had nae spite at thee, man.

An' you an' yours may yet be glad,
 To trust the honest Highland lad;
 The ponnet plue, an' pelted plaid,
 Will stand the last o' three, man.

SONG XV.

Culloden; or, Lochiel's Farewell.

MODERN.



CUL - LO - DEN, on thy swar - thy brow Spring



no wild flow'rs nor verdure fair: Thou feel'st not summer's



ge-nial glow, More than the freezing win-try air;



For once thou drank'st the he-ro's blood, And



war's un-hal-low'd footsteps bore. The deeds un--ho-ly



na - ture view'd, Then fled, and curs'd thee e--ver-more.

From Beaul's wild and woodland glens,
 How proudly Lovat's banners soar !
 How fierce the plaided Highland clans
 Rush onward with the broad claymore !
 Those hearts that high with honour heaved,
 The volleying thunder there laid low !
 Or scattered like the forest leaves,
 When wintry winds begin to blow !

Where now thy honours, brave Lochiel !
 The braided plume's torn from thy brow.
 What must thy haughty spirit feel,
 When skulking like the mountain roe !
 While wild-birds chant from Lochy's bowers,
 On April eve, their loves and joys ;
 The Lord of Lochy's loftiest towers,
 To foreign lands an exile flies.

To his blue hills that rose in view,
 As o'er the deep his galley bore,
 He often looked, and cried, " Adieu !
 " I'll never see Lochaber more !
 " Though now thy wounds I cannot heal,
 " My dear, my injured native land !
 " In other climes thy foe shall feel
 " The weight of Cameron's deadly brand.

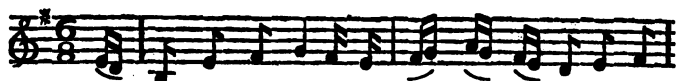
" Land of proud hearts and mountains gray !
 " Where Fingal fought and Ossian sung !
 " Mourn dark Culloden's fateful day,
 " That from thy chiefs the laurel wrung.
 " Where once they ruled and roamed at will,
 " Free as their own dark mountain game ;
 " Their sons are slaves, yet keenly feel
 " A longing for their father's fame.

" Shades of the mighty and the brave,
 " Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell ;
 " No trophies mark your common grave,
 " Nor dirges to your mem'ry swell !
 " But generous hearts will weep your fate,
 " When far has rolled the tide of time ;
 " And bards unborn shall renovate
 " Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme !"

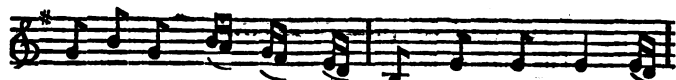
SONG XVI.

The Chevalier's Lament.

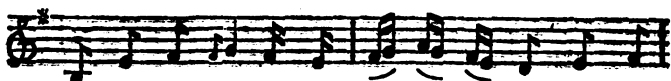
MODERN.



THE small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning, The



murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale, The



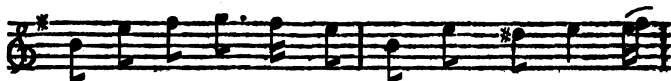
prim-ro-ses blow in the dews of the morning, And



wild scatter'd cow-slips be--deck the green dale.



But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair, When the



lin-ger-ing moments are number'd with care? Nor



birds sweetly singing, nor flow'rs gai-ly springing, Can



sooth the sad bo-som of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice?
 A king and a father to place on his throne!
 His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies,
 Where wild beasts find shelter, though I can find none!
 But 'tis not *my* sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
 My brave gallant friends, 'tis *your* ruin I mourn;
 Your faith proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,
 Alas! can I make it no better return.

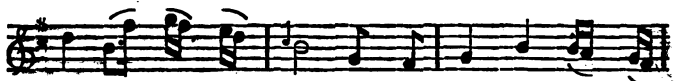
SONG XVII.

Stevathellan's Lament.

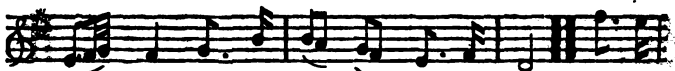
MODERN.



Thickest night o'er-hang my dwell-ing! Howling



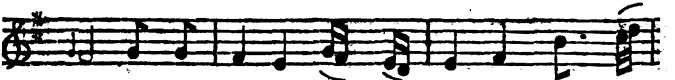
tem-pests o'er me rave! Tur-bid tor-rents, win-try



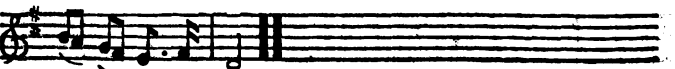
swell-ing, Still surround my lone-ly cave! Crystal



streamlets gen-tly flowing, Bu-sy haunts of base man-



kind, Western breezes soft-ly blowing, Suit not



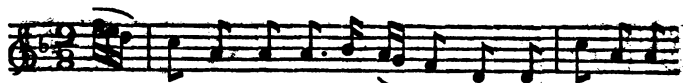
my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the heaven's denied success.
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend ;
 The wide world is all before us,
 But a world without a friend.

SONG XVIII.

The Song of M'Alimmon Glasg.

FROM THE GAELIC.



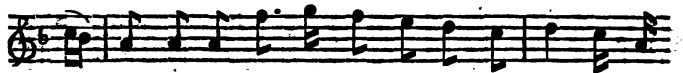
* O SWEET was the cot of my fa-ther, That stood in the



wood up the glen, And sweet was the red-blooming



heather, And the ri--ver that flow'd from the Ben ;



And dear was the lit - tle bird singing From morning till



e'en on the thorn, And the daisies and vi-o-lets springing So



fair on the bank of the burn.

I rose at the dawn of the morning,
 And ranged through the woods at my will ;
 And often till evening's returning
 I loitered my time on the hill.
 Well known was each dell in the wild wood,
 Each flower spot, and green grassy lea ;
 O sweet were the days of my childhood,
 And dear the remembrance to me !

But sorrow came sudden and early,
 Such joys I may ne'er know again,
 I followed the gallant Prince Charlie,
 To fight for his rights and my ain.
 No home has he now to protect him
 From the bitterest tempest that blows ;
 No friend, save his God to direct him,
 While watched and surrounded by foes.

I have stood to the last with the heroes,
 That thought Scotland's rights to have saved ;
 No danger that threatened could fear us,
 But we fell 'neath the blast that we braved.
 My chief wanders lone and forsaken,
 'Mong the hills where his stay wont to be ;
 His clansmen are slaughtered or taken,
 For, like him, they all fought to be free.

The sons of the mighty have perished,
 And freedom with them fled away ;
 The hopes that so long we have cherished,
 Have left us forever and aye.
 As we hide on the brae 'mong the braken,
 We hear our hame crash as they burn.
 O God, when shall vengeance awaken,
 And the day of our glory return.

T. G.

SONG XIX.

Prince Charles's Lament.

MODERN.



O THINK not I weep that an outcast I roam, That the



black heath at midnight thus cheerless I tread; Tho' the



realm of my aires dare not yield me a home, Scarce a



cave on her mountains to shel-ter my head.

Though the day brings no comfort, the night no repose,
Yet not for my own doth my spirit repine;
But in anguish I weep for the sorrows of those,
Whose eyes, and whose bosoms, have melted for mine.

The yell of the blood-hounds that hunt them by day,
On my short startled slumber forever attends,
While the watch-fires that beacon my night covered way,
Are the flames that have burst from the roofs of my friends.

Though the blade, blood-encrusted, hath sunk in the sheathe,
No time and no distance a refuge afford,
But chased on the mountains, and tracked o'er the heath,
The scaffold must end what was left by the sword.

Ye loyal, ye brave, and is this your reward?
 With the meed of the traitor, the coward repaid,
 While in peace ye had lived had your bosoms been bared,
 On the prayer of your Prince, that implored you for aid.

Unpitied, unspared, let it sweep o'er my path,
 On me be concentrated its fury, its force;
 My rash lips have conjured this tempest of wrath,
 But why should the sinless be scourged in its course?

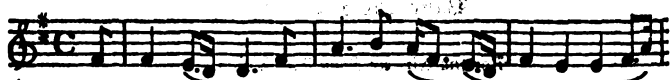
If the fury of man but obey thy decree,
 If so guilty, my God, be the deed I have dared,
 Let thy curse, let thy vengeance, be poured upon me,
 But, alas! let my friends, let my country be spared.

M. L.

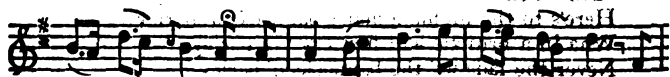
SONG XX.

The Fate of Charlie.

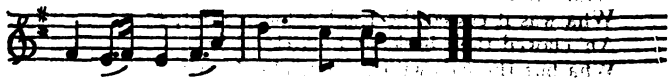
MODERN.



LOCHIEL, Lochiel, my brave Lochiel, Beware o' Cumber-



land, my dearie! Cul-lo-den field this day will seal The



fate o' Scotland's ain Prince Charlie.

The Highland clans nae mair are seen,
 To fight for him wha ne'er was eerie,
 They fallen are on yon red field,
 An' trampled down for liking Charlie.

JACOBITE SONGS.

He was our Prince—~~nae~~ dare say no;
The truth o' this we s' ken fairly;
Then wha would no joined hand in hand,
To've kept frae skaith our ain Prince Charlie?

Glenullen's bride stood at the yett,
Her lover's steed arrived right early;
His rider's gane, his bridle's wet,
Wi' blude o' him wha fell for Charlie!

O weep, fair maids o' Scotia's isle,
Weep loud, fair lady o' sweet Airlie;
Culloden reeks wi' purple gore,
O' those wha bled for Scotia's Charlie.

Repent, repent, black Murray's race,
Ye were the cause o' this foul ferlie,
An shaw to George wha fills his shoon,
That ye'll no sell him like puir Charlie.

SONG XXI.

Bannocks o' Barley.

For the Air, see Song XI. Vol. I.

*BANNOCKS o' bear-meal, bannocks o' barley,
Here's to the highlandman's bannocks o' barley.
Wha in a brailzie will first cry "a parley?"
Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley!

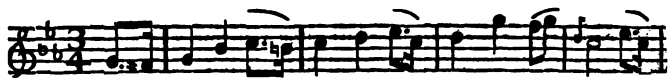
Wha was it drew the gude claymore for Charlie?
Wha was it cowed the English louns rarely?
An' clawed their backs at Falkirk fairly?
Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley!

Wha was't when hope was blasted fairly,
Stood in ruin wi' bonny Prince Charlie?
An' 'neath the Duke's bluidy paw dreed fu' sairly?
Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley!

SONG XXII.

The Emigrant.

MODERN.



MAY morning had shed her red streamers on high, O'er



Ca-na--da, frowning all pale on the sky:



Still dazzling and white was the robe that she wore, Ex-



cept where the mountain-wave lash'd on the shore.

Far heaved the young sun, like a lamp on the wave,
 And loud screamed the gull o'er his foam-beaten cave,
 When an old lyart swain on a headland stood high,
 With the staff in his hand, and the tear in his eye.

His old tartan plaid, and his bonnet so blue,
 Declared from what country his lineage he drew ;
 His visage so wan, and his accents so low,
 Announced the companion of sorrow and woe.

" Ah, welcome thou sun, to thy canopy grand,
 And to me ! for thou com'st from my dear native land !
 Again dost thou leave that sweet isle of the sea,
 To beam on these winter-bound vallies and me !

"How sweet in my own native valley to roam,
Each face was a friend's, and each house was a home;
To drag our live thousands from river or bay,
Or chase the dun deer o'er the mountain so grey.

"Now forced from my home and my dark halls away,
The son of the stranger has made them a prey;
My family and friends to extremity driven,
Contending for life both with earth and with heaven.

"My country," they said,—“but they told me a lie,
Her vallies were barren, inclement her sky;
Even now in the glens, 'mong her mountains so blue,
The primrose and daisy are blooming in dew.

"How could she expel from those mountains of heath,
The clans who maintained them in danger and death!
Who ever were ready the broadsword to draw,
In defence of her honour, her freedom, and law.

"We stood by our STUART, till one fatal blow
Loosed ruin triumphant, and valour laid low.
The lords whom we trusted and lived but to please,
Then turned us a-drift to the storms and the seas.

"O gratitude! where didst thou linger the while?
What region afar is illumed with thy smile?
That orb of the sky for a home will I crave,
When yon sun rises red on the Emigrant's grave!

SONG XXIII.

The Exile's Return.

For the Air, see Song LXXXVI. of this Vol.

MODERN.

WHEN silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
My native land I sought again,
Wi' mony hopes an' fears.
"Wha kens," thought I, "if friends I left,
May still continue mine,
Or gin I e'er again shall meet
The joys I left langsyne."

As I drew near my ancient pile,
 My heart beat a' the way;
 Ilk place I passed seemed yet to speak,
 Of some dear former day.
 Those days that followed me afar,
 Those happy days of mine,
 Which made me think the days at hand,
 Were naething to langsyne.

My ivied towers now met my een,
 Where minstrels used to blaw,
 Nae friend stept out wi' open arms,
 Nae weel kend face I saw,—
 Till Donald tottered to the door,
 Whom I left in his prime;
 An' grat to see the lad come hame,
 He bore about langsyne.

I ran to ilka weel kend place,
 In hopes to find friends there;
 I saw where mony a ane had sat,
 I hung on mony a chair,
 Till soft remembrance threw a veil
 Across thee een o' mine;
 I shut the door, an' sobbed aloud,
 To think on auld langsyne.

A knew sprung race o' motley kind,
 Would now their welcome pay,
 Wha shuddered at my Gothic wa's,
 And wished my groves away.
 "Cut down these gloomy trees," they cried,
 "Lay low yon mournful pine."—
 Ah, no! my fathers' names are there,
 Memorials o' langsyne.

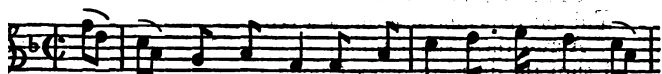
To win me frae these wae fu' thoughts,
 They took me to the town,
 Where soon in ilka weel kend face,
 I missed the youthfu' bloom.
 At balls they pointed to a nymph,
 Whom all declared divine;
 But sure her mother's blushing face,
 Was fairer far langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
 Forgive an auld man's spleen,
 Wha' midst your gayest scenes still mourns,
 The days he ance has seen.
 When time is past, an' seasons fled,
 Your hearts may feel like mine,
 An' aye the sang will maist delight,
 That minds you o' langsyne.

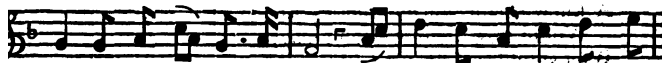
SONG XXIV.

Lament of old Duncan Skene, of Clan Donachie.

FROM THE GAELIC.



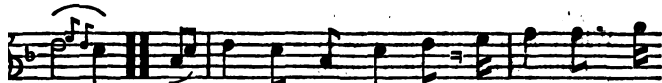
* O SCOTLAND, my country, far, far have I rang'd, Since



last I took farewell of thee! Thy beauties are o-ver, how



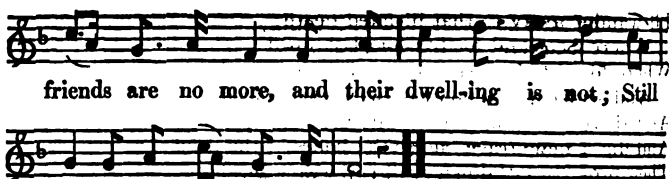
much art thou chang'd From what thou wert once wont to



be! This is the green val-ley, and yon-der's the



spot, Where once rose the smoke from my sire's little cot. My



friends are no more, and their dwell-ing is not; Still

greater's the change up - on me.

I was young, and my hopes and my courage were high.
 For freedom I freely drew glaive;
 But ruin soon came, and the spoiler was nigh;
 No home there remained for the brave.
 I have roamed on the world's wide wilderness cast,
 Unfriended, exposed to the bitterest blast
 Of misfortune, and now I have sought thee at last,
 To sleep in my forefathers' grave.

As clear as before runs thy burn o'er its bed,
 As sweet thy wild heath-flowerets grow;
 But thy glory is past, and thy honours are fled,
 Since freedom no more thou canst know:
 Thy sons were disloyal, unmanly, unjust;
 The heroes were few that stood firm to their trust;
 Thy thistle's dishonoured and trampled in dust,
 By the friends of thy deadliest foe.

The smoke of the cottage arose to the sky,
 The babe dipt its finger in gore,
 And smiled, for it knew not the bright crimson dye,
 Was the life's blood of her that it bore.
 Thy foes they were many, and ruthless their wrath,
 Thy glens they defaced with ravage and death;
 Thy children were hunted and slain on the heath,
 And the best of thy sons are no more.

Thy hills are majestic, thy vallies are fair,
 But ah, they're possessed by a foe;
 Thy glens are the same, but a stranger is there;
 There is none that will weep for thy woe.
 On my thoughts hangs a heavy, a dark cheerless gloom,
 And far from thee long have I mourned o'er thy doom;
 And again I have sought thee to find me a tomb;
 'Tis all thou hast now to bestow.

I'll wander away to that ill-fated heath,
 Where Scotland for freedom last stood ;
 Where fought the last remnant for glory or death,
 And sealed the true cause with their blood.
 And there will I mourn for the honour that's fled,
 And dig a new grave 'mong the bones of the dead ;
 Then proudly lay down my gray weary head,
 With the last of the loyal and good.

T. G.

SONG XXV.

Though rugged and rough be the Land of my Birth.

MODERN.



Tho' rug-ged and rough be the land of my birth, To the



eye of my heart 'tis the E--den of earth.



Far, far have I sought, but no land could I see, Half so



fair as the land of my fathers to me.

And what though the days of her greatness be o'er,
 Though her nobles be few, though her kings are no more,
 Not a hope from her thralldom that time may deliver—
 Though the sun of her glory hath left her for ever !

Dark, dark are the shades that encompass her round,
But still 'mid those glooms may a radiance be found,
As the flush through the clouds of the evening is seen,
To tell what the blaze of the noontide had been.

With a proud swelling heart I will dwell on her story,
I will tell to my children the tale of her glory ;
When nations contended her friendship to know,
When tyrants were trembling to find her their foe.

Let him hear of that story, and where is the Scot,
Whose heart will not swell when he thinks of her lot ;
Swell with pride for her power, in the times that are o'er,
And with grief that the days of her might are no more ?

Unmanned be his heart, and be speechless his tongue,
Who forgets how she fought, who forgets how she sung ;
Ere her blood through black treason was swelling her rills,
Ere the voice of the stranger was heard on her hills !

How base his ambition, how poor is his pride,
Who would lay the high name of a SCOTSMAN aside ;
Would whisper his country with shame and with fear,
Lest the Southrons should hear it, and taunt as they hear.

Go tell them, thou fool ! that the time erst hath been,
When the Southrons would blench if a Scot were but seen ;
When to keep and to castle in terror they fled,
As the loud border echoes resounded his tread.

Shall thy name, O my country ! no longer be heard,
Once the boast of the hero, the theme of the bard ;
Alas ! how the days of thy greatness are gone,
For the name of proud England is echoed alone !

What a pang to my heart, how my soul is on flame,
To hear that vain rival in arrogance claim ;
As the meed of their own, what thy children had won,
And *their* deeds pass for deeds which the English have done.

Accursed be the lips that would sweep from the earth,
The land of my fathers, the land of my birth ;
No more 'mid the nations her place to be seen,
Nor her name left to tell where her glory had been !

I sooner would see thee, my dear native land,
As barren, as bare as the rocks on thy strand,
Than the wealth of the world that thy children should boast,
And the heart-thrilling name of old Scotia be lost.

O Scotia, my country, dear land of my birth,
 Thou home of my fathers, thou Eden of earth;
 Through the world have I sought, but no land could I see
 Half so fair as thy heaths and thy mountains to me!

M. L.

NOTICES.

ALL the songs in this Appendix that are marked with an asterisk are old songs, picked out of the various collections furnished me by my friends, merely to exhaust the subject that I had taken in hand. The airs to which they are sung are marked, and generally to be found in the course of the work.

Both the translations and the songs, having the signature T. G. at them, are anonymous; and I can only express my thanks to my ingenious correspondent, until such time as he chooses to make himself known to me. Whoever he may be, whether Highlander or Lowlander, his songs have no ordinary degree of merit.

Song 6th is by the author of Waverley.

Song 9th is by R. Jamieson, Esq. the first verse and burden only being old. It alludes to the landing of the Prince in Morvart, as thus hailed in the burden of a Gaelic song:—

Gu'n d'thanig an Rìgh air tìr i Mhuideart,
 Tha d'ait ag cradhìn, tha d'ait ag cradhìn,
 Gu'n d'thanig an Rìgh air tìr i Mhuideart,
 Rìgh nan Gaidheal, Rìgh nan Gaidheal.

Song 11th is modern, and has been published; but I do not know the author.

Song 13th is by the redoubted Willison Glass.

Song 14th is my own; and a little altered from the copy in "The Forest Minstrel."

Song 15th is by John Grieve, Esq. It is set to a beautiful Gaelic air. Lechnel got safe to France, and was there made a colonel of 1000 men; which he enjoyed till his death in 1748. Dr Cameron, his brother, was wounded at Culloden by a musket bullet, which entered near the elbow, and went along the arm, and then out at the opposite shoulder. I am obliged, for the following anecdote of this latter gentleman, to my friend, the celebrated David Wilkie, Esq. who says, "Dr Spence, an esteemed friend of mine, whose memory carries him as far back as the

Forty-five, has frequently related to me, and nearly in the following words, an occurrence he witnessed in his early youth, strongly illustrative of the character of a distinguished sufferer in the cause of the house of Stuart :—

“ When a boy at Linlithgow school, some years after the rebellion, I remember Dr Cameron, brother to the celebrated Lochiel, being brought into the town under an escort of dragoons. He wore a French light-coloured great-coat, and rode a grey pony, with his feet lashed to its sides ; but, considering his situation and prospects, looked remarkably cheerful. As the party were to rest for the night, the prisoner was placed for security in the common jail ; and well do I remember, as I remained with the crowd at the prison-door, overhearing the Doctor within singing to himself his native song of “ Farewell to Lochaber,”

“ We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.”

“ Knowing he had just been apprehended in the Highlands, whither he had returned from France, in the vain hope that his defection might be pardoned or forgotten, and that, when I saw him, he was on his way to London, where he suffered upon Tower-Hill ; the remembrance has made a strong impression upon my mind, and I never since have heard the air of “ Lochaber,” without recalling the tone of voice, with all the circumstances of the unhappy situation and fate of Dr Cameron.

“ The above, which has often been related to me with an impressive feeling by my respected friend, you will excuse me for thinking worthy of your attention. I value it as a strongly national trait, exhibiting that disinterested longing after *home*, that, in whatever place or situation, never seems to forsake the ‘ *kindly Scot*.’”

Songs 16th and 17th are both by Burns.

Song 19th, as well as the last song in this appendix, was sent me anonymously, with the signature here given ; and the answer directed to be left at the post-office. They are two beautiful songs, and the author ought not to be ashamed of owning them.

Song 20th is also by no less a man than Willison Glass, and is well entitled to a place here.

Song 22d was written by me many years ago, and published in “ The Forest Minstrel.”

Song 23d was written by the late ingenious Miss Blamire of Carlisle.

Those correspondents whom I have neglected in my confusion of Jacobite matter must excuse me. One peep into my repository would be worth a thousand apologies.

APPENDIX.

PART II.

Whig Songs.

Nobody can deny.

ATTEND, and I'll tell you a story that's new,
'Tis something that's strange, but yet it is true,
To change a black hat for a bonnet that's blue,
Which nobody can deny, deny; which nobody can deny.

A rogue of a Scot pretends to declare
Against king and country a traitorous war;
A perjured false loon, and his name it is Mar,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

This crooked disciple pretends he will bring
A Popish Pretender, whom he calls a king,
For which both himself and his master may swing,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

By oaths he did swear, and the sacrament took,
His hands and his lips he did lay to the Book,
And then he, like Judas, his master forsook,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

But first like true heroes the rebels we'll hang,
We've axes and halters to serve the whole gang;
And then too, like Judas, himself he may hang,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

In tumults and treasons the Jacobites cry,
The King's a Fanatic ; I'll tell you for why,
Because he's not of a Church they call High,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

What Church 'tis they mean, 'tis plain we can tell,
A Church that the Jacobites know very well,
The true Church of Rome, that makes knaves to rebel,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

To prove this assertion, ye very well know,
Three traitors that swung for't, and not long ago,
One said he was High Church, but would not be low,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

But when at old Tyburn he came to the rope,
He told 'em his Church did belong to the Pope,
But still would be High Church, as long as there's hope,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

A true Popish project, their scandal to shew,
On a Protestant Church, with their High and their Low,
But hang up such rogues, or the Church they'll o'erthrow ;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

For shepherds and wolves to be in one cause,
Against our religion, our country, and laws ;
When must the poor Church thus heal up her flaws ?
Which nobody can deny, &c.

When Oxford, that eminent structure of study,
In riots and treasons their heads are turned giddy,
The stream must be foul, when the fountain is muddy ;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

A Protestant King and a protestant Prince,
To three protestant kingdoms invited long since,
But now like old tricksters the matter they'd mince,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

King George and the Prince, about let it pass,
The princess and issue, with all the whole race,
To traitors and villains confusion of face,
Which nobody can deny, deny ; which nobody can deny.

In vain are the Hopes of a Popish Pretender.

TUNE.—“The old wife she sent to the miller her daughter.”

In vain are the hopes of a Popish Pretender,
 In vain are the schemes of a Jacobite crew,
 True Britons their freedom will never surrender,
 But still to themselves and their country be true;
 Alike they despise a bribe or a threat,
 To raise their own fortunes, and ruin the state;
 The defence of King George is their aim alone,
 And all the day long,
 This, this is their song,
 No Popish Pretender shall e'er wear our crown.

A Jacobite values not scandal or shame, Sirs;
 He's not a true Tory whom conscience controls,
 All know that interest's their only aim, Sirs;
 How trivial their country, how powerful pistoles!
 They'll asperse, trick, and lye, swear too, then disown;
 Persecution and pride is their chief religion.
 Shall such then unpunished tempt our laws and our throne?
 No, all the day long,
 This shall be our song,
 No Popish Impostor shall e'er wear our crown.

Let Mar, and his villainous association,
 Rebel, and pretend the Church is their care;
 Since great George protects our religion and nation,
 We'll soon shew the world what vile rascals they are.
 Were their numbers superior they know to their cost,
 With vast odds on their sides, what at Blenheim they lost.
 Both tyrants and slavery we've sworn to pull down.
 And all the day long,
 This, this is our song,
 No Popish Impostor shall e'er wear our crown.

The Jacobites' Downfall.

TUNE.—“The old wife she sent to the miller her daughter.”

A junto of knaves met at Paris together,
 Lewd St John, bloody Berwick, and several more,
 With Frenchified Ormond, all birds of a feather,
 Declaring for Perkin, that son of a ——

Each smiled and embraced, opinions exprest,
And their loyalty thus to young Jemmy confest :—
They swore the loved shamster to Britain they'd bring.

And all the day long,

This, this was their song,

“ Dear Jemmy depend on't thou shalt be a king.”

“ Tho' Marlborough's with George, Sirs, tho' we are disbanded,

Tho' our plots are discovered, our old schemes undone,
If once more we get but our dear hero landed,

Great Britain shall yet be a province of Rome ;
Of the Church's great danger we'll loudly complain,
Fool the mob to believe it, or all is in vain ;”
They swore the loved shamster to Britain they'd bring,

And all the day long,

This, this was their song,

“ Dear Jemmy, depend on't thou shalt be a king.”

But ere this vile treason was brought to conclusion,

The senate the Jacobite rogues did detect,
Great George raised his troops to their utter confusion,
Resolved our religion and laws to protect.

Every day some new rebel to *Bar le* takes post,
While Bob in the cage swears the game is all lost ;
In vain they cry “ Help us, oh ! Lewis and Rome !”

And all the day long,

This, this is their song,

“ Dear Jemmy, a halter, a halter's our doom.”

Perkin's Lament.

'Twas when the seas were roaring

With blasts of northern wind,

Poor Perkin lay deploring,

On warming-pan reclined ;

Wide o'er the foaming billows

He cast a dismal look,

And shivered like the willows,

That tremble o'er the brook.

“ Three weeks are gone and over,

And five long tedious days,

Since I, unhappy rover,

Did venture o'er the seas.

Cease, cease thou cruel ocean,
And let young Perkin rest ;
Ah, what's thy troubled motion,
To that within my breast !

“ Mar, robbed of place and pension,
Rebels through fortune's frown ;
His loss deserves no mention,
To the losing of my crown,
Would he regain his pension,
He need but cross the main ;
But, ah me ! no invention,
Can e'er my crown regain,

“ Why was it said that Tories,
For me did try amain ?
Why then are all the roaries,
Why are they all in vain ?
No eyes their use discover,
They mobbed on bonfire night,
To tempt me to come over,
Then leave me in a fright.”

All melancholy lying,
Thus wailed he for his crown,
The poor young man was crying,
And tears his cheeks ran down.
Then mounting high church steeple,
Argyle's approach he spied,
And leaving highland people,
He fled to the sea-side.

Where, finding of some shipping,
Which lately came from France,
The first he met he slipt in,
For fear of highland clans.
Leaving behind young Tinmouth,
And divers friends beside,
Crying, “ Devil take the hindmost,”
And so away he hied.

The Ablution.

SINCE Whigs are of late,
 So brisk and elate,
 And some of our side so uneasie,
 At the news that are told,
 I'll a secret unfold,
 Which I'm sure must encourage and please ye.

But first you must note,
 When Jemmy took boat,
 How Providence matters did guide,
 Preserving him free,
 From all dangers at sea,
 For *two Proverbs* we know of his side.

The end of this story,
 I now set before ye,
 Is plain to all reason and sense,
 That fate does design,
 We shall have the *right line*,
 Though many have been in *suspense*.

Though some have believed,
 And some misconceived,
 His courage, and been disappointed ;
 Yet the sequel will show,
 That he feared not his foe—
 Who can hurt great St Peter's anointed ?

Have you never been told,
 How Achilles of old,
 Was plunged in the river of Styx ?
 The virtue of which water,
 Preserved him thereafter,
 From wounds by swords, arrows, or kicks.

This made him so stout,
 His en'mies to rout,
 That men were afraid to resist him ;
 But at last he did feel,
 A death-wound in the heel,
 For there only the liquor had missed him.

Our young hero so,
That to war he might go,
And make without danger much slaughter,
His holiness prayed,
He secure might be made,
By the help of some sanctified water.

“ For once, my good son,
This thing shall be done,”
Says the Father ; “ but first you must strip you ;
And then, my dear squire,
We both will retire,
And in holy tub I will dip you.”

Then he gave a loud bawl,
And his servants did call,
To bring him a collar of gold ;
And with it a rope,
Which our father the Pope,
When he ducked his son Jemmy, might hold.

Round the neck of this king,
With the rope in a ring,
St Peter this collar did tie ;
Then plunged him thrice
In this water most nice ;
O, how our young monarch did sigh !

Now sure of success,
He straightway did dress,
Then thanking the head of the church,
Went to Scotland in speed,
To his friends in much need,
Who fear'd they'd been left in the lurch.

Now glad they did seem,
As if roused from a dream ;
And when he the tale did disclose,
They returned an address,
On his joyful success,
For so happily beating his foes.

So sure they were on't,
As if they had done't,
And when they were told that Argyle

Was marching to Perth,
 They said, with much mirth,
 They were sure his designs they would spoil.

But one cloudy day,
 As Max chanced to stray
 With his monarch a space from the rest,
 Of a sudden he cried,
 "An ill omen I've spied,
 That foretells we shall sore be distressed.

"Round your royal neck quite,
 There's a mark very white,
 Which I fear from the water was kept.
 Achilles just so,
 Though 'twas farther below,
 Was in danger of death"—then they wept.

At length they resolved,
 Rather than be involved
 In danger, betimes to retreat;
 Which when their friends knew,
 They all also withdrew,
 And this the Whigs call a defeat.

Now to those of our party,
 Who still are so hearty,
 I say, Never fear we shall lose,
 'Cause for a good reason,
 Our king at that season,
 But slipped his neck out of the noose.

But now, like Achilles,
 The Chevalier's will is,
 A sanctified army to get him;
 And then, Sir, not one,
 With pistol or gun,
 Can hurt him, though thousands beset him.

"My friends, then," says he,
 "Of every degree,
 Be ready to rise at my call,
 For when I come o'er,
 I will leave you no more,
 But baffle our enemies all."

The Ravee-show.

ALL loyal men, come zee my vine rary show,
 Dat your voes vrom your vriends den you truly may know;
 In dis box is de vinest zight ever you zaw,
 Vor it shows all de willains attainted by law.

Virst dere is valse St John to de life to be zeen,
 Who to make a base peace did advise de late Queen,
 His country vor monies de knave did betray,
 But vor vear ov an halter did zoon run away.

Dat woman vine drest he keeps vor his miss,
 She vill give him de itch, vor de magnum ov bliss;
 Widout she zeems shaint, to cover her zin,
 But oh! de damn bish be all devil widin.

Zee dere be Shames Butler, who e'er ran in debt,
 To make him in all his debauch'ries look great;
 Who de French would not vite, and dere, on my word,
 You may zee how de padlock does hang on his sword.

Zee dere is de rebel we once called Mar,
 Whose head, was it right should be on Temple Bar;
 Zee how like a wagabond Erskine does look,
 And his vote now does curse, by bell, candle, and book.

Zee yonder is Nithsdale, who never was good,
 What a vigure he makes in his long riding-hood!
 Dat vashion dat now is zo much here in vogue
 Was de means ov preserving from Marvel a rogue.

Zee dere, zur, dat's Derwentwater, quite dead,
 Zee under his arm he does carry his head,
 Had dis traitor ven living but had any grace,
 His joulter he still had kept on de right place.

Zee dere is anoder rebellious base peer,
 Who died, az he zed, a true protestant here,
 But vought vor de bastard, de devil, and Pope,
 Vor which he deserved not an ax but a rope.

Zee dere de Pretender dat zon of a ———,
 Whom none but de mob and de strumpets adore,

Zee how he does zit wid vinger in eye.
And would vor a kingdom not vite, zur, but cry.

Is not dis a knot of willains, I pray,
Who will not deir lawvul zovereign obey?
But ven dey're all hanged, King George he zhall reign,
De dewices ov rebels zhall all prove in vain.

The Rarer show.

HERE be de var pratty zhow vrom Lorrain just brought over;
'Tis bot tragick and comic de machine vill discover.
O raree zhow, &c.

Den vurst me present you vid von var pratty ting,
De bricklayer's zon personating ov de King.
O raree zhow, &c.

Now look on de left hand, and dat vill disclose,
His last brave campaign, and how he dealt vid his voes.
O raree zhow, &c.

Here be de Ormond and Mar dat attend him in ztate,
Who ven dey do crown him sall be made vary great.
O raree zhow, &c.

Here be all de rebels in Newgate and de Tower,
Staring von at denoder most damnably zour.
O raree zhow, &c.

Here be de tory, incog. stand trembling vor year,
De rebels dat impeach make de treasons appear.
O raree zhow, &c.

Here be de shaints to be zeen who lately died martyrs,
And we zoon will have more made by Shack Ketch's garters.
O raree zhow, &c.

Here be de ten tousand tory, vor King George vid all deir heart,
Yet curse all who wish to his voes deir desert.
O raree zhow, &c.

Here be de cabal or de shesuits, taking var great pain,
To shtir up more vool to a shecond campaign.
O raree zhow, &c.

And here be de var pratty ting to crown deir endeavour,
A triangular trees, and a halters most clever.

O raree zhow, &c.

The right and true History of Perkin.

Tune,—O, London is a fine town.

Ye whigs, and eke ye tories, give ear to what I sing,
For it is about the chevalier, that silly would-be king:
He boasts of his nobility, and when his race began,
Though his arms they are two trowels, and his crest a warming-pan.

Ye whigs, &c.

When first he came to Scotland, in our dear sister's reign,
He looked, but did not like the land, and so went home again.

Ye whigs, &c.

Soon after, our dear sister did make a peace with France,
And then the Perkinites did laugh to see the devil dance:

Ye whigs, &c.

And then to please the growling whigs, who could not Perkin brook,
The slim young man was sent to graze as far as *Bar-le-dac*:

Ye whigs, &c.

But yet when D'Aumont hither came, to tie the league full close,
Young Perkin tarried at Lorrain, or came to Som'rset-house:

Ye whigs, &c.

The Lords then did address the Queen to do what she denied,
Until St Patrick and the prig were safe on t'other side.

Ye whigs, &c.

Then came a proclamation out to give five thousand pound,
To any one who Perkin took upon the English ground:

Ye whigs, &c.

Soon after *Semper Eadem* this mortal life departs,
Which thing almost broke chevalier's and *bona fide*'s hearts:

Ye whigs, &c.

The royal George of Hanover to happy Britain comes,
With joyful noise upon the Thames of trumpets and of drums:

Ye whigs, &c.

The traitorous tory tools then did cringe to seek for grace,
And swore to be most loyal lads if they were kept in place.

Ye whigs, &c.

But when the leaders found the King their treason did espy,
Away with speed they fled to France, the traitor's sanctuary.

Ye whigs, &c.

This made the high-priest cry aloud the danger of the church,
Because those pillars from her slipt, and left her in the lurch.

Ye whigs, &c.

Then Bungy and his gang harangued the senseless mob to win 'em,
And roused 'em up to serve the Lord, as if the de'il was in 'em.

Ye whigs, &c.

The listed thieves, and jail-birds, and rogues of every town,
The ladies chaste of Drury-Lane, and the whore of Babylon.

Ye whigs, &c.

Depending on this pious crew of non-resisting saints,
They thought by plundering of the whigs to make up all their wants.

Ye whigs, &c.

Then to begin the show, Lord Mar, that never was upright,
To summon all his bagpipe-men to Scotland took his flight.

Ye whigs, &c.

He sent his bailie jockey round, to summon all his clans,
With a concert of bagpipes—it should've been warming-pans.

Ye whigs, &c.

He told 'em they might all for mighty honours look,
For he that was before a lord was now become a duke.

Ye whigs, &c.

They all, he said, should great men be, which was the way to
win 'em,
So he got a troop of captains all and scarce a soldier in 'em.

Ye whigs, &c.

And finding thus his numbers great, he sent a brigadier
To join a band of fox-hunters that were near Lancashire.

Ye whigs, &c.

These marched into Preston town the women for to frighten,
And there they showed their talent lay in marching not in fighting.

Ye whigs, &c.
 They challenged General Carpenter to run with them a race,
 And troth they beat him out and out, he could not keep 'em pace.

Ye whigs, &c.
 But Wills, with expeditious march, these footpads did surround,
 And then they looked like harmless sheep cooped up within a
 pound.

Ye whigs, &c.
 Then Forster got a posset, and gave his priest the tythe,
 But posset could not make the priest or general look blythe.

Ye whigs, &c.
 Then Forster and his perjured crew surrendered prisoners,
 And shewed they were no whigs, for they did not delight in wars.

Ye whigs, &c.
 Then as they marched to London, oh, 'twas a gallant show !
 The whigs bid the music play, " Traitors all a-row."

Ye whigs, &c.
 About this time the said Lord Mar, depending on his numbers,
 Marched up against the brave Argyle, and thought to bring him
 under.

Ye whigs, &c.
 But though he had full four to one, which you must say is odds,
 Of Highland loons dressed dreadfully, with bonnets, durks, and
 plaids ;

Ye whigs, &c.
 Yet bold Argyle, with Britons brave, engaged him near Dumblane,
 And soon with loss made him retire much faster than he came.

Ye whigs, &c.
 Then Mar sent to the Chevalier, to hasten o'er to Scoon,
 And said, he should not want a crown, though alewives pawned
 their spoon.

Ye whigs, &c.
 But Mar's design was plainly, when next they went to fight,
 Only to show a dismal thing, which would like Death's head
 fright.

Ye whigs, &c.
 At length the pale-faced hero came, and like an owler lands,
 Indeed he had much reason, for the goods were contraband.

Ye whigs, &c.
As soon as he arrived, a Scottish ague took him,
And though he swallowed jesuits' bark, good lady! how it shook
him!

Ye whigs, &c.
The non-resisting damscals believed the omen bad,
When at first speech the baby cried, which made his counsell mad.

Ye whigs, &c.
But when he heard Argyle approached with army in array,
As Perkin came in like a thief, again he stole away.

Ye whigs, &c.
So there's an end of Perkin, and thus I end my lays,
With God preserve our glorious George and all his royal race.

High Church Loyalty.

TUNE—"Windass Terrace."

DONNA in qualms sent Abb her drab for ease,
And Hermodactyl knew the knack well,
Patient how to please :
" Ah, Dame !" quoth he, " I know where lies your grief ;
'Tis knaves and fools, those Popish tools,
Must give your heart relief."
Soon a pack was chose, all constitution's foes,
Of quacks and squinnies, rakes and minnies,
Green and grizled beaux ;
Straight this Gallic brood, with all the speed they could,
Tight Sunderland did first disband,
With all wise, brave, and good.
Ormond, put in for Marlborough the great,
Made us to dance a march of France,
To Ghent a base retreat.
Peace, crude and vile, by Plenipoes was made,
Gave up the gains of ten campaigns,
And all our friends betrayed :
Councils rough and raw, our constitution's awe,
When tools a dozen, choice and chosen,
Villains screen from law.
George's right they try to sap or set it by,
And to Pretender would surrender
Crown and property.

But Donna died ; when all these sparks of might,
 With Trojans, came in for proclaiming
 George's royal right.
 Traitors and tools with Britons brave address ;
 Dark Simon, and bold Harry Gamboll
 Signed it with the rest.
 Nature soon took place of loyalty and grace,
 And every sorry Tory-rory
 Shewed his native face.
 Each way, far and near, rebellions soon appear ;
 In mobs, disquiets, tumults, riots,
 Treasons every where.

High church they cry, but truth and peace despise,
 Whereby 'tis plain they nothing mean
 But treason in disguise.
 What church, but Rome's, did treason e'er advance,
 By shams and lies, base calumnies,
 Blind zeal and ignorance ?
 Hal and Scamoney their false apostles be,
 Who teach them faction, foul detraction,
 Fraud and perjury.
 Those who keep the road, such graceless guides have shewed,
 May come to swing in hempen string,
 And die as rebels should.

Britons, beware of wolves in shepherds' dress,
 With indefeazible they tease
 The pulpit and the press.
 Loudly they bawl, " Hereditary right,"
 Extend the weason to vent treason,
 Hellish rage and spight.
 Jesuit like they thus canting preach and pray,
 For due submission teach sedition,
 When they bear not sway,
 Rank for monarchy, yet rightful kings defy,
 With sword and pistol do resist all
 Lawful majesty.

Tories, no more your passive doctrines teach ;
 For still your practice plain in fact is,
 Nothing what you teach.
 Preston and Perth your loyalty have cleared,
 And on the plain near to Dumblane,
 Your will and skill appeared.

Forster was the man this perjured prank began,
 And rebels come at beat of drum,
 Which was a warming-pan.
 Mar, that perjured loun, displayed his banner soon,
 And doughty Gordon, durk and sword on,
 Then commenced dragoon.

Soon Forster fled with all his coward crew,
 Whilst Carpenter pursued them where-
 Sos'er the wretches flew;
 O'er Tweed they past, and o'er again in haste,
 By Wills were met, and hard beset
 In Preston proud at last.
 Thus they flee the field, and then as basely yield,
 And at discretion, pay submission,
 Rather than be killed,
 Thence to London some o' the chiefs in triumph come;
 Each with a centry made his entry,
 Here to meet their doom.

Argyle advanced from Stirling towards Scoon,
 But Perkin's rogues with plaids and brogues,
 Ere he came aigh were gone.
 Each mother's bairn on scampered to Montrose,
 While bold Cadogan fast did jog on
 At their heels close:
 Mar and Chevalier, o'erwhelmed with panic fear,
 Met there by chance a bark from France,
 And they on board her steer.
 Ordering every clan til Aberdeen to gang,
 But how they'll like this parting trick,
 You'se understand ere lang.

The Battle of Dumblane,

At the battle of Dumblane,
 Where ye know it was true,
 That Mar had many men,
 And the Duke had very few,
 But the cause it was good,
 And I tell you true,
 Heaven fought for Argyle to a wonder.

O but the clans,
 They were fierce and fell,
 And O but their deeds,
 Nae tongue can tell ;
 But the brave Argyle,
 He bore aye the bell,
 Heaven fought for Argyle to a wonder.

* * * *

The Ape entrapp'd must not complain.

THE ape entrapp'd must not complain,
 Since he, forsooth, as king would reign ;
 And why should Perkin then disdain
 The ape's lot to inherit ?
 A cap he may have from the Pope,
 But from old England he must hope
 For nought, unless it be a rope,
 Which he does richly merit.

Well then, adieu, thou empty thing,
 We have a rightful, gracious king,
 Whose praises we will ever sing,
 With mirth and glee unfeigned ;
 A prince he is, of such renown,
 His real worth deserves a crown,
 For a greater hero ne'er was known,
 Whose honour ha'n't been stained.

Our British annals speak at large,
 Of wondrous things done by St George,
 In rescuing of a beauteous charge,
 This, this we justly brag on ;
 The valiant and illustrious knight
 Did with undaunted courage fight,
 Brought off the fair, and slew outright,
 A huge, unwieldy dragon.

But th' dragon of a scarlet red,
 With ten sharp horns and seven-fold head,
 Whose fury potent princes dread,
 Our glorious king shall conquer.
 And then more truly we may say,
 Our British George did bravely slay
 The dragon famed for bloody prey,
 Which for our lives did hanker.

Our monarch's praise by this shall roll,
More swift than shot from pole to pole;
No earthly prince shall him control,

But beg his kind assistance.
Rome, long with fatal errors lost,
Shall find its curst designs all crost,
It never more shall us accost,
Or make the least resistance.

In troth, friend Harry.

In troth, friend Harry, I can't but be merry,
To see such chopping and changing of late;
If Whigs did tease ye, came Tories to please ye,
And stop the holes had been made in the state.
But at the death of the queen it was so tore,
They straight did patch it by twenty-four,
All able state menders as ever were known,
Who kept it still tight to the Hanover right,
And plac'd George on the British throne.

Now he's defender, we dread no pretender,
Our state is safe, and our church out of fear,
If ought annoy us, King George will stand by us,
And make them know that he's master here:
Should Dr Bungy but offer once more
To preach such stuff as he did before,
He'll have his deserts, and in halter shall swing
As high as his steeple, to shew to the people,
We are ruled by a just good king.

Domestic traitors, and foreign abettors,
Their empty tricks and their schemes may give o'er;
We find, on trial, the nation is loyal,
Except some few whom we'll trust no more.
French gold shall cease to be sent to our isle,
And Gallic counsels no more shall beguile,
Our faithful allies will our happiness crown,
And join, when 'tis fitting, with every true Briton,
To pull the French regent down.

Whilst we have wealth let us drink the king's health,
His great wisdom soon will supply us with more;
Our laws he'll nourish, our trade make to flourish,
And we hereafter shall never be poor:

Be long his reign, and attended with peace,
To monarch's glory and subjects ease,
And when divine wisdom will have him resign,
May the hero his son rule as he had done,
And leave us a ne'er failing line.

Berkin's Last Adventure: or, a Trip through the Back-Door.

TUNE.—"Moll Peatly," or "Gillian of Croydon."

DECEMBER last in frosty weather,
A champion did to Scotland come,
He summoned all his wights together,
And taught 'em to move by beat of drum:
There was perjured Mar, at the head
Of many a Highland-lad,
Resolved in fight to shew their bravery,
Full of knavery,
Ripe for slavery,
Jura d'isino mad.

Each bonny lad must leave his mother,
And out with his sword and target go,
They needs must march to meet one another,
The Laird of the Manor would have it so;
For Jemmy was coming o'er sea,
The King of Great Britain to be,
And all must fight that have any hope
Of a bull from the Pope,
Or reprieve from the rope,
Since Jemmy the King must be.

This news alarms the Lancashire witches,
And passive obedience fired their blood;
Each honest Tory's finger itches
To fight for his King and his Country's good.
Accoutrements straight they provide,
Then to horse, and away they must ride,
For General Forster gave his opinion,
The King his dominion
Would surely win, and
That he'd be a saint that died.

The West, who loyalty ever pretended
To England's monarchy, Church and State,

In perfect allegiance now intended
 To deprive the true heir of his just estate.
 Will Wildfire in ambuscade
 A combustible train had laid,
 Whereby he might purge the constitution
 From pollution,
 Then to push on
 The hereditary blade.

But while the weaker heads were plotting,
 A wiser council secret sate ;
 They found the brogues and regues were jogging,
 And sent Argyle to seal their fate ;
 While he, without fear or dread,
 Some thousands of loyalists led,
 And attacked the sham General at Dumblane,
 Where on the plain,
 The cause was slain,
 And all the party fled.

While mountebank like, who is going to tumble,
 Turns back and laughs at the gaping fools ;
 The puppet came over, did weep and grumble,
 To find such a parcel of useless tools :
 Quoth he, " I'll not stay on the shore,
 My person is sacred all o'er,
 I think, cousin Mar, 'tis best you and I
 Should go off by the bye ;
 What, if thousands die ?
 We're safe, and we care for no more."

The General's gone, and the army is routed,
 The injured subjects " Justice," cry ;
 The throne is possessed by the heir undoubted,
 Cadogan pursues, and the rebels fly.
 Then, Britain, burst out with applause,
 Of him that has carried the cause ;
 And let your tuneful voices sing
 To George our King,
 And despise the Thing
 That would have crept through our laws.

The latter end of the Tories.

SINCE the Tories could not fight,
 And their master took his flight,
 They labour to keep up their faction,

With a bough and a stick,
And a stone and a brick,
They equip their roaring crew for action.

Thus in battle array,
At the close of the day,
After wisely debating their grave plot,
Upon windows and stall
They courageously fall,
And boast a great victory they have got.

But, alas! silly boys,
For all their mighty noise
Of their "High Church," and "Ormond for ever!"
A brave Whig with one hand,
At George's command,
Can make their mightiest hero to quiver.

For the Devil and Jack
Do attend at their back,
With a strong noose and a fiery fiend,
To carry them away,
As their own proper prey,
And thus the Tory faction shall end.

A Trip to the Mountains.

UNABLE now the sword to wield,
Or in fair fight to keep the field,
False Mar is marching to Dunkeld.
What means so many a barricade,
Which to secure his flight is made,
Since destiny has no blockade?

His famished troops, I know, will pine,
And look, ere long, like Pharaoh's kine,
For all his mealy magazine.
Dumblane has put him in distress;
His danger now is not the less,
From Elgin and from Inverness.

Each rebel clan shall lose a head,
In murder and in plunder bred,
For Forfar's blood so basely shed.
Whilst S——r in allegiance reels,
Huntly and Seaforth take to heels,
And Mar to the next sea-port steals.

Nobody can deny.

WHAT a pother is here, what whining, what crying,
 What bawling for mercy, what raving, what lying,
 'Cause they had their deserts who spoke treason when dying?
 Which nobody can deny, deny ; which nobody can deny.

But though they ne'er so much mischief intend,
 The King out of mercy should have been their friend ;
 Then his Protestant government soon would have end.
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

They mercy did merit, because they confessed
 To rebel for a Popish impostor was best,
 Which shews how sincere they repentance expressed.
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

This plainly discovers, that those who with art
 The ministry censure by taking their part,
 Have, under this mask, the same traitorous heart.
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

The seeds of this mischief, sent over from France,
 Were Louisdores, wine, brocades, and rich Nantz,
 Which made Bungey trumpet, and High-Church-men dance ;
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

Now a treaty's on foot, and peace, peace was the word,
 What Marlborough had won was most kindly restored ;
 And who but dear brother and sister, good Lord !
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

At last came D'Aumont, and, to shew his devoir,
 Behind his state-coach placed the Queen in a chair,
 And, to add to the jest, brought young Jemmy to see her.
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

This first happy interview had you but seen,
 What joy and what grief was these great ones between,
 You'd sure love the mem'ry of so gracious a Queen.
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

Thus merrily matters went on for a while,
 But death, cruel death, all their hopes did beguile,
 Which made 'em all sad, but made Protestants smile.
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

What has happ'd this bless'd reign I need not here tell,
How villains for nothing at all did rebel,
And what ill fate poor Perkin and 's scoundrels befell.
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Yet they still made a bawling without power or hope,
Being furnished with nonsense from priests of the Pope,
And ne'er will be quiet till stopped with a rope.
Which nobody can deny, deny; which nobody can deny.

© Brother Sandie, hear ye the news.

TUNE—"Lillibulero."

O BROTHER Sandie, hear ye the news?
Lillibulero, bullen a la,
An army's just coming without any shoes,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.
To arms, to arms, brave boys, to arms;
A true British cause for your courage doth ca';
Court, country, and city, against a banditti,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.

The Pope sends us over a bonnie young lad, &c.
Who, to court British favour, wears a Highland plaid, &c.
To arms, &c.

A Protestant church from Rome doth advance,
And, what is more rare, brings freedom from France.
To arms, &c.

If this shall surprise you, there's news stranger yet,
He brings Highland money to pay British debt.
To arms, &c.

You must take it in coin which the country affords,
Instead of broad pieces, he pays with broad swords.
To arms, &c.

And sure this is paying you in the best ore,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.
For who once is thus paid will never want more,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.

To arms, to arms, brave boys, to arms;
A true British cause for your courage doth ca';
Court, country, and city, against a banditti,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.

Ye Freeborn Hearts, that hold most dear.

Ye freeborn hearts, that hold most dear
 Your rights source of content,
 Of praise, in song, all cheerful rear
 To George a monument ;
 To George, of faithless France and Spain,
 Our bitterest foes the dread ;
 Of all who freedom's cause maintain,
 Himself th' enlivening head,

What tho' some bear the glittering names
 Of Great and Christian both ;
 To Cath'lic others urge their claims,
 Their claims of spurious growth.
 What tho' they boast of wide domains,
 Of boundless sway and might ;
 They're senseless sounds where bondage reigns,
 And joyless as the night.

To George, whose soul disdains the thought
 Of tyranny and wrong,
 Whose actions are, with goodness fraught,
 The theme of grateful song :
 Bright reason's laws who first obeys,
 Resistless rules our hearts ;
 Our faith defends, his power displays,
 To check ambition's arts.

'Tis he is great, has all the names
 That vainly those betray ;
 His due to boast of wide domains,
 Of might and boundless sway.
 While thus his reign no partial views,
 His breast no rage distains ;
 Whilst his are all the claims that choose
 Mild reason's easy chains.

On George may Heaven increase its smiles,
 Success his labours crown ;
 In peace may he possess these isles,
 And hourly gain renown.
 May sense of right, and solid bliss,
 Move generous hearts to sing,
 In dutious homage justly his,
 God prosper George our King.

'Twas at the Hour of dark Midnight.

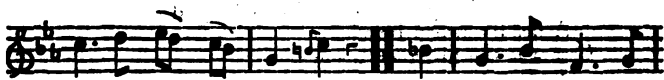
Written on the Death of COLONEL GARDINER at the Battle of Prestonpans,
in 1745, by SIR GILBERT ELLIOT of Minto.



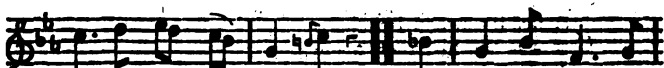
'Twas at the hour of dark midnight, Before the first cock's



crowing, When westland winds shook Stirling's tow'rs, With



hollow murmurs blowing; When Fan-ny fair, all



wo-begone, Sad on her bed was lying, And from the ruin'd



tow'rs she heard The boding screech-owl crying.

"O dismal night!" she said, and wept;

"O night presaging sorrow!

O dismal night!" she said, and wept,

"But more I dread to-morrow.

For now the bloody hour draws nigh,

Each host to Preston bending;

At morn shall sons their fathers slay,

With deadly hate contending.

"Even in the visions of the night,

I saw fell death wide sweeping;

And all the matrons of the land,

And all the virgins weeping."

And now she heard the massy gates,
 Harsh on their hinges turning ;
 And now through all the castle heard,
 The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast she started from her bed,
 The fatal tidings dreading :—
 “ O speak ! ” she cried, “ my father’s slain !
 I see, I see him bleeding ! ”—
 “ A pale corpse on the sullen shore,
 At morn, fair maid, I left him ;
 Even at the threshold of his gate
 The foe of life bereft him.

“ Bold in the battles front he fell,
 With many a wound deformed ;—
 A braver knight, nor better man,
 This fair isle ne’er adorned.”—
 While thus he spoke, the grief-struck maid
 A deadly swoon invaded ;
 Lost was the lustre of her eyes,
 And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,
 And sad was our complaining ;
 But oh ! for thee, my native land,
 What woes are still remaining !
 But why complain ? the hero’s soul
 Is high in heaven shining :
 May providence defend our isle,
 From all our foes designing.

Haud awa frae me, Donald.

HAUD awa, bide awa,
 Haud awa frae me, Donald,
 Your principles I do abhor ;
 No Jacobites for me, Donald.
 Passive obedience I do hate,
 And tyranny I flee, Donald ;
 Nor can I think to be a slave,
 When now I can be free, Donald.

Your king, with all his right divine,
 Claims you as property, Donald ;
 And you, upon that very plan,
 Will do the same by me, Donald ;
 For all the promises you made,
 I would not give a fig, Donald ;
 For every woman, you must know,
 Is at her heart a whig, Donald.

Even Highland Maggie, though she's bred
 Up under tyranny, Donald,
 No sooner you her rights invade,
 Than she'll a rebel be, Donald.
 For all that you can say or do,
 I'll never change my mind, Donald ;
 Your king takes so much of your heart,
 To me you'll ne'er be kind, Donald.

Fame let thy Trumpet sound.

For the Air, see Song XXIV. of this Volume.

FAME let thy trumpet sound,
 Tell all the world around,
 Great George is king :
 Tell Rome, and France, and Spain,
 Britannia scorns their chain ;
 All their vile arts are vain,
 Great George is king.

May Heav'n his life defend,
 And make his race extend
 Wide as his fame.
 Thy choicest blessings shed
 On his most sacred head,
 And make his foes to dread,
 Great George's name.

He peace and plenty brings,
 While Rome's deluded kings
 Waste and destroy.
 Then let his people sing,
 Long live great George our king,
 From whom such blessings spring,
 Freedom and joy.

O, grant that Cumberland!
 May, by God's mighty hand,
 Make our foes fall.
 From foreign slavery,
 Priests and their knavery,
 And Popish revery,
 God save us all!

Over the Hills and far away.

For the Air, see Song XXXII. Vol. I.

FROM barren Caledonian lands,
 Where rapine uncontrouled commands,
 The rebel clans in search of prey,
 Came over the hills and far away.
 Over the hills and far away,
 Over the hills and far away,
 The rebel clans, in search of prey,
 Came over the hills and far away.

Regardless whether wrong or right,
 For booty, not for fame, they fight;
 Banditti-like, they storm, they slay,
 They plunder, rob, and run away.
 Over the hills, &c.

With them a vain pretender came,
 And perjured traitors, dupes to Rome,
 Resolved all, without delay,
 To conquer, die, or run away.
 Over the hills, &c.

Though Popish priests among us rule,
 Each weak, deceived, believing fool,
 When justice shall her sword display,
 She'll drive these locusts far away.
 Over the hills, &c.

Let Britons, firm in freedom's cause,
 Assist our rights, support our laws,
 Defend our faith, our king obey,
 And treason shall soon lose its sway.
 Over the hills, &c.

Our sons of war, with martial flame,
 Shall bravely merit lasting fame ;
 Great George shall Britain's sceptre sway,
 And chase rebellion far away.
 Over the hills, &c.

Stand round, my brave Boys.

For the Air, see Song XLI. of Vol. I.

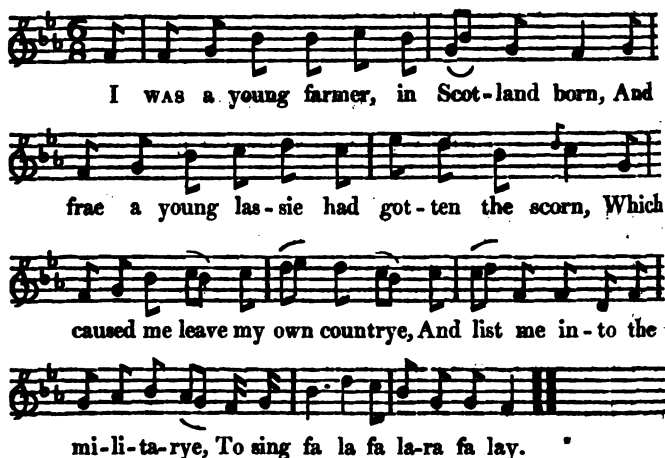
STAND round, my brave boys, with heart and with voice,
 And all in full chorus agree ;
 We'll fight for our king, and as loyally sing,
 And let the world know we'll be free.
 The rebels shall fly, as with shouts we draw nigh,
 And echo shall victory ring ;
 While secure from alarms, we will rest on our arms,
 And chorus it, " Long live the King."

With hearts firm and stout, we'll repel the bold rout,
 And follow fair liberty's call ;
 We'll rush on our foe, and deal death in each blow,
 Till conquest and honour crown all.
 The rebels shall fly, &c.

Then commerce once more shall bring wealth to our shore,
 And plenty and peace bless the isle ;
 The peasant shall quaff off his bowl with a laugh,
 And reap the sweet fruits of his toil.
 The rebels shall fly, &c.

Kind love shall repay the fatigues of the day,
 And melt us to softer alarms ;
 Coy Phillis shall burn at her soldier's return,
 And bless the brave youth in her arms.
 The rebels shall fly, &c.

The Battle of Falkirk.



I WAS a young farmer, in Scot-land born, And
 frae a young las-sie had got-ten the scorn, Which
 caused me leave my own countrys, And list me in-to the
 mi-li-ta-rye, To sing fa la fa la-ra fa lay.

There was an old serjeant from England came down,
 To list on young rogues by the took of the drum ;
 He proffered me gold, and away I did go
 To fight with the French and the Spaniards also.
 With my fa la fa lara fa lay.

And now to Scotland again I am come,
 To fight with the rebel pretender of Rome,
 And on Falkirk moor, in the time of a shower,
 So hot an engagement I ne'er did endure,
 With my fa la fa lara fa lay.

I believe that old Lucky was present there,
 Or him that is called the Prince of the Air ;
 For the wind and the rain against us arose
 That moment we went to encounter our foes.
 With our fa la fa lara fa lay.

Our horsemen they fired and turned their back,
 The rebels they fired crack for crack,
 But the Glasgow militia they gave a platoon,
 Which made the bold rebels come tumbling down,
 With their fa la falara fa lay.

Five platoons we gave in their face,
Which beat the bravest out of his place ;
If Hawley had rallied and come to his stance,
We had beat our foes to death and to France,
With their fa la fa lara fa lay.

To Edinburgh then we posted in haste,
For fear that the rebels had gone to the east,
And we in Falkirk, if they had gone there,
We had been ashamed for evermair,
With our fa la fa lara fa lay.

The Highlander hash cried " Victory " then,
On Falkirk moor, while stripping the slain,
Though many who were on the field can tell,
How for one of our men two rebels there fell ;
With their fa la fa lara fa lay.

Now I've been a soldier these years seventeen,
A drop of my blood was there never yet seen ;
I have beat the French by land and by sea,
And I never have gotten a wound upon me.
With my fa la fa lara fa lay.

Your Glasses charge high, 'tis in brave William's Praise.

TUNE.—" Lillibulero."

FROM scourging rebellion, and baffling proud France,
Crowned with laurels, behold British William advance !
His triumph to grace, and distinguish the day,
The sun brighter shines, and all nature looks gay.
Your glasses charge high, 'tis in brave William's praise,
In praise, in praise, 'tis in brave William's praise ;
To his glory your voices, to his glory your voices,
To his glory your voices and instruments raise.

Whilst in pleasure's soft arms others courted repose,
Our hero flew forth though the streams round him froze ;
To shield us from rebels all dangers defied,
And would conquer or die by famed liberty's side.
Your glasses, &c.
VOL. II.

In his train see sweet peace, fairest child of the sky,
 Every bliss in her smile, every charm in her eye;
 Whilst the worst foe to man, that dire fiend civil war,
 Gnashing horrid her teeth, comes fast bound to her car.
 Your glasses, &c.

How hateful's the tyrant, who, lured by false fame,
 To satiate his pride, sets the world in a flame!
 How glorious our king, whose beneficent mind
 Makes true grandeur consist in protecting mankind!
 Your glasses, &c.

Ye warriors, on whom we due honours bestow,
 O think on the source whence our late evils flow'd,
 Commanded by William, strike next at the Gaul,
 And fix those in chains who would Britons enthrall.
 Your glasses, &c.

Come let the Toast go round.

For the Air, see Song XXIV. of this Vol.

COME let the toast go round,
 Let mirth and joy abound,
 Let's drink and sing,
 To George, whose gentle sway
 Blessings bestows each day,
 Whom brave and free obey,
 Father and king.

To Fred'rick next we fill,
 Humane and bountiful,
 Peaceful and good;
 To William's glorious name,
 From whom deliv'rance came,
 Europe thy martial fame,
 Proclaims aloud.

To Nassau's loved memory,
 Sacred to liberty,
 Great's thy desert;
 Holland, when sunk, thou saved,
 Britain, when nigh enslaved,
 Deep be thy fame engraved
 On ev'ry heart.

To all our brave allies,
 Freedom who justly prize,
 Honour and laws;
 To friends at sea and land,
 And the whole patriot band,
 Who made a gallant stand
 In Europe's cause.

Shame to our country's foes,
 Frenchified fools and those
 Who wish our thrall.
 From France, and Jacobites,
 Rome, and her Pagan rites,
 Smooth knaves, and hypocrites,
 God save us all!

Few good fellows when Willie's awa.

Tune,—“ There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.”—See Song
 XXXVIII. Vol I.

WITH masses and pardons for ages to come,
 With thousands of crosses, the blessings of Rome,
 With armies of promises, Gallic and stout,
 Young Tartan, full-fraughted and cheery sets out.
 How few good fellows when Willie's awa,
 Owre few good fellows when Willie's awa,
 For Cope, Wade, and Hawley, their share is but sma',
 But Willie's the flower an' the wale o' them a'.

Then landing in Moidart, a favourite den,
 By seven attended, no Greeks ye may ken;
 He nibbled at Britain, as did his papa,
 But weel kend the mouse that the cat was awa.
 How few good fellows, &c.

A herd of intractable savages rose,
 Who yet by their chieftains are led by the nose,
 Down by Corrieyarrack wi' Charlie they go,
 Fit place for an early and finishing blow.
 How few good fellows, &c.

But Cope's schemes, both here and at Preston decline,
 By marching the circle, and not the straight line;

The best were fatigued, and the rest were but raw,
Great Gard'ner fell bravely while Will was awa.
How few good fellows, &c.

Puffed up wi' this trifle, the youngster holds on,
A crown or a coffin, th' extremes to be won ;
But finding at Derby a dangerous mire,
Without crown or coffin did bravely retire.
How few good fellows, &c.

What hurry ! what running ! the terror so great,
The royal youth's coming that wings the retreat,
But Wade was—I know not what—deep was the snow,
An' but few good fellows, when Willie's awa.
How few good fellows, &c.

Old Blackney proved hard for the young cavalier ;
Thy conduct, bold Husk, at Falkirk did appear ;
But there even Hawley's renown had its flaws,
While Monro the true blue lost his life in the cause.
How few good fellows, &c.

But lo ! our young hero, the soul of our isle,
His approach blasts the weeds that cumber the soil ;
Fair liberty smiles while the rout stands in awe,
And Stirling's abandoned ere Willie they saw.
How few good fellows, &c.

As great Nassau the Boyne, brave Cumberland's sword
Has dinted Culloden in deathless record ;
The fifteenth of April his birth graced our land,
The rebels next day felt the weight of his hand.
How few good fellows, &c.

Thus the pupil of Rome, and bugbear of France,
And all his adherents have led a fine dance :
Still so may they prosper that are at such pains
To barter their freedom for slavery and chains.
How few good fellows, &c.

Ye Britons, ye Freemen.

For the Air, see Song XX. Vol. I.

YE Britons, ye freemen, ye Protestants come,
And ponder a while on the kindness of Rome,
So bent on converting this heretic nation,
No plot is neglected may serve this occasion.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

In the days of Eliza you know 'twas their scope,
With Armada, invincible dubbed by the Pope,
With gibbets, priests, chains, beads, relics, and bulls,
To shackle our hands, and enlighten our skulls.
Derry down, &c.

They fancied her successors slack in their cause,
Tho' some thought he valued it more than his laws ;
But, to shew they for none but staunch Catholics care,
They plot king and peers to blow up in the air.
Derry down, &c.

In a series of monarchs who followed, 'tis known,
How they strove to new-model the church and the throne ;
How zealous was James, and how fierce his career,
Who ventured his crown to set up Peter's chair.
Derry down, &c.

A Protestant reign from this era takes place,
The rubbish removed, a tyrannical race ;
Our freedom both corp'ral and mental begins,
And Britons, 'tis thought, will now die in those sins.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas glorious King William this standard that raised,
With annual delight be his memory praised ;
And now Popish champions have nothing to hope,
But their projects to crown with an ax or a rope.
Derry down, &c.

For proof, turn your thoughts back to *anno* fifteen,
When Perkin must needs be for changing the scene ;
But soon disappointed, from Scotland he banded,
And his tools left behind, to be headed or hanged.
Derry down, &c.

The recent exploits of his Charlie make known,
 Who vowed to achieve or a coffin or crown ;
 But baulked of the last from the first see him flee,
 That he leaves to his friends, with the scaffold and tree.
 Derry down, &c.

Ye desp'rate adherers to Rome's triple crown,
 To vex obstinate Britons we pray let alone ;
 Your pains to convert and enslave you may spare,
 For we think ourselves much better off as we are.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Willie is a warlike prince.

TUNE—"Willie was a wanton wag."

Our Willie is a warlike prince,
 The bravest hero e'er ye saw,
 In martial fields he nobly dares,
 And justly bears the gree awa.
 His coat is of the scarlet red,
 An' O but Willie he looks braw,
 An' at his side he wears a sword,
 An' briskly wields it best of a'.

An' isna Willie weel worth gowd,
 For coming down to save us a' ?
 The nation's praise is right bestowed,
 When Willie he enjoys it a'.
 He freed us from a foreign yoke,
 An' rebel clans has chased awa,
 Where Charlie thought to win a crown,
 He's gi'en him a could coal to blaw.

Now he may gang hame to his dad,
 An' tell his vict'ries ane an' a',
 An' bravely boast when Willie came,
 He turned his back an' ran awa.
 In vain shall France and Rome attempt,
 To send their tool to rule us a' ;
 While Willie lives our troops to head,
 They'll ay be sure to get a claw.

For he has baulked their black designs,
 An' has our rights recovered a' ;
 Lang may he thrive to be their scourge,
 An' disappoint their projects a'.
 Charlie may mourn Culloden muir,
 Where a' his stoutest friends did fa' ;
 An' he stood safely in the rear,
 Among the first to rin awa.

Unlike our Willie, who in front
 Of the first rank did boldly stand,
 An' greatly risked his royal life,
 To serve his king, an' save the land.
 As lang as Scottish bards draw breath,
 The British hero they shall sing ;
 As lang as fame her trump can blaw,
 His praise through distant lands shall ring.

Up an' waur them a', Willie.

For the Air, see Song V. of this Vol.

Now tune your pipe, and dance your fill,
 Wi' mirth an' meikle glee, laddie,
 For Cumberland is now come down
 Frae Rome to set us free, laddie.
 Up an' waur them a', Willie,
 Up an' waur them a', Willie,
 Thou'st done thy best to come in haate,
 To save us ane an' a', Willie.

That day I saw him pass the Tweed,
 When ilk ane ran for joy, laddie,
 With loud huzzas frae gratefu' hearts,
 To greet the darling boy, laddie.
 Up an' waur them a', Willie,
 Up an' waur them a', Willie,
 Fair fa' the lad that fears nae skaith
 'Mang dales an' hills o' snaw, Willie.

Like as the glorious sun dispels
 The mist an' morning dew, laddie,
 As soon as Willie graced our land,
 Then a' our fears withdrew, laddie.

Up an' waur them a', Willie,
 Up an' waur them a', Willie,
 O lang may our deliv'rer live
 To chase our faes awa, Willie.

Fame ran before an' told the clans,
 That Cumberland drew nigh, laddie,
 The rebel rout soon turned about,
 An' tried wha best could fly, laddie.
 Up an' them pursue, Willie,
 Up an' them pursue, Willie,
 Fie seize their waefu' tartan prince,
 The foremost o' the crew, Willie.

When this the Jacobites did hear,
 O wow but they looked down, Willie,
 To think their prince was so disgraced,
 An' you got sic renown, Willie.
 Up an' waur them a', Willie,
 Up an' waur them a', Willie,
 They're cross the Forth, straight to the north,
 The deil gang wi' them a', Willie.

Our hero's come triumphant back,
 He's banged the rebels a', laddie;
 Let's dance an' sing, an' bless the King,
 That sent him here awa, laddie.
 Since thou hast waur'd them now, Willie,
 Since thou hast waur'd them now, Willie,
 We'll set the peat-stack in a low,
 An' drink till we be fou, Willie.

Hence civil discord ne'er shall reign
 'Mang folks sae blest as we, laddie,
 But fierce contending parties join
 In love an' unity, laddie.
 O this is braw to see, Willie,
 O this is braw to see, Willie,
 An' a' our days we'll sing thy praise
 That made us thus agree, Willie.

A Health to the Constitution.

FILL up the mighty sparkling bowl,
 Let's join a health without control,
 To the pious mem'ry of the soul
 That formed the revolution.
 To all loyal lads, here's three in hand,
 'Tis the king, and the church, and the laws of the land,
 May the one by the other firmly stand,
 And guard our constitution.

Let's all join hands and merry be,
 Pledge you the right, let the left pledge me,
 And in a health let's all agree,
 To our king and constitution.
 Through north and south to true Whigs all,
 To Cumberland who gives the call,
 By crushing our foes who loud did bawl
 Against the revolution.

In flowing bowls let's friendly heal
 The jars of state and commonweal,
 The health we drink let not control,
 To our great legislators.
 May peace and plenty bless our seed,
 Our fleet and armies still succeed,
 King, lords, and commons all agreed,
 In spite of conspirators.

Anniversary of Culloden.

COME, Britons, in triumphant songs,
 Your thankful voices raise;
 Come sound with thrice ten thousand tongues,
 Your great deliv'rer's praise.
 Ye Britons, then your voices raise,
 To your Maker's glory, to his name's praise,
 To him alone be glory, to him be praise;
 To him be all the glory, to him be the praise.

'Twas not our gen'als or their might,
 Our strength or skill in arms;
 'Twas heaven that put our foes to flight,
 And hushed our dread alarms.
 Ye Britons, &c.

Victorious do we sheath the sword,
 And sing beneath our vine ;
 Thine is the generous vintage, Lord,
 The glorious conquest thine.
 Ye Britons, &c.

Though Rome and France of bloody fame,
 Were ready to devour,
 Thine arm their sanguine hopes o'ercame,
 And buried in an hour.
 Ye Britons, &c.

O let our isle now rest secure,
 Beneath thy shelt'ring hand,
 Our blest tranquillity restore,
 And guard our peaceful land.
 Ye Britons, &c.

Then vain pretenders shall repine,
 And still be forced to own,
 That Heaven itself, with arms divine,
 Protects the British throne.
 Ye Britons, &c.

Bonnie Laddie, Highland Laddie.

For the Air, see Song CV. of this Volume.

WHEN you came over first frae France,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 You swore to lead our king a dance,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 And promised on your royal word,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 To make our duke dance o'er his sword,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

When he to you began to play,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 You quat the green, an' ran away,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 The dance thus turned into a chace,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 It must be owned you wan the race,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Your partners that came o'er frae France,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 They understood not a Scots dance,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 Therefore, their complaisance to show,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Unto our Duke they bowed right low,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

If e'er you come to dance again,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 New dancers you maun bring frae Spain ;
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
 An' that all things may be secure,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 See that your dancers be not poor,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

I think insurance you should make,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Lest dancing you should break your neck
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 For he that dances on the rope,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Should not trust all unto the Pope,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

For dancing you were never made,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Then while 'tis time leave off the trade,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 Be thankful for your last escape,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 An', like your brother, take a cap,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

In Edina's fair City.

For the Air of this Song, see Song XX. Vol. I.

IN Edina's fair city you have heard how of late
 A club is erected, no offence to the state,
 Of clergy and laymen, all Whigs stout and true
 All willing to fight for old presbyt'ry blue.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

By some Jacobite worthies I know 'tis pretended,
 From the high court of justice they're strictly descended ;
 Some say they're from Babel, but it matters not, where,
 The toasts that they drink you shall candidly hear,
 Derry down, &c.

First, to Nassau's great hero, who freed us from France,
 From James and his bastard, I mean no offence ;
 Who saved us from sinking to the whore's hated arms,
 For our king was her pimp and preferment her charms.
 Derry down, &c.

Next, to George, who with gracious government sways
 His sceptre o'er Britain, her lands, and her seas ;
 While the mountain-nymph Liberty blesses our plains,
 We'll despise the slim youth and his Frenchified chains.
 Derry down, &c.

Next, Frederick, to thee a trophy we'll raise,
 We'll bind it with olive, we'll crown it with bays ;
 But to William we'll raise one of martial pomp,
 Drums, trumpets, and cannon, the spoils of a camp.
 Derry down, &c.

Next, to all honest Whigs who dwell in our city,
 A Whig and not honest, the more is the pity ;
 But let not my meaning in this be perverted,
 I count them not such whom Culloden converted.
 Derry down, &c.

Some say, but I doubt much the truth of the story,
 The Pretender is coming with France in her glory ;
 With France in her glory, my meaning is free,
 Ropes, shackles, and halters, *a la Mode de Paris*.
 Derry down, &c.

But softly, Sir Perkin, a word in your ear,
 Remember Culloden field, tremble and fear ;
 You're safer in Flanders I assure you by much,
 You may come from your knows when you fight with the Dutch.
 Derry down, &c.

But you think that your brother may try us upon it,
 A cardinal's cap looks as fine as a bonnet,
 But, Harry, beware, nay, prithee don't jest,
 For we'll treat you as bad as the Swedes do a priest.
 Derry down, &c.

The ladies, 'tis true, were not pleased with your brother ;
 For this some say one thing and some say another.
 I'll tell you what's certain, they'll please you as little,
 So, pray stay at Rome, and enjoy your high title.
 Derry down, &c.

And now, my good fellows, stand firm in a band ;
 Here's mine to you, neighbour, come give me your hand ;
 Take your glass with the other, and merrily sing,
 " Here's a health to our country, a health to our King !"
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Bonny, bonny Beef.

Tune,—“ The Broom of Cowdenknows.”

How hard, O Sawnie, is thy lot,
 Who was so blythe of late,
 To see such meat as can't be got,
 When hunger is so great.
 O the beef, the bonny, bonny beef,
 When roasted nice and brown,
 I wish I had a slice of thee,
 How sweet it wad gang down.
 Ah Charlie ! hadst thou not been seen,
 This ne'er had happed to me ;
 I wish the deil had picked my een,
 Ere I had gane wi' thee.
 O the beef, &c.

How happy are we.

How happy are we, just coming from sea,
 Full bumpers, merrily bouzing !
 Thus blest when ashore, the hardships we bore
 At sea we forget in carousing.
 Then bravely again we'll attempt the broad main,
 Whenever the king and the nation
 Command us on board, each heart, hand, and sword,
 Is devoted to their preservation.

Did the Spaniards invade our int'rest and trade,
 And often our merchant-men plunder ?
 But we got command, their force to withstand,
 And soon made the slaves truckle under.
 Although France did ride on the ocean in pride,
 Yet brave Hawke, Anson, and Warren,
 Did cause them to know, that no insolent foe,
 May touch on our shores though so barren.

Then fill every glass, round let the health pass,
 To our king and each gallant commander,
 May never a son of great Albion,
 From allegiance be tempted to wander.

Fragments.

I.

For the Air, see Song V. of this Volume.

Up an rin awa, Charlie,
 Up an rin awa, Charlie,
 Up an tak the hills again,
 An' ower the seas an' a' Charlie.
 For Geordie's Willie's coming down,
 Wi' a' his sodgers braw, Charlie ;
 'Tis time for her nainsel to rin,
 She's ower lang here awa, Charlie.
 Up an' rin awa, &c.

Up an' rin awa, Charlie,
 Up an' rin awa, Charlie,
 Cumberland is at your heels,
 The bluff dragoons an' a', Charlie.
 His muckle horse he wants the tail,
 Her feet pe more than twa, Charlie,
 If she come on her lug a chap,
 She'll ding her head awa, Charlie.
 Up an' rin awa, &c,

* * * * *

II.

Air—" For a' that."

I sochte my Tonald and my Shohn,
 Paith in ae morning creeting ;
 I thochte she no pe unco teide,
 Put only fa'en to sleeping.

Put my Tonald's head rowed ower te prae,
 Him's nersh lay ower anither ;
 I put my Tonald and my Shohn,
 Paith in a hole thegither.

* * * * *

III.

Air—" Cowdenknows."

O THE fire, the fire and the smoke,
 That frae our bauld British flew,
 When we surrounded the rebels rude,
 That waefu' Popish crew !
 And O, the blude o' the rebels rude,
 Alang the field that ran !
 The hurdies bare we turned up there,
 Of many a Highland clan.

* * * * *

IV.

Air—" Comin' through the Rye."

WHAT's come o' ye now, brave Charlie,
 What's come o' ye now ?
 Ye've got the cleek ye came to seek,
 'Tis rueing time wi' you.
 There was some who rused ye for your maike,
 An' for your majesty,
 There was some who said ye war our king,
 An' other boudna be.
 But what's come o' them now, brave Charlie,
 What's come o' them now ?
 There's some to head, an' some to hang,
 An' some to flee wi' you.

* * * * *

V.

Air—" The Tailor fell o'er the Bed, Needles an' a'."

An' Donald's run ower the hill, tartans an' a',
 An' Donald's run ower the hill, tartans an' a',
 His sword it was rustit an' wadna well draw,
 An' Donald grew dortit an' scampered awa.
 Rich haddins or mailens poor Donald had nane,
 Nor brose in the aumrie for Donald at hame,

An' down to the Lowlands, but havins or law,
 Bauld Donald came skelpin to reave us of a'.
 Now Donald's run o'er the hill, &c.

For Donald was grown sic a proud piper loun,
 That nought wad him ser' but a brand new crown,
 An' Donald he bragged that he wad mak us fain,
 To gie him a crown an' a king o' his ain.
 But Donald's run o'er the hill, &c.

• • • • •

VI.

O dinna greet sae sair, poor wifie,
 For hunger ye mauna die,
 There's walth o' beef on Culloden moor,
 To ser' baith you an' me.
 An' ye maun gird your barrels weel,
 An' fill them to the brim,
 For there is a feast in fair Scotland,
 Of the life blood an' the limb;
 An' there is nought for thee auld wifie,
 An' your cursed rebel brood,
 But to chew the banes your body bare,
 An' drink your ain heart's blood.

• • • • •

There are many more Whig Songs of this period, but I have given the best, as far as I could judge. They are altogether rather respectable, and some of the true Scottish ones very good. I am indebted for the best of them, principally to the unwearied exertions of my friend, Mr David Laing, who has never let any old thing of that nature pass that came in his way, without letting me see it. I am not sure that the last fragment has not formed part of a Jacobite song.

ERRATA.

In Song 109, p. 209, the air is wrong given, it being the popular tune to Burns's song, *The Banks of the Devon*, whereas this song has an original air of its own, and bearing the same name, under that title, *The Hill of Lochiel*: it is to be found in Captain Frazer's collection.

In page 434 it will be noted, that song 207, in the foregoing appendix, is given to Mr Willison Glass. This is a mistake. It was written by William Nicholson, a Galloway packman, a most singular being, of considerable genius.

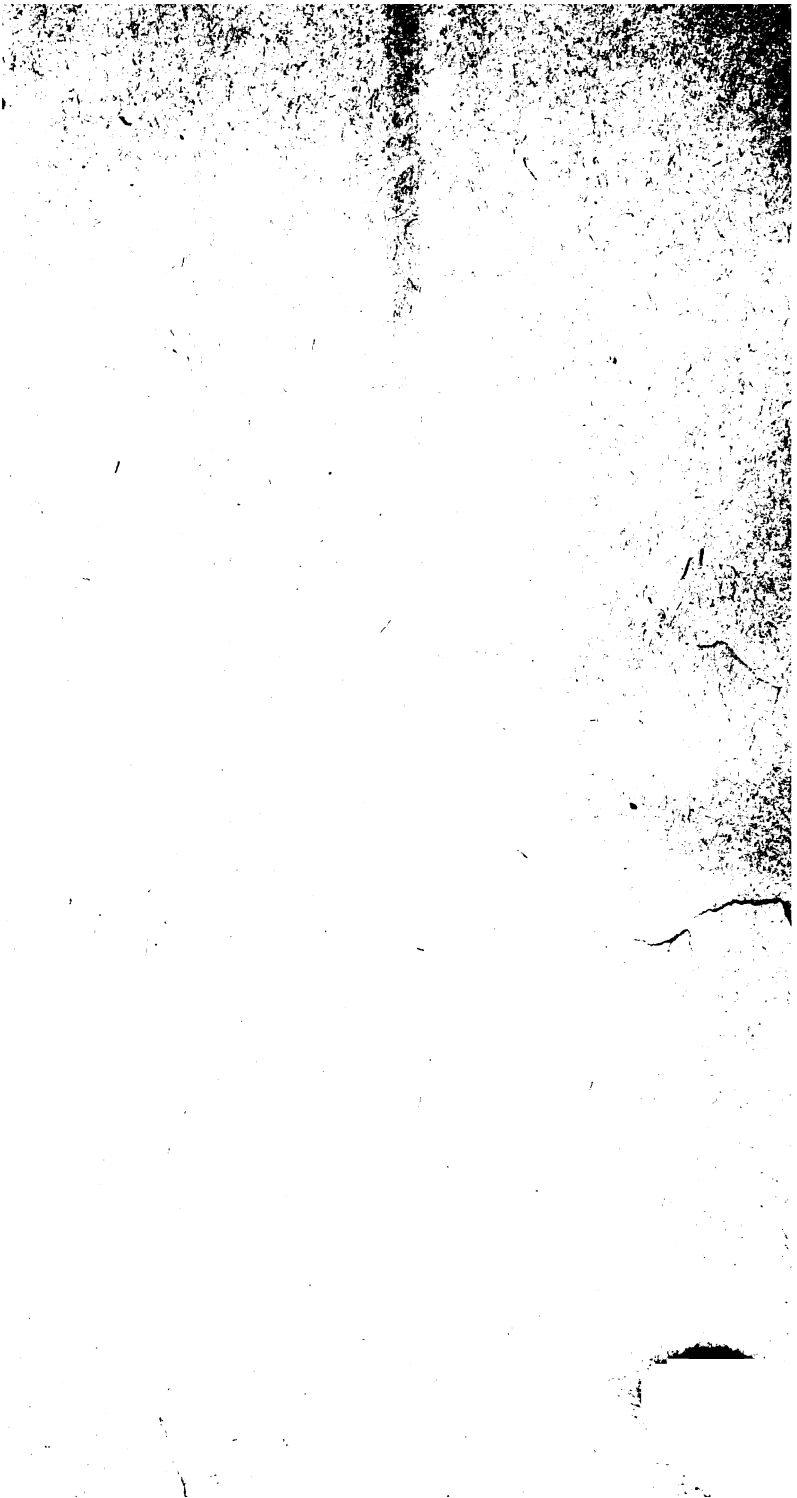
In the Notes, p. 266, there is a story of a Mr Hepburn and his *Cameronians*. That term, throughout the page, should be *Covenanters*, as Mr Hepburn's followers were professedly the one but not the other.

THE END.

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H.C.
JH



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